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# ERASMI

## COLLOQUIA SELECTA;

OR, THE

## SELECT COLLOQUIES

OF

## *ERASMUS.*

WITH AN

## ENGLISH TRANSLATION,

AS LITERAL AS POSSIBLE

Deſigned for the Uſe of Beginners in the Latin Tongue.

THE TWENTIETH EDITION.

By JOHN CLARKE,

Author of the ESSAYS upon EDUCATION and STUDY.

*GLOCESTER:*
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A. Nolebat *is* decidere *cum* mari?

Would not *be* compound *with* the Sea?

B. Non, *ſed* cupiebat *aut* perire *cum* ſuis *amicis* opibus, *aut* ſervari *ſimul* cum *illis*; itaque *refragabat*.

No, *but* he deſired *either* to periſh *with* his *beloved* Riches, *or* to be ſaved *together* with *them*; *therefore he refuſed*.

A. Quid *dixit* nauclerus?

What *ſaid* the Maſter.

B. Liceret tibi *per nos*, inquit *ille*, perire *ſolum* cum *tuis*; ſed *non æquum eſt*, ut *nos* omnes *periclitemur* cauſa *tui* ſcrinii, *alioque* dabimus *te* præcipitem *in mare* una *cum* ſcrinio.

You might *for us*, quoth *he*, periſh *alone* with *your Things*; but *it is not fit* that *we* all *ſhould be endangered* for the Sake *of your* Box, *otherwiſe* we will throw *you* headlong *into the Sea*, together *with* your Box.

A. Orationem *vere* nauticam!

A Speech *truly* Sailor-like!

B. Sic *Italus* quoque *fecit* jacturam, *precans* multa *mala* ſuperis *et* inferis, *quod* crediſſet *ſuam* vitam *tam barbaro* elemento; *paulo* poſt *venti* facti *nihilo* mitiores *noſtris* muneribus, *rupere* funes, *disjecere* vela.

So *the Italian* too *made* Loſs; *wiſhing* many *evil Things* to theſe above *and* below, *that* he had truſted *his* Life *to ſo barbarous* an Element: *A little* after *the Winds*, made *nothing* milder *by our* Preſents, *broke* the Ropes, *tore away* the Sails.

A. O calamitatem!

O Calamity!

B. Ibi *rurſus* nauta adit nos.

There *again* the Sailor *comes to* us.

A. Con-

A. Concionaturus? | To make a Speech?

B. Salutat. *Amici*, inquit, *tempus* hortatur *ut* uniuſquiſque *commendet* ſe *Deo*, ac *præparet* ſe *morti*. Rogatus *a* quibuſdam *non* imperitis *nauticæ* rei, *ad quot* horas *crederet* ſe *poſſe* tueri *navem*, negavit *ſe* poſſe *polliceri* quidquam, ſed *non* poſſe *ultra* tres *horas*.

He ſalutes us. *Friends*, ſays he, *the Time* exhorts *that* every one *commend* himſelf *to God*, and *prepare* himſelf *for Death*. Being aſked *by* ſome *not* unſkilled *in the ſailing* Buſineſs, *for how many* Hours *he believed* he *could* maintain *the Ship*, he denied *that he* could *promiſe* any Thing, *but* that he could not *above* three *Hours*.

A. Hæc *concio* erat *etiam* durior *priore*.

This *Speech* was *even* harder *than the former*.

B. Ubi *locutus eſt* hæc, *jubet* omnes *funes* incidi, *ac* malum *incidi* ſerra, *uſque* ad thecam, *cui* inſeritur, *ac* devolvi *ſimul* cum *antennis* in mare.

When *he had ſaid* this, *he orders* all *the Ropes* to be cut, *and* the Maſt *to be cut* with a Saw, *cloſe* by the Caſe, *into which* it is put, *and* to be tumbled *together* with *the Sail Yards* into the Sea.

A. Cur hoc.

Why this?

B. Quia *velo* ſublato *aut* lacero, *erat* oneri, *non* uſui; *tota* ſpes *erat* in clavo.

Becauſe *the Sail* being taken away *or* torn, *it was* a Burden, *not* of Uſe; *all* our Hope *was* in the Helm.

A. Quid *interea* vectores.

What *in the mean* did the Paſſengers?

B. Ibi *vidiſſes* miſeram *faciem* rerum. *Nautæ*, canentes *ſalve* regina, *implorabant* virginem *matrem*, appellantes *eam* ſtellam *maris*, reginam *cæli*, dominam *mundi*, portam *ſalutis*, ac *blandientes* illi *multis* aliis *titulis*, quos *ſacræ* literæ *nuſquam* tribuunt *illi*.

There *you would have ſeen* a miſerable *Face* of Things. *The Sailors*, ſinging *God ſave you* O Queen, *implored* the Virgin *Mother*, calling *her* the Star *of the Sea*, the Queen *of Heaven*, Lady *of the World*, Harbour *of Safety*, and *flattering* her *with many* other *Titles* which *the Holy* Scriptures *no where* attribute *to her*.

A. Quid illæ *cum* mari, *quæ* nunquam *navigavit*, opinor?

What has ſhe to do *with* the Sea, *who* never *ſailed*, I believe?

B. Venus *olim* agebat *curam* nautarum, *quia* credebatur *nata* ex mari; *quoniam* ea *deſiit* curare, *virgo* mater *eſt* ſuffecta *huic* matri, *non* virgini.

Venus *formerly* took *Care* of the Sailors, *becauſe* ſhe was believed to be *born* of the Sea; *becauſe* ſhe *has ceaſed* to take Care, the *Virgin* Mother *is* ſubſtituted *to this* Mother, *not* a Virgin.

A. Ludis.

You banter.

B. Nonnulli *procumbentes* in *tabulas* adorabant *mare*, effundentes *quicquid* olei *erat* in undas, *blandientes* illi *non* aliter *quam* ſolemus *irato* principi.

Some *falling down* upon *the Boards*, worſhipped *the Sea*, pouring *whatſoever* Oil *there was* into the Waves, *flattering* it *no* otherwiſe *than* we uſe to do *an angry* Prince.

| | |
|---|---|
| A. Quid *aiebant?* | What *did they ſay?* |
| B. O clementiſſimum *mare!* O generoſiſſimum *mare!* O formoſiſſimum *mare!* miteſce, *ſerva*. Occinebant *multa* hujuſcemodi *ſurdo* mari. | O moſt merciful *Sea!* O moſt noble *Sea!* O moſt rich *Sea!* grow mild, *ſave us:* They ſung *many Things* of this Kind *to the deaf* Sea. |
| A. Ridicula *ſuperſtitio!* Quid *alii?* | Ridiculous *Superſtition!* what did *others?* |
| B. Quidam *nihil* aliud *quam* vomebant, *plerique* nuncupabant *vota*. Aderat *quidam* Anglus, *qui* promittebat *aureos* montes *virgini* Walſingamicæ, *ſi* attigiſſet *terram* vivus. *Alii* promittebant *multa* ligno *crucis*, quod *eſſet* in *tali* loco, *alii* rurſus *quod* eſſet *in* tali *loco*. Idem *factum eſt* de *virgine* Maria, *quæ* regnat *in* multis *locis*, et *putant* votum *irritum*, niſi *exprimas* locum. | Some did *nothing* elſe *than* vomit, *moſt* put up *Vows*. There was there *a certain* Engliſhman, *who* promiſed *golden* mountains *to the Maid* of Walſingham, if he touched *Land* alive. *Others* promiſed *many Things* to the Wood *of the Croſs*, which *was* in *ſuch* a Place, *others* again to that *which* was *in* ſuch *a Place*. The ſame *was done* as to *the Virgin* Mary, *who* reigns *in* many *Places*, and *they think* the Vow *to no Purpoſe*, unleſs *you expreſs* the Place. |
| A. Ridiculum! *quaſi* divi *non habitant* in *cælis*. | Ridiculous! *as tho'* the Saints *do not dwell* in *the Heavens*. |
| B. Erant *qui* promitterent *ſe* fore *Car-* | There were *who* promiſed *that they* would be |

*thuſianos*. Erat *unus* qui *polliceretur* ſe *aditurum* Jacobum, *qui* habitat *Compoſtellæ*, nudis *pedibus* et *capite*, corpore *tantum* tecto *ferrea* lorica, *ad hæc* emendicato *cibo*.

A. Nemo *meminit* Chriſtophoro?

B. Audivi *unum* non *ſine* riſu, *qui* clara *voce*, ne *non exaudiretur*, polliceretur *Chriſtophoro*, qui *eſt* Lutetiæ *in ſummo templo*, mons *verius* quam *ſtatua*, cereum *tantum* quantus *eſſet ipſe*. Cum *vociferans* hæc *quantum* poterat, *inculcaret* identidem; *qui* forte *aſtabat* proximus, *notus* illi, *tetigit* eum *cubito*, ac *ſubmonuit*, Vide *quid* pollicearis, *etiamſi* facias *auctionem* omnium tuarum *rerum*, non fueris ſolvendo. *Tum* ille *inquit* voce *jam* preſſiore, *videlicet*, ne *Chriſtophorus* exaudiret, *Tace*, fatue; *an credis* me *loqui* ex animo? *Si* ſemel *con-*

*Carthuſians*. There was *one* who *promiſed* that he *would go to* James, *who* dwells at *Compoſtella*, bare *Foot* and *Head* with his Body *only* covered *with an Iron* Coat of Mail, *beſides this* begging *his Meat*.

Did nobody *mention* Chriſtopher?

I heard *one* not *without* ſmiling, *who* with a clear *Voice*, leſt *he ſhould not be heard*, promiſed *Chriſtopher*, who *is* at Paris *on the Top of a Church*, a Mountain *more truly* than *a Statue*, a Wax Candle, *as big* as *he was himſelf*. When *bawling out* this *as hard as* he could, *he inculcated it* now and then; *he that* by Chance, *ſtood* next, *known* to him, *touched* him *with his Elbow*, and *adviſed him*, Have a care *what* you promiſe, *for though* you make *an Auction* of all your *Goods*, you'll not be able to pay. *Then* he *ſays* with a Voice *now* lower, *to wit*, leſt *Chriſtopher* ſhould hear, *Hold your Tongue*, you Fool; *do you think* I *ſpeak* from my Heart? *If* once *I touch*

*tigero* terram, *non daturus ſum*, ei *ſebaceum* candelam.

Land; *I'll* not give him *a Tallow* Candle.

A. O craſſum *ingenium!* ſuſpicio *fuiſſe* Batavum.

O groſs *Wit!* I ſuſpect *he was* a Dutchman.

B. Non, *ſed* erat *Zelandus*.

No, *but* he was *a Zealander*.

A. Miror *Paulum* Apoſtolum *veniſſe* nulli in mentem, *qui* navigari *ipſe* olim, *et*, nave *fracta*, deſilierit *in terram*, nam *is* haud ignarus *mali* didicit *ſuccurrere* miſeris.

I wonder *that Paul* the Apoſtle *come* into nobody's Mind, *who* ſailed *himſelf* formerly, *and*, the Ship *being wrecked*, leaped out *upon Land*: For *he* not being ignorant *of Evil* has learnt *to ſuccour* the miſerable.

B. Erat *nulla* mentio *Pauli*.

There was *no* Mention *of Paul*.

A. Precabantur *interim*.

Did they pray *in the mean Time*.

B. Certatim. *Alius* canebat, *ſalve* regina; *alius*, credo *in Deum*. Erant *qui* habebant *quaſdam* peculiares *precülas*, non *diſſimiles* magicis, *adverſus* pericula.

Hard. *One* ſung, *God ſave you* O Queen; *another*, I believe *in God*. There were *who had ſome* peculiar *Prayers*, not *unlike* magical ones, *againſt* Dangers.

A. Ut *religioſos* afflictio *facit!* Secundis rebus, nec Deus

How *religious* Affliction *makes us!* In Proſperity, *neither* God *nor* Satan *comes*

nec divus venit in mentem: *Quid tu interea?* nuncupabas *votum* nulli *divorum?*

into our Mind: *What did you in the mean Time?* Did you make *Vows* to none of *the Saints?*

B. Nequaquam.

Not at all.

A. Cur *ita?*

Why *ſo?*

B. Quia *non paciſcor* cum *divis.* Nam *quid* eſt *aliud* quam *contractus* juxta *formulam.* Do *ſi* facias, *aut* faciam *ſi* facias. *Dabo* cereum, *ſi* enatem; *ibo* Romam, *ſi* ſerves.

Becauſe *I do not bargain with the Saints.* For *what* is *it elſe* than *a Contract* according to *Form,* I give *if* you will do, *or* I will do *if* you will do. *I will give you* a Wax Candle *if* I ſwim out; *I will go to* Rome, *if* you ſave me.

A. At *implorabas* præſidium *alicujus* divi.

But *you implored* the Protection *of ſome* Saint.

B. Ne *id* quidem.

Not *that* indeed.

A. Quamobrem?

Why?

B. Quia *cœlum* eſt *ſpatioſum.* Si *commendare* meam *ſalutem* cui *divo,* puta *Sancto* Petro, *qui* fortaſſe *audiet* primus, *quod* aſtet *oſtio;* priuſquam *ille* conveniat *Deum,* priuſquam *exponat* cauſam, *ego ſum periero.*

Becauſe *Heaven is ſpacious.* If *I recommend* my *Safety* to any *Saint,* ſuppoſe *to Saint* Peter, *who* perhaps *will hear* firſt, *becauſe* he ſtands *at the* Door; before *he* goes to *God,* before *he declares* my Caſe, *I am already ruined.*

A. Quid *faciebas* igitur?

What *did you do* then?

B. Adibam *recta* patrem *ipſum*, dicens, *Noſter* pater, *qui* es *in* cœlis. *Nemo* divorum *audit* citius *illo*, aut *donat* libentius *quod* petitur.

I went *directly* to the Father *himſelf*, ſaying, *Our* Father, *which* art *in* Heaven. *None* of the Saints *hears* ſooner *than he*, or *gives* more willingly *what* is aſked.

A. Sed *interea* non conſcientia reclamabat tibi? *non verebaris* appellare *eum* patrem, *quem* offenderas *tot* ſceleribus?

But *in the mean Time*, did not your Conſcience cry out againſt you? *Were you not afraid* to call *him* Father *whom* you had offended *with ſo many* Crimes?

B. Ut *dicam* ingenue, *conſcientia* deterrebat *nonnihil*; ſed *mox* recipiebam *animum*, cogitans *ita* mecum *eſt* nullus *pater* tam *iratus* filio, *quin* ſi *videat* eum *periclitantem* in torrente *ac* lacu, *ejiciat* arreptum *capillis* in ripam. *Inter* omnes *nullus* agebat *ſe* tranquillus *quam* quædam *mulier*, cui erat *infantulum* in ſinu, *quem* lactabat.

That I *may ſpeak* ingenuouſly, *my Conſcience* did terrify me *a little*; but *by and by* I recovered *my Courage*, thinking *thus* within myſelf; *There is* no *Father* ſo *angry* with a Son, *but* if *he ſees* him *in Danger* in a Torrent, *or* Lake, *he would throw him out*, taken *by the Hair*, upon the Bank. *Amongſt* all *none* behaved *himſelf* more quietly *than* a certain *Woman*, who had *a Child* in her Boſom, *which* ſhe ſuckled.

A. Quid *illa*?

What did *ſhe*?

B. Sola *nec* vociferabatur, *nec* flebat, *nec* pollicitabatur;

She alone *neither* bawled, *nor* wept, *nor* promiſed: *Only* embracing *her*



*tantum*

*tantum* complexit *puellum*, procabatur *tacite*. Interea *dum* navis *illidĕretur* vado *ſubinde*, nauclerus *metuens* ne *tota ſolveretur*, cinxit *eam* rudentibus *a prora*, et *a puppi*.

*Child* ſhe prayed *ſilently*. In the mean Time, *whilſt* the Ship *was knocked againſt* the Bottom *now and then*, the Maſter *fearing* leaſt *it ſhould be all broke*, begirt *it* with Cables *at the Head*, and *at the Stern*.

A. O miſera præſidia!

O miſerable Helps!

B. Interim *exoritur* ſenex ſacrificus, *ſexaginta* annos *natus*, nomen *erat* Adamus; *is* abjectis *veſtibus* uſque ad *induſium*, abjectis *etiam* ocreis, *et* calceis, *juſſit*, ut omnes *pararemus* nos *itidem* ad natandum. *Atque* ita *ſtans* in medio *navis*, concionatus eſt *nobis* ex Gerſone *quinque* veritates *de* utilitate *confitendi*; hortatus *omnes*, ut *quiſque* præpararet *ſe* et *vitæ* et *morti*. Aderat *et* quidam *Dominicanus*. Confeſſi ſunt *his* qui *volebant*.

In the mean Time *ſtarts up* an aged Prieſt, *ſixty* Years *old*, his Name *was* Adam: *He* having caſt off *his Cloaths* to *his Shirt*, having caſt off *likewiſe* his Leather Stockings *and* Shoes, bade us all *prepare* ourſelves *in like Manner* to ſwim. *And* ſo *ſtanding* in the Middle *of the Ship*, he preached *to us* out of Gerſon *the five* Truths *concerning* the Uſefulneſs *of confeſſing*: exhorting *all*, that *every one* ſhould prepare *himſelf* both *for Life* and *Death*. There was preſent *alſo* a certain *Dominican*. Theſe confeſſed *to thoſe* that *would*.

A. Quid *tu*?

What did *you*?

B. Ego *videns* omnia *plena* tumultus,

I *ſeeing* all Places *full* of Tumult, *confeſſing* ſilently con-

*confeſſus ſum* tacite *Deo*, damnans *apud* eum *meam* injuſtitiam, *et* implorans *ejus* miſericordiam.

*to God*, condemning *before* him *my* Unrighteouſneſs, *and* imploring *his* Mercy.

A. Quo *migraturus*, ſi *periiſſes* ſic?

Whither *would you have gone*, if *you had died* ſo?

B. Committebam *hoc* Deo *judici*. Nam *neque* volebam *eſſe* judex *mei ipſius*: tamen *quædam* bona *ſpes* interim *habebat* meum *animum*. Dum *hæc* aguntur, *nauta* redit *ad nos* lachrymabundus, *Quiſque* paret *ſe*, inquit, *nam* navis *non erit* uſui *nobis* ad *quartam* partem *horæ*. Nam *jam* convulſa *aliquot* locis, *hauriebat* mare. *Paulo* poſt, *nauta* renunciabat *nobis*, ſe *videre* procul *ſacram* turrim, *adhortans* ut *imploraremus* auxilium *divi*, quiſquis *eſſet* præſes *ejus* templi. *Omnes* procumbunt, *et* orant *ignotum* divum.

I left *this* to God *my Judge*. For *neither* would I *be* the Judge *of myſelf*: Yet *ſome* good *Hope* in the mean *Time* *poſſeſſed* my *Mind*. Whilſt *theſe* *Things* are *doing*, the *Sailor* returns *to us* weeping. *Let every one* prepare *himſelf*, ſays he, *for* the Ship *will not be* of Uſe *to us* for *a fourth* Part *of an Hour*. *For now* being broke *in ſeveral* Places, *it lets in* the Sea. *A little* after, *the Sailor* tells *us*, that he *ſaw* far off a *ſacred* Turret, *adviſing* that *we ſhould implore* the Aſſiſtance *of the Saint*, whoſoever *was* the Preſident *of that* Church. *All fall* down, *and* pray to *the unknown* Saint.

A. Si *compellaſſetis* nomine, *fortaſſes* audiſſet.

If *you had ſpoke to him* by his Name, *perhaps* he would have heard you.

B. Erat

B. Erat *ignotum*. Interim *nauclerus* dirigit *navem* jam *laceram*, jam *combibentem* undas *undique*, ac *plane* dilapſuram, *ni* ſuiſſet *ſuccincta* rudentibus, *eo* quantum *poteſt*.

It was *unknown*. In the mean Time *the Maſter* ſteers *the Ship* now *torn*, now *drinking in* the Waters *on all Sides*, and *plainly* ready to fall in Pieces, *unleſs* it had been *girt* with cables, *thither* as much as *he can*.

A. Dura *conditio* rerum.

A hard *Condition* of Affairs.

B. Provecti ſumus *eo* ut *incolæ* ejus *loci* proſpicerent *nos* periclitantes; *ac* procurrentes *catervatim* in extremum littus, *togis* ſublatis, *ac* galeris *impoſitis* in lanceas, *invitabant* ad ſeſe; *ac* brachiis *jactatis* in cœlum, *ſignificabant* ſe *deplorare* noſtram *fortunam*.

We advanced *ſo far*, that *the Inhabitants* of that *Place* ſaw *us* in Danger; and running out *in Companies* to the Edge of the Shore, *with their Coats* lifted up, *and* Hats *put* upon Lances, *they invited us* to them; *and* with their Arms *toſſed up* towards Heaven, *ſignified* that they *lamented* our *Fortune*.

A. Expecto *quid* evenerit.

I wait to know *what* happened.

B. Jam *mare* occupaverat *totam* navim, *ut* futuri eſſemus *nihilo* tutiores *in navi* quam *in mari*.

Now *the Sea* had ſeized *the whole* Ship, *that* we were like to be *no* ſafer *in the Ship* than *in the Sea*.

A. Heic *confugiendum erat* ad *ſacram* anchoram.

Here *you were to ſly* to *the holy* anchor.

B. Imo

B. Imo *ad* miſeram. *Nautæ* exonerant *ſcapham* aqua, *hac* demittunt *in mare*. Omnes *conantur* conjicere *ſe* in hanc, *nautis* reclamantibus *magno* tumultu, *ſcapham* non eſſe *capacem* tantæ *multitudinis*; quiſque *arriperet* ſibi *quod* poſſet, ac nataret. *Res* non patiebatur *lenta* conſilia; *alius* arripit *remum*, alius *contum*, alius *alveum*, alius *ſitulam*, alius *tabulam*; ac *quiſque* nitentes *ſuo præſidio*, committunt *ſe* fluctibus.

Nay, *to* the miſerable one. *The Sailors* empty *the Boat* of the Water, *and* let it down *into the Sea*. All *endeavour* to throw *themſelves* into it, *the Sailors* remonſtrating againſt it *with great* Tumult, *that the Boat* was not *capable* of ſo great *a Number*; that every one *ſhould take* to himſelf *what* he could *and* ſwim. *The Thing* did not admit *ſlow* Counſels; *one* takes *an Oar*, another *a Boat-Hook*, another *a Sink*, another *a Bucket*, another *a Board*; and *every one* reſting upon *their Security* commit *themſelves* to *the* Waves.

A. Quid *interim* accidit *illi* mulierculæ, *quæ* ſola *non ejulabat?*

What *in the mean Time* happened *to that* poor Woman, *who* alone *did not cry out?*

B. Illa *pervenit* prima omnium ad littus.

She *came* firſt *of all* to the Shore.

A. Qui p[illegible]it?

How *could ſhe?*

B. Impoſueramus *eam* repandæ *tabulæ*, et *alligaveramus* ſic, *ut* non poſſet *facile* decidere; *dedi-*

We had ſat *her* upon a bent *Board*, and *had tied her* ſo, *that* ſhe could not *eaſily* fall off; *we gave* her *a Board* in her Hand, *which*

| | |
|---|---|
| *mus* illi *rudellam* in manum, *qua* uteretur *vice* remi; *ac* precantes *bene*, expoſuimus *in fluctus*, protundentes *conto*, ut *abeſſet* a navi, *unde* erat *periculum*; illa *tenens* infantulum *læva* remigabat *dextra*. | ſhe might uſe *inſtead* of an Oar, *and* wiſhing her *well*, we placed her *upon the waves*, thruſting her forward *with a Pole*; that *ſhe might be at a Diſtance* from the Ship, *from whence* there was *Danger*: She *holding* her Child *with her left hand*, rowed *with her right*. |
| A. O virginem! | O ſtout Laſs! |
| B. Dum *jam* nihil *ſuperfuiſſet*, quidam *avulſit* ligneam *ſtatuam* virginis *matris*, jam *putrem*, atque *ex cavatum* a ſoricibus *et* complexus *eam* cœpit *natare*. | When *now* nothing *remained* one *pulled down* a wooden *Image* of the Virgin *Mother*, now *rotten*, and *hallowed* by the Rats, *and* embracing *it*, began *to ſwim*. |
| A. Pervenit ſcapha *incolumis*? | Did the Boat get *ſafe*? |
| B. Nulli *periere* prius. | None *were loſt* ſooner. |
| A. Quo *malo* fato *id factum eſt*? | By what *ill* Fate *happened that*? |
| B. Priuſquam *poſſet* liberare *ſe a magna* navi, *ſubverſa eſt* illius vacillatione. | Before *it could* deliver *itſelf* from the *great* Ship *it was overſet* by its tottering. |
| A. O male factum! *quid* tum? | O ill done! *what* then? |

B. Ego

B. Ego, *dum* conſulo *aliis*, pene perieram.

I, *whilſt* I take Care of *others* had well nigh periſhed.

A. Quo pacto?

After what Manner?

B. Quia *nihil* ſupererat *aptum* natationi.

Becauſe *nothing* was left *fit* for ſwimming.

A. Illic *ſubera* fuiſſent *uſui*.

There *Cork* would have been of *Uſe*.

B. In eo *articulo* rerum, *maluiſſem* vile *ſuber*, quam *aureum* candelabrum. *Tandem* venit *in mentem*, circumſpicienti, *de ima* parte *mali*; quoniam *non poteram* eximere eam *ſolus*, adſciſco *ſocium*: ambo *innixi* huic *committimus* nos *mari*, ſic *ut* ego *tenerem* dextrum *cornu*, ille *lævum*. Dum *jactamur* ſic, *ille* ſacrificus *nauticus concionator* injecit *ſe* medium *in* noſtros *humeros*: autem *erat* ingenti *corpore*. Exclamamus, *quis* ille *tertius*? is *perdet* nos omnes; *ille* contra *inquit* placide, *ſitis* bono *animo*, eſt ſat ſpatii, *Deus* aderit *nobis*.

In that *Juncture* of Affairs, *I had rather have had* mean *Cork* than a *Golden* Candleſtick. *At laſt* it came *into* my *Mind*, as I was looking about, *to think of the low* Part *of the Maſt*; becauſe *I could not* get it out *alone*, I take *a Companion*: We both *leaning upon* that, *commit* ourſelves *to the Sea*, ſo *that* I *held* the right *End*, he *the left*. Whilſt *we were toſſed about* ſo, *that* Prieſt, *the Sea Chaplain*, threw *himſelf* in the Middle *upon* our *Shoulders*. And *he was* of a huge *Body*. We cry out, *Who's* that *third*? He *will ruin* us all: *He*, on the other Hand, *ſays* ſmoothly, *Be* of good *Courage*, there is Room enough, *God* will be *with us*.

A. Cur

A. Cur *ille cœpit* eſſe *natator* tam *ſero?*

Why *did he begin* to *be a Swimmer*, ſo *late?*

B. Imo *futurus erat* cum *Dominicano* in ſcapha; *nam* omnes *deferebant* huc *honoris* illi; *ſed* quanquam *confeſſi erant* invicem *in navi*, tamen *obliti* neſcio *quid* circumſtantiarum, *confitentur* rurſus *in lora* navis; *et* alter *imponit* manum *alteri*; interim *ſcapha* perit; *nam* Adamus *narravit* hæc *mihi*.

Nay, *he ſhould have been* with *the Dominican* in the Boat; *for* all *gave* this *Honour* to him; *but* although *they had confeſſed* to one another *in the Ship*, yet *having forgot* I do not know *what* Circumſtances, *they confeſs* again *upon the Edge* of the Ship; *and* one *lays* his Hand *upon the other*; in the mean Time *the Boat* is loſt; *for* Adam *told* this *to me*.

A. Quid *actum eſt* de Dominicano?

What *became* of the Dominican?

B. Is, *ut* idem *narrabat*, implorata *ope* divorum, *abjectis* veſtibus, *commiſit* ſe *nudum* natationi.

He, *as* the ſame *told me*, having implored *the Help* of the Saints, *having caſt off* his Cloaths, *committed* himſelf *naked* to Swimming.

A. Quos *divos* invocabat?

What *Saints* did he invoke?

B. Dominicum *Thomam*, Vincentium; *ſed* confidebat *imprimis* Catharinæ *Senenſi*.

Dominick, *Thomas*, Vincent; *but* he truſted *chiefly* in Catharine *of Sens*.

A. Chriſtus non veniebat *illi in mentem?*

Did not Chriſt come *into his Mind?*

B. Ita ſacrificus narrabat.

So the Prieſt told me.

A. Enataſſet melius, ſi non abjeciſſet ſacram cucullam; ea depoſita, qui potuit Catharino Senenſis agnoſcere eum? Sed perge narrare de te.

He would have ſwam out better, if he had not thrown off his holy Cowl; that being put off, how could Catherine of Sens know him? But go on to tell of yourſelf.

B. Dum volvimur adhuc juxta navim ſe volventem huc atque illuc arbitrio fluctuum, clavus frangebat ejus femur, qui tenebat lævum cornu: ſic ille revulſus eſt. Sacrificus precatus illi æternam requiem, ſucceſſit in locum illius, adhortans me, ut tuerer meum cornu magno animo ac moverem pedes ſtrenue. Interim potabamus multum ſalſæ aquæ. Neptunus temperaverat nobis non tantum ſalſum balneum, ſed etiam ſalſam potionem; quanquam ſacrificus monſtrabat remedium ei rei.

While we were rowling as yet nigh the Ship rowling itſelf hither and thither at the Pleaſure of the Waves, the Helm broke his Thigh, who held the left End. So he was knocked off. The Prieſt wiſhing him eternal Reſt, ſucceeded in his Place, adviſing me, that I ſhould take Care of my End with great Courage, and move my Feet ſtrenuouſly. In the mean Time we drank much ſalt Water. Neptune had mixed for us not only a ſalt Bath, but alſo a ſalt Drink, tho' the Prieſt ſhewed a Remedy for that Thing.

A. Quid obſecro? What I beſeech you?

B. E

B. Quoties *unda occurreret nobis*, ille opponebat occipitium *ore clauſo*.

As oft as *a Wave* met *us*, he *oppoſed* the Backſide of his Head *with his Mouth* ſhut.

A. Narras *mihi* ſtrenuum *ſenem*.

You tell *me* of a ſtout *old Fellow*.

B. Ubi *natantes ſic aliquamdiu* promoviſſemus *jam* nonnihil, *ſacrificus*, quoniam *erat* miræ *proceritatis*, inquit, *es* de bono *animo*, ſentio *vadum*. Ego, *non auſus* ſperare *tantum* felicitatis, *inquam*, *longius* abſumus *a* littore, *quam* ut *vadum* ſit *ſperandum*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *terram* pedibus. *Eſt*, *inquam*, *fortaſſis* aliquid *e ſcriniis*, quod *mare* devolvit *huc*. Imo, *inquit*, ſentio *plane* terram *ſcalptu* digitorum. *Cum* nataſſemus *adhuc* aliquamdiu, *ac* ſentiret *rurſus vadum*, *tu fac*, inquit, *quod* videtur *tibi* optimum *factu*, ego *cedo* tibi *totum* malum, *et* credo *me* vado, *ſimulque* exſpectato *deceſſu* fluc-

When *ſwimming* thus *ſome Time*, we had advanced *now* ſomething, *the Prieſt*, becauſe *he was* of wonderful *Tallneſs*, ſays, *be* of good *Courage*, I feel *the Bottom*. I, *not daring* to hope for *ſo much* Happineſs, *ſay*, we are *further* from the Shore, *than* that *the Bottom is to be hoped for*. Nay, *ſays he*, I feel *the Earth* with my Feet. *It is*, ſay I, *perhaps* ſome *of the Boxes*, which *the Sea* has tumbled *hither*. Nay, *ſays he*, I perceive *plainly* the Earth *with the Scratching* of my Toes. *When* we had ſwam *as yet* ſome Time, *and* he perceived *the Bottom* again, *Do you*, ſaith he, *what* ſeems *to you* beſt *to be done*, I *give* you *the whole* Maſt, *and* truſt *myſelf* to the Bottom, *and at the ſame Time* having waited *the going in* of the

tuum, *ſequutus eſt* pedibus *quanto* curſu *potuit*. Rurſus *undis* accidentibus *complexus* utrumque *genu* unaque *manu*, obnitebatur *fluctui*, occultans *ſeſe* ſub undis, *quemadmodum* mergi *et* anates *ſolent*; rurſus *fluctu*, abeunte, *prorumpebat* et *currebat*. Ego *videns* hoc *ſuccedere* illi *ſum imitatus*. Stabant *in arena*, qui *fulciebant* ſe *adverſus* impetum *undarum*, prælongis *haſtilibus* porrectis *inter ſe*, robuſti *viri*, et *aſſueti* fluctibus, *ſic* ut *ultimus* porrigeret *haſtum* adnatanti; *ea* contacta, *omnibus* recipientibus *ſe* ad littus, *pertrahebatur* tuto *in ſiccum*. Aliquot *ſervati ſunt* hac ope.

Waves *he followed* on his Feet *with as great* Pace *as he could*: Again *the Waves* coming on, *embracing* both *Knees* with both *Hands*, he oppoſed *the Waves*, hiding *himſelf* under the Water, *as* your Sea Gulls *and* Ducks *uſe to do*; again *the Wave* going back, *he ſprung out* and *ran*. I *ſeeing* this *ſucceed* with him, I *imitated it*. There ſtood *on the Sand*, who *propped* themſelves *againſt* the Force *of the Waves*, with long *Poles* ſtretched *between them*, ſtrong *Men*, and *uſed* to the Waves, *ſo* that *the laſt* held *a Pole* to him that ſwam towards him; *that* being touched, *all* betaking *themſelves* to the Shore, *he was drawn* ſafely *on dry Ground*. Some *were ſaved* by this Means.

A. Quot? — How many?

B. Septem. *Verum* duo *ex his* ſoluti ſunt *tepore*, admoti *igni*. — Seven: *But two of theſe* fainted away *with the Warmth*, being ſet by *the Fire*.

A. Quot *eratis* in navi? — How many *were you* in the Ship?

B. Quin-

B. Quinquaginta [illegible]

Fifty *eight*.

A. O ſævum mare! [illegible] tentum *decimis*, quæ *ſufficiunt* ſacerdotibus; *reddidit* tam *paucos* ex *tanto* numero?

O cruel Sea! at leaſt it [illegible] content *with the Tythes*, which *ſufficed* the Prieſts; *did it return* ſo *few* out of *ſo great* a Number?

B. Ibi *experti ſumus* incredibilem *humanitatem* gentes, *ſuppeditantis* nobis *omnia* miræ *alacritate*, hoſpitium, *ignem*, cibum, *veſtes*, viaticum.

There *we experienced* the incredible *Humanity* of the Nation, *furniſhing* us *with all Things* with wonderful *Chearfulneſs*, Lodging, *Fire*, Meat, *Cloaths*, Proviſions for our Way home.

A. Quæ *gens* erat?

What *Nation* was it?

B. Hollandica.

Holland.

A. Nihil *humanius* iſta, *cum* tamen *cincta ſit* feris *nationibus*. Non repetes *Neptunum* poſthac, *opinor*.

There is none *more civil* than that, *tho' yet it be ſurrounded* with ſavage *Nations*. You will not go again *to Sea* hereafter, *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Non, *niſi* Deus *adimat* ſanam mentem *mihi*.

Not *unleſs* God *take away* my Wits *from me*.

A. Et *ego* malim *audire* tales *fabulas* quam *experiri*.

And I had rather *hear* ſuch *Stories* than *know them by Experience*.

# DIVERSORIA.

A. CUR *ita viſum eſt* pleriſque *commorari* biduum *aut* triduum *Lugduni?* Ego *ingreſſus* iter *ſemel*, non conquieſco, *donec* pervenero *quo* conſtitui.

WHY *does it ſeem good* to moſt People *to ſtay* two Days *or* three *at Lyons?* I, *having entered upon* a Journey *once*, do not reſt, *'till* I come *whither* I deſigned.

B. Imo *ego* admiror *quenquam* poſſe *avelli* illinc.

Nay *I* wonder *that any one* can *be got* from thence.

A. Quamobrem *tandem?*

What for *at length?*

B. Quia *illic* eſt *locus* unde *ſocii* Ulyſſis *non poterant* avelli; *illic* Sirenes. *Nemo* tractatur *melius* ſuæ *domi*, quam *illic* in pandocheo.

Becauſe *there* is *the Place*, from whence *the Companions* of Ulyſſes *could not* be drawn away; *there are* the Sirens. *No body* is treated *better* at his own *Home*, than *there* in an Inn.

A. Quid *fit?*

What *is done?*

B. Aliqua *mulier* *adſtabat menſæ* ſemper,

Some *Women* ſtood by *the Table* always *to divert*

*que*

quæ exhilararet convivas facetiis ac leporibus, Primum materfamilias adibat, quæ ſalutabat jubens nos eſſe hilares, et boni conſulere quod apponeretur. Huic ſuccedebat filia, elegans mulier, moribus ac lingua ſic feſtivis, ut poſſit exhilarare vel Catonem ipſum. Nec confabulantur ut cum ignotis hoſpitibus, ſed velut cum olim notis et familiaribus.

Company with Wit and Drollery. First the good Woman of the Houſe came to us, who ſaluted us, bidding us be merry, and take in good Part what was ſet before us. The Daughter ſucceeded her, a neat Woman, of ſo merry Humour and Tongue, that ſhe might divert Cato himſelf. Nor do they talk as with unknown Gueſts, but as with People formerly known to them, and familiar Friends.

A. Agnoſco humanitatem Gallicæ gentis.

I perceive the Civility of the French Nation.

B. Quoniam autem illæ non poterant adeſſe ſemper, quod munia domeſtica eſſent obeunda, et reliqui conſalutandi, aſſiſtebat quædam puella ad omnes jocos inſtructa. Hæc una erat ſatis excipiendis omnium jaculis: hæc ſuſtinebat fabulam, donec filia rediret: nam mater erat natu grandior.

But becauſe they could not be preſent always, becauſe the Buſineſs of the Houſe was to be minded, and the reſt of the Gueſts to be ſaluted, a certain Girl ſtood by, conſtantly furniſhed for all Jeſts. She alone was ſufficient to receive all their Darts: She kept up the Farce, 'till the Daughter returned. For the Mother was elderly.

A. Sed qualis erat apparatus tandem?

But what was your Proviſion at laſt? for the

nam

[illegible] venter [illegible] Belly [illegible] filled [illegible] ſuis facetiis ac [illegible] Drollery. [illegible] Primum [illegible] good Woman of the Houſe [illegible] Profecto lautius [illegible] Truly [illegible] I [illegible] mirror [illegible] wonder [illegible] hoſpites [illegible] entertain Gueſts [illegible] convivio [illegible] the Feaſt being ended, [illegible] they treat Men with [illegible] ac [illegible] Strangers [illegible] Wearineſs [illegible] Videbar mihi [illegible] biſ [illegible] non peregre. [illegible] Catonem ipſum. [illegible]

A. Quid [illegible] What [illegible] the [illegible] Chambers [illegible]

B. Illic *aderant* aliquot *puellæ* nuſquam [illegible] entes, [illegible] *rogabant*, ſi *babuerimus* [illegible] *reddebant*. Quid [illegible] *videbamus* [illegible] præter *puellas* [illegible] *mulieres*, niſi [illegible] quanquam [illegible] irrumpebant [illegible] *frequenter*. Complectuntur [illegible] *mittunt* [illegible] quam *omnes* [illegible] *tres*, [illegible] *propinquitas* [illegible] cognationis.

There [illegible] Girls every where, *laughing*, [illegible] I wantoning [illegible] *playing*. Of [illegible] they *aſked us*, if *we had* any *foul* [illegible] waſhed [illegible] *them*, [illegible] What need many [illegible] Worthy [illegible] nothing [illegible] beſides *Girls* and Women, [illegible] *Girls* broke in upon [illegible] them *frequently*. They embrace [illegible] ſo much [illegible] *Affection* [illegible] all [illegible] were [illegible] *Near* Relations.

A. Fortaſſe [illegible] *mores* Gallorum [illegible] Perhaps [illegible] Manners [illegible] French:

*mores*.

*mores* Germaniæ *ar*-*rident* mihi *magis* ut-pote *maſculi*.

B. Nunquam con-tigit *mihi* videre *Ger*-*maniam*: quare, *quæ*-*ſo*, *ne graveris* com-memorare, *quibus* mo-dis *excipiant* hoſpitem.

A. Neſcio *an* ſit *ubique* eadem *ratio* tractandi: *Narrabo* quod *ego vidi*. Ne-mo *ſalutat* advenien-tem, *ne* videantur *am*-*bire* hoſpitem. *Nam* exiſtimant *id* ſordi-dum, *et* indignum *Germanica* ſeveritate. *Ubi* inclamaveris *diu*, tandem *aliquis* profert *caput* per *feneſtram* æ-ſtuarii (*nam* degunt *in* *his* fe*re uſque ad* ſolſti-tium (*ſolſtitium*)) non aliter quam *teſtudo* proſpicit *e teſta*. Is *eſt* rogandus, *an* liceat *diverſari* illic. *Si* non renuit, *intelligis* locum *dari*. Commonſtrat, *rogantibus*, *mota manu*, *ubi ſit ſtabulum*. Illic *licet tibi* tractare *equum tuum* mo-re, *nam* nullus *famulus*

*The Manners* of Germany *pleaſe* me *more*, as being *maſculine*.

It never happened *to me* to ſee *Germany*: Where-fore, *I pray* you, *do not think much* to relate *after what* Manner *they entertain* a Gueſt.

I know not *whether* there be *every where* the ſame *Manner* of Treat-ment. *I will tell* what *I have ſeen*. Nobody *ſa*-*lutes* a Man upon his coming, *leſt* they ſhould ſeem *to court* a Gueſt. *For* they think *that* mean, *and* unworthy *of the German* Gravity. *When* you have called *a long Time*, at laſt *ſome body* puts *his Head* through *the Window* of a Stove (*for* they live *in them* almoſt *'till* the Sum-mer *Solſtice*) no *otherwiſe* than *a Snail* looks *out of its Shell*. He *is* to be aſk-ed, *whether* you may *inn* there. *If* he does not re-fuſe, *you underſtand* a Place *is allowed you*. He ſhews, *with his Hand* moved, to *thoſe that aſk* where *the Sta*-*ble is*. There *you may* ma-nage *your* Horſe *after your*

admo-

admovet *manum*. Si celebrius *diverſori-um*, ibi *famulus* commonſtrat *ſtabulum*, atque *etiam* locum *minime commodum equo*. Nam *ſervant* commodiora *venturis* præſertim *nobilibus*. Si *cauſeris* quid, *audis* ſtatim *ſi* non placet, *quære* aliud *diverſori-um*. Præbent *fœnum* in urbibus *ægre* et *parce*, nec *vendunt* multo *minoris* quam *avenam* ipſam. *Ubi* conſultum eſt *equo*, commigras *totus* in hypocauſtum, *cum o-creis*, *ſarcinis*, luto. *Id eſt* unum *commune* omnibus.

Man. ... puts ... to his *Hand*. If it be a famous *Inn*, there a Servant ſhews *the Stable*, and *alſo* a Place *not at all* convenient *for a Horſe*. For *they keep* the more convenient *for thoſe that are to come*, eſpecially *Noblemen*. If *you find Fault with any* Thing, *you hear* preſently, *if* it do not pleaſe you, *ſeek* another *Inn*. They afford you *Hay* in the Cities *with* *Difficulty*, and *very ſparingly*, nor *do they ſell it* much *leſs* than *Oats themſelves*. *When* Proviſion is made *for your Horſe*, you go *altogether* into a Stove *with* your Boots, *Baggage*, Dirt. *That is* one *common* to all.

B. Apud *Gallos* deſignant *cubicula*, ubi *exuant* ſeſe, *extergant*, calefaciant, *aut* quieſcant *etiam*, *ſi li-beat*.

Among the *French* they *appoint* People *Chambers*, where *they may ſtrip* themſelves, *wipe*, warm themſelves, or reſt *too*, if *they pleaſe*.

A. Hic *nihil tale*. In hypocauſto *exuis* ocreas, *induis* calceos, *Si* vis, *mutas* induſium; *ſuſpendis veſtes pluvia madidas juxta* hypocauſtum; *ipſe* admo-

Here's *no ſuch Thing*. In the Stove *you pull off* your Boots, *put on* your Shoes, *if you will*, *change* your Shirt; *you hang up* your Cloaths *wet* with Rain *near* the Stove; *you place* yourſelf

admoveas illi, ut ſicceris. Eſt et aqua parata, ſi libeat, lavare manus; ſed illa munda plerumque, at alia aqua eſt quærenda tibi, qua abluas eam lotionem.

itſelf, that you may be dry. There is alſo Water ready, if you pleaſe to waſh your Hands; but it is for the moſt Part, ſo clean, that other Water is to be ſought by you, with which you may waſh off that Waſhing.

B. Laudo viros effeminatos nullis deliciis.

I commend the Men effeminated with no Delicacies.

A. Quod ſi tu appuleris ad quartam horam a meridie, tamen non cœnabis ante nonam, & nonnunquam decimam.

But if you arrive at the fourth Hour after Noon, yet you will not ſup before the ninth, and ſometimes the Tenth.

B. Quamobrem?

What for?

A. Apparant nihil, niſi videant omnes, ut miniſtretur omnibus eadem opera.

They provide nothing, unleſs they ſee all, that they may ſerve all with the ſame Trouble.

B. Quærunt compendium.

They ſeek the ſhorteſt Way.

A. Tenes. Itaque frequenter octoginta aut nonaginta conveniunt in idem hypocauſtum, pedites, equites, negotiatores, nautæ, aurigæ, agricolæ, pueri, feminæ, ſani, ægroti.

You have it. Where frequently eighty or ninety meet in the ſame Stove, Footmen, Horſemen, Tradeſmen, Sailors, Coachmen, Huſbandmen, Boys, Women, ſound Folks, ſick Folks.

B. Iſthuc

B. Iſthuc *eſt* vere *cœnobium*.

That *is* really *living in common*.

A. Alius *ibi* pectit *caput*, alius *abſtergit* ſudorem, *alius* repurgat *perones* aut *ocreas*, alius *eructat* allium. *Quid multis?* Eſt *non* minor *confuſio* ibi *linguarum* et *perſonarum*, quam *olim* in turri *Babel*. Quod *ſi* conſpexerint *quem* peregrinæ *gentis*, qui *præ ſe ferret* nonnihil *dignitatis* cultu, *omnes* ſunt *intenti* in hunc, *contemplantes* oculis *defixis*, quaſi *aliquod* novum *genus* animantis *advectum ſit* ex Africa. *Adeo ut* poſtquam *accubuerint*, adſpiciant *continenter*, vultu *reflexo* in tergum; *nec* dimoveant *oculos*, immemores *cibi*.

One *there* combs *his Head*, another *wipes off* Sweat, *another* cleans *his Winter Shoes* or *Boots*, another *belches up* Garlick. *What needs many Words?* There is *no* leſs *Confuſion* there *of Tongues* and *Perſons*, than *formerly* in the Tower *of Babel*. But *if* they ſee *any one* of a foreign *Nation*, who *makes Shew of* ſomething *of Dignity* by his Dreſs, *all* are *intent* upon him, *viewing him* with their Eyes *fixt*, as if *ſome new Kind* of Animal *was brought* out of Africa. *So that* after *they have ſat down*, they look at him *continually*, with their Face *turned* backward: *nor* do they take off *their Eyes*, being unmindful *of their Meat*.

B. Romæ, *Lutetiæ*, ac *Venetiæ*, nemo *miratur* quidquam.

At Rome, *Paris*, and *Venice*, no Body *wonders at* any Thing.

A. Interim *eſt* nefas *tibi* poſcere *quidquam*. Ubi *jam* eſt *multa veſpera*, nec plures *expectantur* ven-

In the mean Time *it is* unlawful *for you* to call for *any Thing*. When *now* it is *late in the Evening*, and no more *are expected* to come,

turi, *ſenex* famulus *prodit* cana *barbara*, tonſo *capite*, torvo *vultu*, ſordido *veſtitu*.

an *old* Servant *comes out* with a hoary *Beard*, ſhorn *Head*, grim *Look*, mean *Cloaths*.

B. Oportebat *tales* eſſe *a poculis* Romanis *Cardinalibus*.

It behoved *ſuch* to be *Cup-bearers* to the Roman *Cardinals*.

A. Is *circumactis* oculis, *dinumerat* tacitus *quot* ſint *in hypocauſto*: quo *plures* videt *adeſſe*, hoc *vehementius* hypocauſtum *accenditur*, etiam ſi *alioqui* ſol *ſit* moleſtus *æſtu*. Hæc *eſt* præcipua *pars* bonæ *tractationis*, ſi *omnes* diffluant *ſudore*. Si *quis* non *aſſuetus* vapori, *aperiat* rimam *feneſtræ*, ne *præfocetur*, protinus *audit*, claude. *Si* reſpondeas, *Non fero*, audis, *quære* igitur *aliud* diverſorium.

He *having caſt about* his Eyes, *reckons* ſilently *how many* there are *in the Stove*: By how much *the more* he ſees *preſent*, by ſo much *the more violently* the Stove *is heated*, altho' *otherwiſe* the Sun *be* troubleſome *by his Heat*. This *is* the greateſt *Part* of good *Treatment*, if *all* run down *with Sweat*. If *any one* not accuſtomed to the Heat, *open* a Chink *of a Window*, leſt *he be ſtifled*, immediately, *he hears*, ſhut it. *If* you anſwer, *I cannot endure*, you hear, *ſeek* then *another* Inn.

B. Atque *nihil* videtur *periculoſius*, quam *tam* multos *haurire* eundem *vaporem*, maxime *corpore* reſoluto, *atque* heic *capere* cibum, *et* commorari *complures* horas. *Nam* jam *omitto* alliatos

But *nothing* ſeems *more dangerous*, than that *ſo* many *ſhould take in* the ſame *Vapour*, eſpecially *the Body* being open, *and* here *take* Meat, *and* ſtay *ſeveral* Hours. *For* now *I omit* Garlick *Belches*, and *the Blaſt* of the Bel-

*ructus*, et *flatum* ventris, *putres* halitus: *Sunt* multi *qui* laborant *occultis* morbis, *et* omnis *morbus* habet *ſuum* contagium. *Certe* plerique *habent* Hiſpanicam *ſcabiem*, ſive, *ut* quidam *vocant*, Gallicam, *cum* ſit *communis* omnium *nationum*. Opinor *eſſe* non *multo* minus *periculi* ab *his*, quam *leproſis*. Jam *tu divina* quantum *diſcriminis* ſit *in peſtilentia*.

ly, *ſtinking* Breaths: *There are* many, *who* are troubled *with ſecret* Diſeaſes, *and* every *Diſtemper* has *its* Infection. *Certainly* moſt *have* the Spaniſh *Pox*, or, *as* ſome *call it* the French, *though* it be *common* to all *Nations*, I think *there is* not *much* leſs *Danger* from *theſe* than *Lepers*. Now *do you gueſs*, how much *Danger* there is *in the Plague*.

A. Sunt *fortes* viri; *rident*, ac *negligunt* iſta.

They are *ſtout* Fellows, *they laugh at*, and *neglect* thoſe Things.

B. Sed *interim* ſunt *fortes* pericula *multorum*.

But *in the mean Time* they are *ſtout* at the Hazard *of many*.

A. Quid *facias?* ſic *aſſueverunt*; et *eſt* conſtantis *animi* non *diſcedere* ab inſtitutis.

What *can you do?* So *they have been uſed*, and *it is the Part* of a conſtant *Mind* not *to depart* from old Cuſtoms.

B. Atqui *ante viginti quinque annos*, nihil *erat* receptius *apud* Brabantos, *quam* publicæ *thermæ*; hæ *nunc* frigent *ubique*;

But *twenty-five Years ago*, nothing *was* more common *amongſt the* Brabanti, *than* public *Baths*; thoſe *now* are out of Uſe *every where*; for *the*

nam

nam *nova* ſcabies *docuit* nos *abſtinere*.

*new* Pox *has taught* us *to abſtain*.

A. Sed *audi* cætera: *poſt* ille *barbatus* Ganymedes *redit* ac *inſternit* menſas *linteis* quot *putat* eſſe *ſatis* illi *numero*. Sed O *immortalem* Deum! *quam non Mileſiis*. Diceres *cannabea detracta ex antennis*. Nam *deſtinavit* ad minimum *octo convivas unicuique* menſæ. *Jam quibus patrius* mos *eſt* notus, *accumbunt*, *ubi libitum fuerit* cuique. *Nam* eſt *nullum* diſcrimen *inter* pauperem *et* divitem, *inter* herum *et* ſervum.

But *hear* the reſt. *Afterwards* that *bearded* Ganymede *returns*, and *ſpreads* the Tables *with Cloaths*, as many as *he thinks* to be *ſufficient* for that *Number*. But O *immortal* God! *how far from being fine!* you would ſay *they were Canvaſs* taken down *from the Sail-Yards*. For *he deſigned* at leaſt *eight* Gueſts *for every* Table. *Now* they to whom *the country* Cuſtom *is* known, *ſit down* where *it pleaſes* every one. *For* there is *no* Difference *betwixt* a poor Man *and* a rich, *betwixt* a Maſter *and* a Servant.

B. Hæc *eſt* illa *vetus* æqualitas, *quam* nunc *tyrannis* ſubmovit *e vita*. Sic *opinor* Chriſtum *vixiſſe* cum *Diſcipulis*.

This *is* that *old* Equality, *which* now *Tyranny* has removed *out of Life*. So *I believe* Chriſt *lived* with *his Diſciples*.

A. Poſtquam *omnes* accubuerunt, *rurſum* ille *torvus* Ganymedes *prodit*, ac *denuo* dinumerat *ſua* ſodalitia. *Mox* reverſus, *ap-*

After *all* are ſate, *again* that *grim* Ganymede *comes out*, and *over again* counts *his* Companies. *By and by* returning, *he ſets before* each *a wooden* Diſh,

*ponit* ſingulis *ligneum* pinacium, *et* cochleare *factum* ex *eodem* argento, *deinde* cyathum vitreum, *aliquanto* poſt *panem*: Eum *quiſque* repurgat *ſibi* per otium, *dum* pultes *coquuntur*. Ita *ſedentur* nonnunquam *ferme* ſpatio *horæ*.

*and* a Spoon *made* of *the ſame* Silver, *then* a Glaſs, *a little* after *Bread*. That *every Man* cleans *for himſelf* at his Leiſure, *whilſt* the Pulſe *are boiling*. So *they ſit* ſometimes *almoſt* the Space *of an Hour*.

B. Nullus *hoſpitum* efflagitat *cibum* interim?

Does none *of the Gueſts* call for *the Meat* in the mean Time.

A. Nullus *cui* ingenium *regionis* eſt *notum*. Tandem *vinum* apponitur, *bone* Deus, *quam non ſumoſum!* oportebat *ſophiſtas* non *bibere* aliud; *tanta* eſt *ſubtilitas* et *acrimonia*. Quod *ſi* quis *hoſpes*, pecunia *oblata* privatim, *rogat* ut *aliud* genus *vini* paretur *aliunde*; primum *diſſimulant*, ſed *eo* vultu, *quaſi* interfecturi. *Si* urgeas *reſpondent*, hic *tot* comites *et* marchiones *diverſati ſunt*, neque *quiſquam queſtus eſt* de *meo* vino; *ſi* non placet, *quære* tibi *aliud*

None *to whom* the Temper *of the Country* is *known*. At length *Wine* is ſerved up, *good* God, *how far from being taſteleſs!* It behoved *Sophiſters* not *to drink* any other; *ſuch* is *the Thinneſs* and *Sharpneſs*. But *if* any *Gueſt*, Money *being offered* privately, *deſires* that *ſome other* Sort *of Wine* may be got *from ſomewhere elſe*, at firſt, *they diſſemble the Matter*, but *with that* Countenance, *as if* they would kill you. *If* you preſs them, *they anſwer*, here *ſo many* Earls *and* Marquiſſes *have lodged*, nor *did any one complain* of *my* Wine; *if* it do not pleaſe, *ſeek* diver-

diverſorium: nam *habent* nobiles *ſuæ* gentis *ſolos* pro *hominibus*, et *oſtentant* horum *inſignia* nuſquam non. *Jam* igitur *habent* offam *quam* objiciant *latranti* ſtomacho. *Mox* diſci *veniunt* magna *pompa*. Primus *ferme* habet *offas* panis *madefactas* jure *carnium*, aut *ſi* eſt *piſculentus* dies, *jure* leguminum. *Deinde* aliud *jus*, poſt *aliquid* carnium *recoctarum*, aut *ſalſamentorum* recalfactorum. *Rurſus* aliquid *pultis*, mox *aliquid* ſolidioris *cibi*, donec *ſtomacho* probe domito *apponant* aſſas *carnes*, aut *elixos* piſces, *quos* non poſſis *contemnere* omnino: *ſed* heic *ſunt* parci, *et* ſubito *tollunt*. Hoc pacto *temperant* convivium, *quemadmodum* actores *fabularum*, qui *admiſcent* choros *ſcenis*: autem *curant* ut *extremus* actus *ſit* optimus.

for yourſelf *another* Inn; for *they account* the Noblemen *of their* Nation *alone* for *Men*, and *they ſhew* their *Coats of Arms* every where. *Now* therefore *they have* a Piece *which* they may throw *to the barking* Stomach. *By and by* the Diſhes *come* in great *Pomp*. The firſt *commonly* has *Pieces* of Bread *ſoaking* in the Broth *of Fleſh*, or *if* it be *a Fiſh* Day, *in the Broth* of Herbs. *After that* another *Broth*, after *ſomething* of Fleſh *boiled over again*, or *Salt Fiſh* warmed again. *Again* ſome *Pulſe*, by and by *ſome* more ſolid *Meat*, 'till *the Stomach* being well tamed, *they ſet up* roaſted *Fleſh*, or *boiled* Fiſh, *which* you cannot *contemn* at all: *But* here *they are* ſparing, *and* ſuddenly *take away*. After this Manner *they mix* their Entertainment, *as* the Actors *of Plays*, who *mix* Choruſſes *with their Scenes*: but *they take Care* that *the laſt* Act *is* the beſt.

B. Et *hoc* eſt *boni* poetæ.

And *this* is the Part *of a good* Poet.

A. Porro *ſit* piaculum, *ſi* quis *interim* dicat, *tolle* hunc *diſcum*, nemo *veſcitur*, Deſidendum eſt *uſque ad* ſpatium *præſcriptum* quod *illi* metiuntur *clepſydris*, ut *opinor*. Tandem *ille* barbatus, *aut* pandocheus *ipſe* minimum *differens* a famulis *veſtitu*, prodit, *rogat* ecquid animi nobis ſit. *Mox* aliquod *generoſius* vinum *adfertur*. Autem *amant* eos *qui* bibunt *largius*, cum *ſolvat* nihilò *plus*, qui *hauſerit* plurimum *vini*, quam *qui* minimum.

Moreover *it would be* a heinous Crime, *if* any one *in the mean Time* ſay, *take away* this *Diſh*, no body eats. You muſt ſit *'till* the Time *appointed*, which *they* meaſure *with Hour-Glaſſes*, as *I ſuppoſe*. At laſt *that* bearded Fellow, *or* the Inn-keeper *himſelf*, very little *differing* from the Servants *in Cloaths*, comes out, *aſks* if we have a Mind to any Thing. *By and by* ſome *more generous* Wine *is brought*. But *they love* thoſe *who* drink *plentifully*, though *he pays* no *more* who *drinks* moſt *Wine*, than *he that drinks* leaſt.

B. Ingenium *gentis* mirum.

The Temper *of the Nation* is ſtrange.

A. Cum *nonnunquam* ſint *qui* abſumant *plus* in vino, *quam* ſolvant *pro* toto *convivio*. Sed *antequam* finiam *hoc* convivium, *mirum* dictu, *quis* ſtrepitus *ac* tumultus *vocum* ſit *ibi*, poſtquam *omnes* cœperunt *incaleſcere* potu. *Quid multis?* omnia *ſurda*. Ficti

When *ſometimes there* are ſome *who* conſume *more* in Wine, *than* they pay *for* the whole *Feaſt*. But *before* I end *this* Entertainment, *it is wonderful* to be ſaid, *what* a Noiſe *and* Confuſion *of Voices* there is *there*, after that *all* have begun *to grow warm* with Drink. *What needs many Words?* all Places *are full*

*moriones* admiſcent *ſe* frequenter, *quo* genere *hominum*, cum *ſit* nullum *magis* deteſtandum, *tamen* vix credas *quantopere* Germani *delectentur*. Illi *faciunt* cantu, *garritu*, clamore, *ſaltatione*, pulſu, *ut* hypocauſtum *videatur* corruiturum. *Neque* quiſquam audiar *alterum* loquentem. *At* interim *videntur* ſibi *vivere* ſuaviter; *atque* deſidendum eſt *illic*, volenti *nolenti*, uſque ad multam noctem.

*of Noiſe*. Pretended *Fools* thruſt in *themſelves* frequently, *with which* Kind *of Men*, tho' *there be* none *more* deteſtable, *yet* you'll ſcarce believe *how much* the Germans *are delighted*. They *cauſe* by ſinging, *prating*, ſhouting, *dancing*, thumping, *that* the Stove *ſeems* ready to fall. *Nor* can any one hear *another* ſpeaking. *But* in the mean Time *they ſeem* to themſelves *to live* ſweetly; *and* you muſt ſit *there*, willing *or unwilling*, 'till late at Night.

B. Nunc *tandem* abſolve *convivium*; nam *me tædet* quoque *tam prolixi*.

Now *at laſt* finiſh *the Entertainment*; for *I am weary* too *of ſo long a one*.

A. Faciam. *Tandem* caſeo *ſublato*, qui *vix* placet *illis*, niſi *putris* ac *ſcatens* vermibus, *ille* barbatus *prodit*, adferens *pinacium* ſecum, *in quo* pinxit *creta* aliquot *circulos*, et *ſemicirculos*, deponit *id* in menſa, *tacitus* interim ac triſtis, *diceres* quempiam *Charontem*.

I will do it. *At laſt* the Cheeſe *being taken away*, which *ſcarce* pleaſes *them*, unleſs *rotten* and *full of* Maggots, *that* bearded Fellow *comes forth*, bringing *a Trencher* with him, *in which* he hath drawn *with Chalk* ſome *Circles*, and *Semi Circles*, he lays *that* upon the Table, *ſilent* in the mean Time *and* ſad; *you would ſay* he was ſome

Qui

Qui *agnoſcunt* pictu-ram, *deponunt* pecu-niam, *deinde* alius *at-que* alius, *donec* pina-cium *expleatur*. De-inde *notatis* qui *depo-ſuerunt*, ſupputat *ta-citus*; ſi *nihil* deſit, *annuit* capite.

B. Quid *ſi* quid *ſuperſit?*

A. Fortaſſe *redde-ret*, et *faciunt* hoc *nonnunquam*.

B. Nemo *reclamat* rationi *inique?*

A. Nemo *qui* ſapit, *nam* audiret *protinus*, quid *tu es* hominis? *ſolves* nihilo *plus* quam *alii*.

B. Narras *liberum* genus *hominum*.

A. Quod *ſi* quis *laſſus* ex itinere, *cupiet* mox *a cœna* petere *lectum*, jubetur *expec-tare*, donec *cæteri* quoque *eant* cubitum.

B. Videor *mihi* vide-re *Platonicam* urbem.

*Charon*. They who *knew* the Picture, *lay down* their Money, *then* another *and* another, *'till* the Trencher *be filled*. Then *having ob-ſerved thoſe* who *laid down*, he reckons *ſilently*; if *no-thing be* wanting, *he nods* with his head.

What *if* any Thing *be over?*

Perhaps *he would return it*, and *they do* this *ſome-times*.

Does nobody *cry out* up-on the Reckoning *as unjuſt?*

Nobody *that is* wiſe; *for* he would hear *forth-with*, What *are you* of a Man? *You ſhall pay* no *more* than *others*.

You tell of *a free* Kind *of Men*.

But *if* any one, *weary* with his Journey, *deſires* preſently *after Supper* to *go to Bed*, he is ordered *to wait* 'till *the reſt* too *go* to Bed.

I ſeem *to myſelf* to ſee *a Platonick* City.

A. Tum

A. Tum *ſuus* nidus *oſtenditur* cuique, *et* vere *nhil* aliud *quam* cubiculum; *nam* ibi *ſunt* lecti *tantum*, et *nihil* præterea, *quo* utaris, *aut* quod *fureris*.

Then *his* Neſt *is ſhewn* to every one, *and* truly *nothing* elſe *than* a Bed-Chamber; *for* there *are* Beds *only*, and *nothing* elſe *that* you can uſe, *or* that *you can ſteal*.

B. Eſt *mundities* illic?

Is there *Cleanlineſs* there?

A. Eadem *quæ* in convivio, *lintea* lota forte *ante ſex menſes*.

The ſame *as* in the Feaſt, *Linen* waſhed perhaps *ſix Months before*.

B. Quid *interim* fit *de equis?*

What *in the mean Time* becomes *of the Horſes?*

A. Tractantur *ad* eandam *diſciplinam*, ad quam *homines*.

They are treated *according* to the ſame *Diſcipline* as *the Men*.

B. Sed *eſt* eadem *tractatia* ubique?

But *is there* the ſame *Treatment* every where?

A. Alicubi *eſt* civilior, *alicubi* durior *quam* narravi; *verum* in genere *eſt* talis.

In ſome Places *it is* civillcr, *in ſome Places* harder *than* I have told you; *but* in general *it is* ſuch.

B. Quid *ſi* ego *nunc* narrem *tibi* quibus modis *hoſpites* tractentur *in ea parte* Italiæ, *quam* vocant *Longabardiam*, rurſus *in Hiſpania*, deinde in *Angliæ*, et *in Wallia?* Nam

What *if* I *now* tell *you* after what Manner *Gueſts* are treated *in that Part* of Italy, *which* they call *Lombardy*, again *in Spain*, then *in England*, and *in Wales?* For *the Engliſh* have *partly* the French,

*Angli*

*Angli* obtinent *partim* Gallicos, *partim* Germanicos *mores*, ut *mixti* ex *his* duabus *gentibus*. Walli *prædicant* ſe *aborigines* Anglos.

*partly* the German *Manners*, as *being mixed* of *thoſe* two *Nations*. The Welſh *pretend* themſelves *the original* Engliſh.

A. Quæſo *te* ut *narres*, nam *nunquam contigit* mihi *videre* eas.

I pray *you* that *you would tell me*, for *it never happened* to me *to ſee* them.

B. In præſentia *non eſt* otium; *nam* nauta *juſſit* adeſſem *ad tertiam* horam, *niſi* vellem *relinqui*; et *habet* ſarcinulam: *alias* opportunitas *dabitur* nobis *garriendi* uſque ad ſatietatem.

At preſent *there is not* Time; *for* the Sailor *ordered me* to be with him *by the third* Hour, *unleſs* I would *be left*, and *he has* my Baggage: *another Time* an Opportunity *will be given* us of *prattling* to Satisfaction.

SPEC.

# SPECTRUM.

A. QUID *bonæ* rei *eſt* quod *rides* tecum *tam* ſuaviter, *quaſi* nactus ſis *theſaurum*?

WHAT *good* Thing *is there*, that *you laugh* with yourſelf *ſo* ſweetly, *as though* you had got *a Treaſure*?

B. Tua *divinatio* non aberrat *procul* à ſcopo.

Your *Gueſs* does not wander *far* from the Mark.

A. Annon imperties *ſodali* quicquid *boni* iſtuc *eſt*?

Will you not impart *to your Companion* whatſoever *good Thing* that *is*?

B. Imo, *jamdudum* optabat *quempiam* dari *mihi*, in cujus ſinum *effunderem* hoc *gaudium* meum.

Nay, *ſome Time ſince* I was wiſhing *ſome Body* might be offered *me*, into whoſe Boſom *I might pour out* this *Joy* of mine.

A. Age *igitur* imperti.

Come *then* impart it.

B. Audivi *modo* lepidiſſimam *fabulam* quam *jures* eſſe *comicum* figmentum, *niſi* locus, *perſonæ*, ac tota

I have heard *juſt now* a very pretty *Story*, which *you would ſwear* was *a comick* Fiction, *unleſs* the Place, *the Perſons*, and *the*

res

res *eſſet* tam *notò* mihi, *quam* tu *es* notus *mihi*. | *whole* Affair *was* as well *known* to me, *as* you *are* known *to me*.

A. Geſtio *audire*. | I long *to hear it*.

B. Noſtine *Polum* generum *Fauni?* | Do you know *Pool* the Son-in-Law of *Faun?*

A. Maxime. | Yes.

B. Is *eſt* et *auctor* et *actor* hujus *fabulæ*. | He *is* both *the Author* and *the Actor* of this *Play*.

A. Facile crediderim, *nam* ille *poſſit* agere *quamvis* fabulam; *vel* abſque *perſona*. | I can eaſily believe it, *for* he *could* act *any* Play, *even* without *a Maſk*.

B. Sic *eſt*. Noſti, *opinor* prædium *quod* habet *non* ita *procul* a Londino. | So *it is*. You know, *I fancy* the Eſtate *which* he has *not* ſo *far* from London.

A. Phy! *compotavimus* illic *ſæpe*. | Pugh! *We have drunk together* there *often*.

B. Agnoſcis *igitur* viam *ſeptam* utrinque *arboribus* digeſtis *pari* intervallo. | You know *therefore* the Way *hedged* in on both Sides *with Trees* placed at *an equal* Diſtance.

B. Ad lævam *partem* ædium, *fere* altero jactu baliſtæ. | On the left *Side* of the Houſe, *almoſt* two Bow-ſhots off.

B. Tenes. *Alterum* latus *viæ* habet *ſiccum* | You have it. *One* Side *of the Way* has *a dry*

Alve-

alveum *obſitum* dumis *et* veribus; *e ponticulo* eſt *iter* in planitiem.

Ditch *ſet* with Thorns *and* Briars; *over the Bridge*, there is *a Way* into a Plain.

A. Memini.

I remember.

B. Jampridem *vagabatur* rumor, *ac* fabula *per* ruſticos *ejus* loci, *ſpectrum* obverſari *juxta* hunc *ponticulum*, cujus *miſerandi* ejulatus *exaudirentur* ſubinde: *ſuſpicabantur* eſſe *animam* cujuſpiam *quæ* torqueretur *diris* cruciatibus.

Some Time ago *there went* a Report, *and a* Story, *amongſt* the Country People *of that* Place, *that a Spirit* haunted *nigh* this *Bridge*, whoſe *miſerable* Howlings *were heard* now and then: *They ſuſpected* that it was *the Soul* of ſome Man *which* was tortured *with direful* Torments.

A. Quis *erat* auctor *iſtius* rumoris?

Who *was* the Author *of that* Report?

B. Quis *niſi* Polus? *Præſtruxerat* hoc *proœmium* ſuæ *fabulæ*.

Who *but* Pool? *He had prepared* this *Prologue* for his *Play*.

A. Quid *venit iſta in mentem* ut confingeret *iſta*?

What *came into his Mind* to invent *thoſe Things*?

B. Neſcio, *niſi* quia *ingenium* hominis *eſt* ſic; *gaudet* ludere *ſtultitiam* populi *commentis* hujuſmodi: *Dicam* quid *deſignarit* nuper *hujus* generis.

I know not, *unleſs* becauſe *the Humour* of the Man *is* ſo; *he loves* to play upon *the Folly* of the People *with Inventions* of this Kind. *I will tell you* what *he contrived* lately

*Aliquammulti* equitabamus *Richmondum*, inter *quos* erant, *quos* tu *diceres* cordatos *viros*. Cœlum *erat* mire *ſerenum*, nec *ſuffuſcatum* uſquam *ulla* nubecula. *Ibi* Polus *oculis* intentis *in cœlum* ſignavit *totam* faciem *et* ſcapulas *imagine* crucis, *et* vultu *compoſito* ad ſtuporem, *ita dixit* ſecum, *Immortalem* Deum! *quid* ego video; *Rogantibus* qui *equitabant* proxime, *quid* videret, *rurſus* obſignans *ſe* majore *cruce*, clementiſſimus *Deus* avertat *hoc* oſtentum, *inquit*. Cum *inſtarent* cupiditate *cognoſcendi*, ille *defixis* oculis *in cœlum*, ac *commonſtrans* locum *cœli* digito, *inquit*, nonne videtis *immanem* draconem, *armatum* igneis *cornibus*, cauda *retorta* in circulum? *Cum* negarent *ſe* videre, *atque* ille *juſſiſſet*, intenderent *oculos*, ac *ſubinde* commonſtraret *locum*, tandem *unus quiſpiam*

*of this* Sort. *A good many of us* were riding *to Richmond*, amongſt *whom* there were ſome *whom* you *would call* prudent *Men*. The Sky *was* wonderfully *clear*, nor *overcaſt* any where *with any* little Cloud. *There* Pool *with his Eyes* directed *towards Heaven* marked *all* his Face *and* Shoulder-Blades *with the Sign* of the Croſs, *and* with a Countenance *compoſed* to Aſtoniſhment, *ſaid thus* with himſelf, *Immortal* God! *What* do I ſee? *They aſking*, who *rode* next, *what* he ſaw, *again* ſigning *himſelf* with a greater *Croſs*, the moſt merciful *God* avert *this* Omen, ſays *he*. When *they urged him* out of a Deſire *of knowing*, he *having fixed* his Eyes *upon Heaven*, and *ſhewing* the Place *of the Heaven* with his Finger, *ſays*, Do you not ſee *a huge* Dragon, *armed* with fiery *Horns*, with his Tail *turned up* into a Circle? *When* they denied *that they* ſaw it, *and* he *bade them* direct *their Eyes*, and *now and then* ſhewed them *the Place*, at laſt *ſome one*, leſt

ne

*ne videretur* parum oculatus, *affirmavit* ſe *quoque* videre: *unus* item *atque* alter *imitatus eſt* hunc; *nam* pudebat *non videre* quod *eſſet* tam *perſpicuum*. Quid multis? *intra* triduum *hic* rumor *pervaſerat* totam *Angliam*, tale *portentum* apparuiſſe. *Mirum autem* quantum *popularis* fama *addidit* fabulæ. *Nec* deerant *qui* ſerio *interpretarentur*, quid *oſtentum* vellet ſibi. *Ille*, qui *commentus fuerat* argumentum, *fruebatur* horum *ſtultitia* cum *magna* voluptate.

*he ſhould ſeem* bad ſighted, *affirmed* that he *too* ſaw it: *One* likewiſe *and* another *imitated* him; *for* they were aſhamed *not to ſee* what *was* ſo *plain*. What needs many Words? *Within* three Days *this* Report *had gone through* all *England*, that ſuch *a Monſter* had appeared: *But it is wonderful* how much *popular* Fame *added* to the Story. *Nor* were there wanting ſome *who* in earneſt *interpreted* what *this Prodigy* meant. *He* who *had invented* the Matter, *enjoyed* their *Folly* with *great* Pleaſure.

A. Agnoſco *ingenium* hominis; *ſed* redi *ad ſpectrum*.

I know *the Temper* of the Man; *but* return *to the Apparition*.

B. Interea *divertit* quidam *Faunus* ſacerdos *ad Polum* commodum, *ex eorum genere*, quibus *non ſatis eſt* appellari *Latini* regulares, *niſi* idem *cognomen* accinatur *Græce*, parochus *vicini* oppidi *illic alicunde*. Is *videbatur* ſibi *non vulgari-*

In the mean Time *comes* one *Faun* a Prieſt *to Pool* very opportunely, *of their Kind*, to whom *it is not enough* to be called *in Latin* Regulars, *unleſs* the ſame *Sirname* be ſung to them *in Greek*, a Parſon *of a neighbouring* Town *thereabouts*. He *ſeem'd* to himſelf *not to be vulgar-*

*ter ſapere*, præſertim *in ſacris* rebus.

*ly wiſe*, eſpecially, *in holy* Things.

A. Intelligo, *actor* fabulæ *repertus eſt*.

I underſtand, *an Actor* of the Play *was found*.

B. Super cœnam *ſermo* ortus eſt *de rumore* ſpectri, *cum* Polus *ſentiret* hunc *rumorem* non ſolum *auditum eſſe* Fauno, *verum* etiam *creditum*, cœpit *obteſtari* hominem, *ut* doctus *ac* pius *vir* ſuccurret *animulæ* patienti *tam* dira; *et* ſi *quid dubitas*, inquit *explora* rem, *obambula* ad decimam *juxta* illum *ponticulum*, et *audies* miſerum *ejulatum*, adjunge *tibi* quem *voles* comitem, *ita* audies et tutior *et* certius.

At Supper *a Diſcourſe* aroſe *about the Report* of the Apparition, *when* Pool *perceived* that this *Report* not only *had been heard* by Faun, *but was* alſo *believed*, he began *to beſeech* the Man, *that* he being a learned *and* godly *Man*, would ſuccour *the poor Soul* ſuffering *ſuch* dreadful Things; *and* if *you doubt at all*, ſays he, *examine* the Matter, *walk* about Ten *nigh* that *Bridge*, and *you will hear* miſerable *Howling*, take *to you* whom *you will* as a Companion, *ſo* you will hear *both* more ſafe *and* more certainly.

A. Quid *deinde?*

What *then?*

B. Cœna *peracta*, Polus *ex more* abiit *venatum*, aut *occupatum*. Faunus *obambulans* cum *jam* tenebræ *ſuſtuliſſent* certum *judicium* de rebus, *tandem* audit *miſerandos* gemitus. *His* artifex

Supper *being ended*, Pool, *according to his Cuſtom*, goes *a hunting*, or *a fowling*. Faun *walking* when *now* the Darkneſs *had taken away* a certain *Judgement* of Things, *at length* he hears *miſerable* Groans. *Theſe* the Artiſt *Pool* feigned *won-*

*Polus*

*Polus* effingebat *mire*, abditus *illic* in vepreto, *fictili* olla *adbibita* ad id; *quo* vox *reddita* e cavo *ſonarit* quiddam *lugubrius*.

derfully being hid *there* in a buſhy Place, *an earthen* Pot *being uſed* for that Purpoſe? *that* the Voice *being returned* from the Hallow, *might ſound* ſomething *more mournfully*.

A. Hæc *fabula*, ut *video*, vincit *phaſma* Menandri.

This *Farce*, as far as *I ſee*, exceeds the *Apparition* of Menander.

B. Dices *iſthuc* magis, *ſi* audieris *totam*. Faunus *recepit* ſe *domum*, cupiens *narrare* quid *audiſſet*. Polus *antevenerat* jam *alia* compendiaria *via*. Ibi *Faunus* narrat *Polo*, quod *erat actum*, et *affingit* aliquid *etiam*, quo *res* eſſet *admirabilior*.

You will ſay *that* the more, *if* you hear the *whole*. Faun *got* him *Home*, deſiring *to tell* what *he had heard*. Pool *had got before* already *by another* ſhort *Way*. There *Faun* tells *Pool*, what *had been done*, and *invents* ſomething *too*, that the *Thing* might be *more wonderful*.

A. Poterat *Polus* interim *tenere* riſum?

Could *Pool* in the mean Time *hold from* Laughing?

B. Illene! *Habet* vultum *in manu*. Dixiſſes *rem* agi *ſerio*. Tandem *Faunus* Polo *obteſtante* vehementer *ſuſcepit* negotium *exorciſmi*, et *agit* totam *eam* noctem *inſomnem*, dum *deſpicit* quibus modis *aggrederetur*

He! *He has* his Countenance *in his Hand*. You would have ſaid *that the Thing* was doing *in earneſt*. At laſt *Faun*, Pool *beſeeching him* very much, *undertook* the Buſineſs *of Exorciſm*, and he *ſpends* all *that* Night *without* Sleep, whilſt *he conſiders* which

rem *tuto*, nam *miſere metuebat* ſibi *quoque*. Primum *itaque* efficaciſſimi *exorciſmi* congeſti ſunt, *et* nonnulli *novi* additi *per* viſcera *beatæ* Mariæ, *per* oſſa *beatæ* Werenfridæ. *Deinde* locus *delectus eſt* planitie *vicina* vepreto, *unde* vox *exaudiebatur*. Satis amplius *circulus* circumductus eſt *qui* haberet *crebras* cruces, *varioſque* notulas: *hæc omnia* peragebantur *conceptis verbis*. Ingens *vas* plenum *conſecratæ* aquæ *adhibitum eſt*. Sacra *ſtola*, quam vocant, *addita eſt* in collum, *unde* pendebat *initium* Evangelii *ſecundum* Joannem. *Habebat* in loculis *cerulam* ſolitam *conſecrari* quotannis a Romano *pontifice*, quæ *dicitur* vulgo, *Agnus* Dei. His armis *olim* muniebat *ſe* adverſus *noxios* dæmones, *priuſquam* cucullæ *Franciſci* cœpiſſet *eſſe* formidabilis *illis*. Omnia *hæc* procurata ſunt, *ut ſi eſſet* ma-

way *he might attempt* the Thing *ſafely*, for *he was miſerably afraid* of himſelf *too*. Firſt *then* the moſt effectual *Exorciſms* were got together, *and* ſome *new ones* added; *By* the Bowels *of bleſſed* Mary *by* the Bones *of bleſſed* Werenfred. *Then* a Place *was choſen* in the *Plain nigh* the buſhy Place, *from whence* the Voice *was heard*. A good large *Circle* was drawn, *which* had *many* Croſſes, *and divers* Marks: *All theſe Things* were done *with a Form of Words*. A huge *Veſſel* full *of holy* Water, *was made uſe of*: A holy *Gown*, as they call it, *was put* over his Neck, *from whence* hung *the Beginning* of the Goſpel *according to* John. *He had* in his Pocket *a Bit of Wax* uſed *to be conſecrated* every Year *by* the Roman *Pontiff*, *which is called* commonly *the Lamb* of God. With theſe Arms *formerly* they fortified *themſelves* againſt *miſchievous* Dæmons, *before* the Hood *of Francis* begun *to be* terrible *to them*. All *theſe Things* were provided, *leſt*, if *it ſhould be*

lus

lus *ſpiritus*, faceret *impetum* in exorciſtam. *Nec* tamen *auſus eſt* committere *ſe ſolum circulo*, ſed *decretum eſt* alterum *ſacerdotem* adhibendum eſſe. *Ibi* Polus *metuens*, ne, *ſi* naſutior *eſſet* adjunctus, *myſterium* fabulæ *proderetur*, adjungit *quondam* parochum *ex vicinia*, cui *operit* totam *rem*; nam *ſic* actio *fabulæ* poſtulabat, *et* erat *is* qui *non abhorreret* a tali ludo. *Poſtridie*, omnibus *rebus* paratis *rite*, ſub *decimam* horam *Faunus cum parocho* ingreditur *circulum*. Polus, *qui* præceſſaret, *gemit* miſerabiliter *e vepreto*. Faunus *auſpicatur* exorciſmum. *Interim* Polus *ſubducit* ſe *clam* per tenebras, *in proximam* villam. *Illinc* adducit *aliam* perſonam *fabulæ*, nam *non poterat* agi *niſi* per multos.

an evil *Spirit*, it ſhould make *an Attack* upon the Exorciſt. *Neither* yet *durſt he* truſt *himſelf* alone *in the Circles*, but *it was determined* that another *Prieſt* ſhould be employed. *There* Pool *fearing*, leſt, *if* a cunninger Man *was* joined with them, *the Myſtery* of the Farce *ſhould be betrayed*, joins to him *a certain* Parſon *of the Neighbourhood*, to whom *he diſcloſes* the whole *Matter*; for *ſo* the Acting *of the Farce* required, *and* he was *one* that *was not averſe* to ſuch Sport. *The Day after*, all *Things* being prepared *rightly*, about *the Tenth* Hour *Faun*, with *the Parſon*, enters *the* Circle. Pool, *who* had gone before, *groans* miſerably *out of the buſhy Place*. Faun *begins* the Exorciſm. *In the mean Time* Pool *withdraws* himſelf *privately* in the Dark, *into the next* Village. *Thence* he brings *another* Actor *of the Play*; for *it could not* be acted *but* by many.

A. Quid *faciunt*?

What *do they*?

B. Conſcendunt *nigros* equos, *ferunt*

They mount *black* Horſes; *they carry* covered *Fire* occul-

occultum, *ignem* ſecum *ubi* non abeſſent *procul* a circulo, *oſtentant* ignem, *quo* metu *abigerent* Faunum *e circulo*.

with them, *when* they were not *far* from the Circle, *they ſhew* their Fire, *that* by Fear *they might drive* Faun *out of the Circle*.

A. Quantum *operæ* ſumpſit *ille* Polus, *ut* falleret!

How much *Pains* took, *that* Pool, *that* he might deceive!

B. Sic *homo* eſt. *Verum* ea *res* propemodum ceſſerat *peſſime* illis.

So *the Man* Is. *But* that *Thing* had well nigh fallen out *very badly* for them.

A. Qui *ſic*?

How *ſo*?

B. Nam *equi* conſternati *igne* ſubito *prolato*, parum abfuit quin præcipitarent *et ſe, et* ſeſſores. *Habes* primum *actum* fabulæ. *Ubi* redditum eſt *in colloquium*, Polus *velut* ignarus *omnium*, rogat *quid* eſſet *actum*. *Ibi* Faunus *narrat* duos *teterrimos Dæmonas* conſpectos *ſibi*, in nigris *equis*, igneis *oculis*, ac *ſpirantes* ignem *naribus*, qui *tentaſſent* ingredi *circulum*, verum *abactos* in malam rem *efficacibus* verbis. *Cum* animus *accreviſ-*

For *the Horſes* being frighted *with the Fire* ſuddenly *produced*, had like to have thrown *both* themſelves, *and* their Riders. *You have* the firſt *Act* of the Play. *When* they returned *to confer together*, Pool, *as if* ignorant *of all Things*, aſks *what* had been done. *There* Faun *tells him* that two very ugly *Devils* had been ſeen *by him*, upon black *Horſes*, with fiery *Eyes*, and *breathing* Fire *out of their Noſes*, who *had tried* to enter *the Circle*, but *were driven away* with a Vengeance *by powerful* Words. *When*

*ſet*

*ſet* Fauno *his* rebus, *die* poſtero *rediit* in circulum *cum* ſummo *apparatu*: cumque *provocaſſet* ſpectrum *multis* obteſtationibus, *Palus* rurſum *cum* collega *oſtendit* ſe *procul* ex *atris* equis, *horrendo fremitu*, quaſi *cuperent* irrumpere *circulum*.

Courage *grew upon* Faun *by theſe* Things, *the Day* following *he returned* into the Circle *with his* utmoſt *Furniture*. And when *he had called out* the Spirit *with many* Entreaties, *Pool* again *with his* Colleague *ſhewed* himſelf *at a Diſtance* from *black* Horſes, *with a horrid muttering Noiſe*, as if *they deſired* to break into *the Circle*.

A. Habebant *nihil?*

Had they *nothing* of Fire?

B. Nihil, *nam* id *ceſſaret* male. *Sed* audi *aliud* commentum. *Ducebant* longum *funem*; eo *tracto* leviter *per humum*, dum *uterque* proripit ſe *hinc* atque *hinc*, velut *abacti* exorciſmis *Fauni*, provolvunt *in terram* utrumque *ſacerdotem*, una *cum* vaſe *quod* habebant *plenum* ſacro *aquâ*.

Nothing; *for* that *fell out* badly. *But* hear *another* Invention. *They took* a long *Rope*; that *being drawn* lightly *along the Ground*, whilſt *each* throws himſelf out *on this Side* and *that Side*, as if *driven away* by the Conjuring *of Faun*, they tumbled down *upon the Ground* both *Prieſts*, together *with* the Tub *which* they had *full* of holy *Water*.

A. Parochus tulit *hoc* præmii *pro* ſua actione?

Did the Parſon get *this* Reward *for* his acting his Part?

B. Tulit, *et* tamen *maluit* perpeti *hoc*,

He did get it; *and* yet *he choſe rather* to ſuffer *this*, quam

quam *deſerere* fabulam *cœptam*. His *geſtis* ita *ubi* reditum eſt *ad colloquium*, Faunus *deprædicat* apud Polum *in quanto* periculo *fuiſſet*, et quam fortiter *profligaſſet* utrumque *cacodæmonem* ſuis verbis; *jamque* conſeperat *certam* fiduciam, *eſſe* nullum *dæmonem* tam *noxium*, aut *impudentem*, qui *poſſet* irrumpere *circulum*.

than *to forſake* the Play *begun*. Theſe Things *being done* thus, *when* they returned *to the Conference*, Faun *tells* to Pool *in how great* Danger *he had been*, and *how* ſtoutly *he had put to flight* both *the Devils* with his Words; *and now* he had conceived *a certain* Aſſurance *that there was* no *Devil* ſo *miſchievous*, or *impudent*, who *could* break into *the Circle*.

A. Ille *Faunus* non multum abeſt *a fatuo*.

That *Faun* is not far removed *from a Fool*.

B. Audiſti *nihil* adhuc. *Fabula* progreſſa *hujuſque* commodum *ſupervenit* Poli *gener*, nam *duxerat* ejus *natu maximam* filiam, *juvenis*, ut *ſcis*, mire feſtivo *ingenio*.

You have heard *nothing* as yet. *The Play* being advanced *thus far*, in good Time *comes in* Pool's *Son-in-Law*, for *he had married* his *eldeſt* Daughter, *a young Man*, as *you know*, of a wonderful merry *Humour*.

A. Scio, *nec* abhorrens ab *hujuſmodi* jocis.

I know, *nor* averſe to *ſuch* Jeſts.

B. Abhorrens! *ille* defereret *nullum non* vadimonium, *ſi* talis *fabula* eſſet *vel* ſpec-

Averſe! *he* would forſake *any* Bail, *if* ſuch *a Play* was *either* to be ſeen *or* to be acted. *The Father-*

tanda,

tanda, vel agenda. Socer denarrat omnem rem huic; atque delegat ei partes, ut agat animam. Sumit ornatum, ac lubens convolvit ſe linteo, quemadmodum funera ſolent apud nos. Habet vivam prunam in teſta, quæ per linteum reddebat ſpeciem incendii. Sub noctem itum eſt ad locum ubi hæc fabula agebatur. Miri gemitus audiuntur. Faunus expedit omnes exorciſmos. Tandem anima oſtendit ſeſe procul intra vepretum, ſubinde oſtentans ignem, ac ſuſpirans miſere. Cum Faunus oſtentaretur hanc, ut eloqueretur quiſnam eſſet, Polus proſilit ſubito e vepreto, ornatu cacodæmonis; ſictoque fremitu, inquit, eſt tibi nihil juris in hanc animam, eſt mea; ac ſubinde procurrit uſque ad oram circuli, veluti facturus impetum in exorciſtam: moxque velut ſubmotus verbis exorciſmi,

in Law tells all the Matter to him, and appoints him his Part; that he may act the Soul. He takes his Dreſs, and willingly wraps himſelf in a Sheet, as dead Bodies uſed to be with us. He has a live Coal in a Shell, which through the Sheet made an Appearance of Fire. At Night they went to the Place where this Play was acted. Wonderful Groans are heard. Faun makes ready all his Exorciſms. At length the Soul ſhews itſelf a great Way off within the buſhy Place, now and then ſhewing the Fire, and groaning miſerably. When Faun beſought it, that it would declare who it was. Pool jumped ſuddenly out of the buſhy Place in the Dreſs of a Devil, and with a feigned muttering Noiſe, ſays, You have no Right to this Soul, it is mine, and now and then he runs up to the Edge of the Circle, as if he would make an Attack upon the Conjuror: And by and by as if beat off by the Words of the Conjuration, and the Virtue of the holy Water, which he ſprinkled upon him in great Plenty,

et

*et* vi *ſacræ* aquæ, *quam* aſperſit *illi* multam, *retroceſſet*. Tandem *pædagogo* dæmone *abacto*, naſcitur *dialogiſmus* Fauni *cum* anima. *Reſpondit* percunctanti *et* obteſtanti *ſe* eſſe *animam* Chriſtiani *hominis*. Rogato *quo* nomine *vocaretur*, reſpondit, *Faunus*: Faunus, *inquit*, idem *eſt mihi* nomen, *jamque* res cœpit *eſſe cordi* illi *magis* ex *communi* nomine; *ut* Faunus *liberaret* Faunum. *Cum* Faunus *percontaretur* multa, *ne* diutina *confabulatio* proderet *fucum*, anima *ſubducebat* ſeſe, *negans* eſſe *fas* ſibi *colloqui* diutius, *quod* tempus *urgeret*, quo *cogeretur* abire, *quo* liberet *pædagogo* dæmoni; *tamen* pollicita eſt *ſe* redituram *poſtridie*, hora *qua* eſſet *fas*. Rurſus *conveniunt* in *Poli* ædibus, *qui* erat *choragus* fabulæ. *Ibi* exorciſta *denarret* quid *eſſet* geſtum, *admentiens* nonnulla *etiam*, quæ *tamen* per-

*he drew off.* At length *the Pædagogue* Devil *being driven away*, begins *a Dialogue* of Faun's *with* the Soul. *It anſwered him* aſking *and* beſeeching, *that it* was *the Soul* of a Chriſtian *Man.* Being aſked *by what* Name *it was called*, it anſwered, *Faun*: Faun, *ſays he*, the ſame *is my* Name; *and now* the Thing began *to pleaſe* him *more* becauſe of *their common* Name, *that* Faun *might deliver* Faun. *When* Faun *aſked* many Things, *leſt* a long *Diſcourſe* ſhould betray *the Roguery*, the Soul *withdrew* itſelf, *denying* that it was *lawful* for him *to talk* longer, *becauſe* the Time *was at hand*, when *he ſhould be obliged* to go, *whither* it pleaſed *the Pædagogue* Devil: *Yet* he promiſed *that he* would return *the Day after*, at the Hour *when* it ſhould be *lawful*. Again *they* meet in *Pool's* Houſe, *who* was *the Furniſher* of the Play. *There* the Conjuror *tells* what *was* done, *lying* in ſome Things *too*, which *yet* he perſuaded *himſelf* to be *true*, ſo much *he favoured* the Buſineſs *which* was doing. *Now* this *was*

ſuade-

ſuadebat ſibi eſſe vera adeo *favebat* negotio *quod* agebatur. *Jam* hoc *compertum erat*, ſcilicet, *eſſe* Chriſtianam *animam* quæ *vexaretur* diris *cruciatibus* ſub *inclementiſſimo* dæmone. *Huc* omnis *conatus* intenditur. *Verum* quiddam *ridiculum* accidit *in proximo* exorciſmo.

*found out*, to wit, *that it was* a Chriſtian *Soul*, which *was plagued* with dreadful *Torments*, under *a moſt unmerciful* Devil. *To this* all *his Endeavours* is directed. *But* a certain *comical Thing* happened *in the next* conjuring Bout.

A. Obſecro *quidnam?*

I beſeech you *what?*

B. Cum *Faunus* evocaſſet *animam*, Polus, *qui* agebat *dæmonem*, aſſiliit *prorſus* ſic, *quaſi* irrupturus *intra* circulum, *cumq;* Faunus *pugnaret* exorciſmis, *et* aſpergeret *multam vim* aquæ; *tandem* dæmon *exclamat* ſe *ne facere* omnia *iſta* quidem *pili*; inquit, *habuiſti* rem *cum* puella, *es* mei juris. *Cum* Polus *diceret* id *joco*, tamen *forte fortuna* viſus eſt *dixiſſe* verum: *nam* exorciſta *ictus* hoc *dicto*, illico *recepit* ſe *in centrum* circuli, *et* immuſſavit

When *Faun* had called out *the Soul*, Pool, *who* acted *the Devil*, leaped up *juſt* ſo, *as if* he would break *within* the Circle, *and when* Faun *fought* by Conjuration, *and* ſprinkled on him *a vaſt Quantity* of Water; *at laſt* the Devil *cries out* that he did *not value* all *thoſe Things* ſo much as *a Hair*; quoth he, *thou haſt had* Dealings *with* a Girl, *thou art* a Part of my Right. *Tho'* Pool *ſaid* that *in Jeſt*, yet *by good Fortune* he ſeemed *to have ſaid* the Truth: *For* the Conjurer *being ſtruck* with this *Saying* preſently *betook* himſelf *into the Centre* of the Circle, *and* mut-

*neſcio* quid *in aurem* parocho. *Polus* ſentiens; *id* recepit *ſeſe*, ne *audiret* quid, *quod* non eſſet *fas* audire.

tered *I know not* what *in the Ear* to the Parſon. *Pool* perceiving *that*, withdrew *himſelf*, leſt *he ſhould hear* any Thing, *which* it was not *lawful* to hear.

A. Sane *Polus* agebat *religioſum* et *modeſtum* dæmonem.

Truly *Pool* acted *the religious* and *modeſt* Devil.

B. Sic *eſt*. Actio *poterat* reprehendi, *quod* parum meminiſſet *decori* Tamen *exaudivit* vocem *parochi* indicentis *ſatisfactionem*.

So *it is*. The Action *might* be blamed, *becauſe* he little regarded *Decency*. Yet *he overheard* the Voice *of the Parſon* appointing *Satisfaction*.

A. Quam?

What?

B Ut *diceret* Dominicam *precationem* ter, *Ex hoc* conjiciebat *habuiſſe* rem *ter* eadem nocte.

That *he ſhould ſay* the Lord's *Prayer* thrice. *By this* he gueſſed *that he had bad* Dealings *thrice the* ſame Night.

A. Hoc *ſane* ille *regularis* præter *regulam*.

This *truly* that *Regular did* beſides *his Rule*.

B. Sunt *homines*, et *erat* humanus *lapſus*.

They are *Men*, and *it was* a human *Failing*.

A. Perge, *quid* deinde *factum*?

Go on, *what* then *was done*?

B. Jam

B. Jam *Faunus* redit *ferocior* ad oram *circuli*, et *ultro* provocat *dæmonem*; at *ille* jam *timidior* refugiebat, *inquiens*, feſelliſti *me*, ſi *ſapuiſſem*, non monuiſſem *te*. Hoc *eſt* perſuaſum *multis*, quæ *confeſſus ſis* ſemel *ſacerdoti*, eſſe *prorſus* abolita *e memoria dæmonis*, *ne poſſit* opprobare.

Now *Faun* returns *more fierce* to the Edge *of the Circle*, and *of his own accord* challenges *the Devil*; but *he* now *being more timorous* ran away, *ſaying*, thou haſt deceived *me* if I *had been wiſe*, I ſhould not have told *thee*. This *is* believed *by many*, what *you confeſs* once *to the Prieſt* is *quite* wiped *out of the Memory* of the Devil, *that he cannot* upbraid you.

A. Narras *plane ridiculum* jocum.

You tell me *a very comical* Jeſt.

B. Sed *ut* finiam *fabulam* aliquando *colloquium* habitum eſt *cum* anima *in hunc modum* aliquot *diebus*. *Summa* evaſit *huc*, Illa *reſpondit* exorciſtæ *roganti* num *poſſet* qua via *liberari* a cruciatu, *poſſe* ſi *pecunia* quam *reliquiſſet* partam *fraude* reſtitueretur. *Ibi* Faunus *inquit*, quid *ſi* diſpenſaretur *in* pios *uſus* per *bonos* viros? *Reſpondit* ut hoc *profuturum*. Heic *exorciſta* exhilaratus *percunctatus eſt* ſumma *diligentia*, quanta *ſum-*

But *that* I may finiſh *the Story* at laſt, a *Conference* was held *with* the Soul *in this manner* for ſome *Days*. *The Upſhot* came *to this*. It *anſwered* the Conjuror, *aſking* whether *it could* any way *be delivered* from Torment, *that it might* if *the Money* which *it had left*, got *by Cheating*, ſhould be reſtored. *Upon that* Faun *ſays* what *if* it ſhould be diſpoſed of *to* pious *Uſes* by *good* Men; *It anſwered* that that alſo *would do Good*. Here *the Exorciſt* being rejoyced, *enquired* with the greateſt *Diligence*, how *ma-*

*ma* eſſet. *Illa* dixit *ingentem*, quod *erat* bonum *et* commodum *illi*. Indicavit *et* locum, *ſed* procul *diſſitum*, ubi *hic* theſaurus *eſſet* defoſſus. *Præſcripſit* in quos *uſus* vellet *impendi*.

great *the Sum* was. *It* ſaid *a huge one*, which *was* good *and* convenient *for him*. It diſcovered *alſo* the place, *but* a great Way *diſtant*, where this Treaſure *was* hid in the Earth. *It preſcribed* for what *Uſes* it would have it *laid out*.

A. In quos?

For what?

B. Ut *tres* ſuſciperent *peregrinationem*, unus *quorum* adiret *limina* Petri, *alter* iret *ſalutatum* Jacobum *Compoſtellanum*; tertius *oſcularetur* pectinem *Jeſu*, qui *eſt* Treviris. *Deinde* magna *vis* pſalteriorum *et* miſſarum *perageretur* per *aliquot* monaſteria. *Quod* ſupereſſet, *ipſe* diſpenſaret *pro* ſuo *arbitratu*. Jam *totus* animus *Fauni* erat *in Theſauro*. Devorarat *illum* toto pectore.

That *three* ſhould undertake *a Pilgrimage*, one *of which* ſhould *go to the Threſholds* of Peter, *another* ſhould go *to ſalute* James *of Compoſtell*; a third *ſhould kiſs* the Comb *of Jeſus*, which *is* at Triere. *Then* a great *Quantity* of Pſalms *and* Maſſes *ſhould be performed* through *ſome* Monaſtries. *What* remained *he* might diſpoſe of *according to* his *Pleaſure*. Now *the whole* Soul *of Faun* was *in the Treaſure*. He had devoured *it* with his whole Breaſt.

A. Eſt *vulgaris* morbus, *quanquam* ſacerdotes *peculiariter* male audient *hoc nomine*.

It is *a common* Diſeaſe *tho'* Prieſts *peculiarly* have an ill Report *upon this Account*.

Ubi

B. Ubi *nihil* omiſſum eſſet *quod* pertineret *ad negotium* pecuniæ, *exorciſta* ſubmonitus *a Polo* cœpit *percunctari* animam *de alcumiſtica,* deque magica. *Et* anima *reſpondit* quædam *ad hæc* pro tempore; *cæterum* pollicita *ſe* indicatum *plura,* ſimul atque *liberata fuiſſet* illius opera *a* pædagogo *dæmone.*) Sit hic *ſi* videtur, *tertius* actus *fabulæ.* In quarto *Faunus* cœpit *prædicare* hanc *prodigioſam* rem *ubique* ſerio, *crepare* nihil *aliud* in colloquiis, *in conviviis,* polliceri *quædam* magnifica *monaſteriis,* et *loquebatur* jam *nihil* omnino *humile.* Adit *locum,* reperit *ſigna,* tamen *non auſus eſt* effodere *theſaurum* quod *anima* injeciſſet *ſcrupulum,* factorum *ingenti* periculo, *ſi* theſaurus *attingeretur* priuſquam *miſſæ* peractæ eſſent. Jam fucus *ſubolebat* multis *naſitioribus.*) Cum *tamen* ille nuſquam non

When *nothing* had been omitted, *that* appertained *to the buſineſs* of the money, *the Conjuror* being put in mind of it *by Pool,* begun *to aſk* the Soul *about the Alcumiſtic Art,* and of Magic. *And* the Soul *anſwered* ſome Things *to that* for that Time; *but* promiſed *that it* would diſcover *more,* as ſoon as *it was delivered* by his means, *from* the Pedagogue *Devil.* Let this be *if* it ſeems good, *the third* Act *of the Play.* In the fourth, *Faun* begun *to tell* of this *prodigious* Thing *every where* in earneſt, *to talk* of nothing *elſe* in Company, *in Feaſts,* to promiſe *ſome* mighty Matters *to the Monaſteries,* and *he ſpoke of* now *nothing* at all *mean.* He goes to *the Place,* finds *the Marks,* yet *he durſt not* dig up *the Treaſure,* becauſe *the Soul* had thrown in *a Scruple,* that he would do it *with great* Danger, *if* the Treaſure *ſhould be touched,* before *the Maſſes* were performed. *Now* the Roguery *was ſmelt out* by many *more cunning People.* When *notwithſtanding* he every where *publiſhed* his *Folly*

*depredicaret* ſuam *ſtultitiam*, admonitus eſt *clam* ab amicis, *præſertim* ab abbate ſuo, *ne daret* diverſum *ſpecimen* de ſe *omnibus*, qui *hactenus* habitus eſſet *prudens* vir. *Tamen* ille *potuit* commoveri *nullius oratione*, quo minus crederet *rem* eſſe *ſeriam*: et *hæc* imaginatio *occupavit* animum *hominis* adeo *penitus*, ut *ſomniaret* nihil, *loqueretur* nihil, *præter* ſpectra *et* malos *genios*. Habitus *mentis* abierat *in ipſam* faciem, *quæ* ſic pallebat, *erat* ſic *extenuata*, ſic *dejecta*, ut *diceres* eſſe *larvam*, non *hominem*. Quid multis? *minimum aberat* a *vera* dementia, *ni* ſuccurſum fuiſſet *celeri* remedio.

A. Nimirum hic *erit extremus* actus *fabulæ*.

B. Reddam *eum* tibi. *Polus* et *ejus gener* commenti ſunt *hujusmodi technam*. Effinxerunt *epiſtolam* de-

he was adviſed *privately* by his Friends, *eſpecially* by his Abbot, *that he would not give* a different *Specimen* of himſelf *to all Men* who *hitherto* had been accounted *a prudent* Man. *Yet* he *could* be moved *by no Man's Talk*, from believing *that the Matter* was *real*: And *this* Imagination *ſeized* the Mind *of the Man* ſo *thoroughly*, that he *dreamt of* nothing, *ſpake of* nothing, *beſides* Ghoſts *and* evil *Spirits*. The Habit *of his Mind* had got *into his very* Face, *which* was ſo pale, *was* ſo *thin*, ſo dejected, that *you would have ſaid* he was *a Ghoſt*, not *a Man*. What needs many Words? *He was very little removed* from *real* Madneſs, *unleſs* he had been relieved *by a ſpeedy* Remedy.

Well *this* will be *the laſt* Act *of the Play*.

I will give *it* to you. *Pool* and *his Son-in-law* invented *ſuch a Trick as this*. They forged *an Epiſtle* writ *in rare Letters*, and that *not*

ſcriptam

ſcriptam *in raris literis*. Idque *non* in vulgaribus chartis. *Sententia* epiſtolæ *erat* hæc. *Faunus* dudum *captivus*, nunc *liber* æternam ſalutem *Fauno* ſuo *optimo* liberatori. *Non eſt*, mi Faune, *cur* maceres *te* diutius *in hoc negotio*. Deus *reſpexit* piam *voluntatem* tui animi, *et* illius merito *liberavit me a ſuppliciis*: Ego *nunc* ago *feliciter* inter angelos. *Locus* manet *te* apud *divum* Auguſtinum, *qui* eſt *proximus* choro *Apoſtolorum*. Ubi *veneris* ad nos, *agam* tibi *gratias* coram. *Interim* cura *ut* vivas *ſuaviter*. Datum *ex* empyreo *cælo*, idibus *Septembribus*, anno *milleſimo* quadrageſimo *nonageſimo* octavo, *ſub* ſigillo *mei annuli*. Hæc *epiſtola* poſita eſt *clam* in altari, *ubi* Faunus *facturus erat* rem divinam. *Subornatus*, qui, *ea* peracta, *ſubmoneret eum* de re *quaſi* deprehenda *caſu*. Nunc *circumferet* eam epiſtolam,

upon common Paper. *The Subject* of the Letter *was* this. *Faun* ſome Time ago, *a Priſoner*, now *free*, wiſheth eternal Salvation *to Faun* his *very good* Deliverer. *There is no Reaſon*, my Faun, *why* you ſhould trouble *yourſelf* any further *in this Buſineſs*. God *hath regarded* the pious *Intention* of your Mind, *and* for the Merit of it *hath delivered* me *from Puniſhment*: I *now* live *happily* amongſt the Angels. *A Place* is reſerved *for you* near *Saint* Auſtin, *which is next* to the Choir *of the Apoſtles*. When *you come* to us, *I ſhall give* you *Thanks* Face to Face. *In the mean Time*, take Care *that* you live *merrily*. Given *from* the Empyrean *Heaven*, on the Ides *of September*, in the Year *One Thouſand* Four Hundred *and Ninety* Eight, *under* the Seal *of my Ring*. This *Letter* was laid *privately* upon the Altar, *where* Faun *was to perform* Divine Service. *One was ſuborned*, who, *that* being over, *ſhou'd tell him* of the Thing, *as* obſerved *by Chance*. Now *he carries about* that Letter, *and* believes *nothing* more cer-

*ac* credit *nihil* certius, *quam* eam *perlatam* e cœlo *ab angelo*.

Certainly *than* that it *was brought* from Heaven *by an Angel.*

A. Iſtud *non eſt* liberaſſe hominem inſaniâ, *ſed* mutaſſe *genus* inſaniæ.

That *is not* to free *the Man* from Madneſs, *but* to change *the Kind* of Madneſs.

B. Sic *eſt* profecto *niſi* quod *nunc* inſanit ſuavius.

So *it is* indeed, *but* that *now* he is more ſweetly mad.

A. Antehac *non ſolebam* tribuere multum *fabulis*, quæ *feruntur* vulgo de *ſpectris*; ſed *poſthac* tribuam *multo* minus; *nam* ſuſpicor *multa* prodita *literis* pro veris *ab credulis* hominibus, *et* ſimilibus *Fauni*, quæ *adſimulata ſunt* ſimili *artificio*.

Heretofore *I did not uſe* to give much Regard *to Stories*, that *are told* commonly of *Apparitions*; but *hereafter* I ſhall give *much* leſs; *for* I ſuſpect *that many Things* have been delivered *in Books* for true *by credulous* Men, *and* Men like *Faun*, which *have been contrived* by the like *Art*.

B. Ego credo *pleraque* eſſe *hujus generis*.

I believe *the moſt Part* are *of this Kind*.

# ALCUMISTICA.

A. QUID *novæ rei eſt* quod *Lalus* ridet *ſic* apud ſeſe, *ſubinde* ſignans *ſe* cruce? *interpellabo* felicitatem *hominis*. Salve *multum*, amiciſſime Lale, *Videris* mihi *admodum* felix.

WHAT new Thing *is there*, that *Lalus* laughs *ſo with* himſelf, *now and then* ſigning *himſelf* with the Croſs? *I will interrupt* the Felicity *of the Man*. God ſave you *much*, my good Friend Lalus. *You ſeem* to me *very* happy.

B. Atqui *ero* felicior, *ſi* impertiam *tibi* hoc *gaudium*.

But *I ſhall be* more happy, *if* I impart *to you* this *Joy*.

A. Fac *igitur* beatum me *quamprimum*.

See *therefore* you make me happy *as ſoon as poſſible*.

B. Noſti *Balbinum*?

Do you know *Balbinus*?

A. Illum *eruditum* ſenem, *ac* laudatæ *vitæ*.

That *learned* old Man, *and* of a commendable *Life*.

B. Sic *eſt* ut *dicis*, ſed *eſt* nullus *mortali-um* qui *ſapit* omnibus

So *he is* as *you ſay*, but *there is* no one *of Man-kind*, who *is wiſe* at all *hours*,

*toris*, aut *qui* ſit *undequaque* perfectus. *Ille* vir *habet* hoc *nævi* inter *multas* egregias *dotes*. Jam olim inſanit *in artem* quam *vocant* Alcumiſticam.

*Hours*, or *who* is *in all Reſpects* perfect. *That* Man *has* this *Blemiſh* amongſt *many* excellent *Qualities*. He has been for ſome Time mad *upon the Art* which *they call* Alcumiſtica.

A. Haud tu narras *nævum* quidem, *ſed* inſignem *morbum*.

You do not talk of a *Blemiſh* truly, *but* a conſiderable *Diſtemper*.

B. Utcunque *eſt*, ille *toties* deluſus *ab* hoc genere *hominum*, tamen *paſſus eſt* ſibi *dari verba* mirifice *dudum*.

Howſoever *it is*, he *ſo often* deluded *by* this Sort *of Men*, yet *ſuffered* himſelf *to be impoſed upon* wonderfully *ſome Time ago*.

A. Quo *pacto?*

After what *Manner?*

B. Quidam *ſacerdos* adiit *illum*, ſalutavit *honorifice*: Mox *ſic* exorſus eſt, *Doctiſſime* Balbine, *mirabere* fortaſſis, *quod* ignotus *interpellem* te *ſic*, quem *ſcio* nunquam non *occupatiſſimum* ſacratiſſimis *ſtudiis*. Balbinus *annuit*, qui *eſt* illi mos, *nam* eſt *mire* parcus *verborum*.

A certain *Prieſt* went *to him*, ſaluted him *reſpectfully*: By and by *thus he* began, *Moſt learned* Balbinus, *you will wonder* perhaps, *that*, I a Stranger to you, *ſhould break in upon* you *thus*, whom *I know to be* always *very buſy* in the moſt ſacred *Studies*. Balbinus *nodded to him*, which *is* his Cuſtom; *for* he is *wonderfully* ſparing *of Words*.

A. Narras *argumentum* prudentiæ.

You tell me *an Argument* of his Prudence.

B. Ve-

B. Verum *alter* prudentior *pergit* ſic. *Tamen* ignoſces *meæ* importunitati *ſi* cognoris *cauſam* cur *adierim* te. *Dic*, inquit *Balbinus*, ſed *paucis* ſi *potes*. Dicam, *inquit ille*, quanto compendio *potero*: ſcis, *doctiſſime vir*, fata *mortalium* eſſe *varia*. Ego *neſcio* in utro *numero* quam *me*, felicium, *an* infelicium: *Etenim* ſi *contemplor* meum *fatum* ex altera parte, *videor* mihi *pulchre felix*; ſi *ex altera*, nihil *eſt* infelicius *me*. Balbino *urgente*, ut *conferret* rem *in compendium*; finiam, *inquit*, doctiſſime *Balbine*. Id *erit* facilius *mihi* apud virum, *cui* hoc *totum*, negotium *eſt* ſic *notum* ut *totius* nulli.

But *the other* being more prudent, *goes on* thus. *Yet* you will pardon *my* Importunity, *if* you know *the Cauſe*, why *I am come to* you. *Tell me*, ſays *Balbinus*, but *in a few Words*, if *you can*. I will tell you, *ſaith he*, with as great Brevity as *I can*. You know, *moſt learned Sir*, that the Fates *of Men* are *various*. I *know not* in which *Number* I muſt rank *myſelf*, of the happy, *or* the unhappy. *For* if *I view* my *Fate* on one Side, *I ſeem* to myſelf *very happy*; if *on the other* nothing *is* more unhappy *than me*. Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould bring* his Matter *into a ſhort Compaſs*; I will make an End, *quoth he*, moſt learned *Balbinus*. That *will be* more eaſy *for me* with a Man, *to whom* this *whole* Buſineſs *is* ſo *well known*, that *it is better known* to no body.

A. Depingis *rhetorem* mihi, *non* alcumiſtam.

You deſcribe *a Rhetorician* to me, *not* an Alcumiſt.

B. Mox *audies* alcumiſtam. *Hæc* felicitas, *inquit*, contigit *mihi* a puero, *ut* diſ-

By and by *you will hear of* the Alcumiſt. *This* Happineſs, *ſaith he*, befel *me* from a Child, *that* I

cerem *artem* maxime *expetendam* omnium, *illum* alcumiſticam, *inquam*, medullam *totius* philoſophiæ. *Balbinus* exporrectus eſt *nonnihil* ad nomen *alcumiſticæ*, geſtu *tantum*, cæterum *juſſit* gemitu, *ut* pergeret. *Tum* illo *inquit*, O me miſeram! *qui* non inciderim *in eam* viam, *quam* oportuit. *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* quaſnam *vias* diceret. *Scis*, inquit *optime*, (nam *quid* fugit *te*, Balbine, *virum* undiquaque *doctiſſimum*) eſſe *duplicem* viam *hujus* artis, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* longatio, *alteram* quæ *dicitur* curtatio. *At* contigit *mihi* quodam *malo* fato *incidere* in longationem. *Balbino* ſciſcitanti, *quodnam* diſcrimen *viarum* eſſet, *Impudentem me*, inquit, *qui* loquor *hæc* apud te, *cui* ſciam *omnia* hæc *eſſe* ſic *nota*, ut *notiora* nulli. *Itaque* accurri *huc* ad *te* *ſupplex*, ut

ſhould learn *an Art* the moſt *to be deſired* of all, *that* Alcumiſtick Art, *I ſay*, the Marrow *of all* Philoſophy. *Balbinus* was awakened *a little* at the Name *of the Alcumiſtick Art*, in Geſture *only*; but *he ordered him* with a Groan, *that* he ſhould go on. *Then* he *ſays*, O woe's me! *who* did not light *upon that* Way, *which* I ought. *When* Balbinus *aſked him* what *Ways* he meant. *You know*, quoth he, *good Sir*, (for *what* eſcapes *you*, Balbinus, *a Man* in all Reſpects *the moſt learned*) that there is *a double* Way *of this* Art, *one of which is called* Longation, *another* which *is called* Curtation. *But* it happened *to me* by ſome *ill* Fate *to fall* upon Longation. *Balbinus* aſking *what* the Difference *of the Ways* was, *Impudent that I am*, quoth he, *who* ſpeak *theſe Things* before you, *to whom* I know *all* theſe Things *are* ſo well *known*, that *they are better known* to nobody. *Therefore* I am come *hither* to *you* *humbly* *begging* that *pitying* us *you*

mi-

*miſertus* noſtri *digneris* impertiri *nobis* illam *feliciſſimam* viam *curtationis*. Quo *peritior* es *hujus artis*, hoc minore *negotio* potes *communicare* nobis. *Ita* Jeſus Chriſtus locupletet *te* ſemper *majoribus* dotibus. *Cum* hic *non faceret finem* obteſtandi, *Balbinus* coactus eſt *fateri*, ſe *prorſus ignorare*, quid *longatio* aut *curtatio* eſſet: *jubet* exponat *ipſe* vim *harum* vocum. *Tum* inquit *illi* quanquam *ſcio me loqui* peritiori, *tamen* quando *jubes* ita, *faciam*: qui *contriverunt* totam *ætatem* in hac *divina* arte, *vertunt* ſpecies *rerum* duabus *rationibus*, altera *quæ* eſt *brevior*, ſed *habet* pluſculum *periculi*, altera *quæ* eſt *longior*, ſed *eadem* tutior. *Ego* videor *mihi*, infelix, *qui* hactenus *ſudarim* in ea *via*, quæ *non arriderit* meo *animo*: neque *potui* naniſci *quenquam* qui *vellet*

*would vouchſafe* to impart *to us* that *moſt happy* Way *of Curtation*. By how much *the more ſkilful* you are *in this Art*, with ſo much the leſs *Trouble* can you *communicate it* to us. *So* may Jeſus Chriſt enrich *you* always *with greater* Gifts. *When* he *did not make an End* of entreating, *Balbinus* was forced *to confeſs*, that he *was wholly ignorant* what *Longation* or *Curtation* was. *He bids him* expound *himſelf* the Signification *of thoſe* Words. *Then* ſaith *he*, tho' *I know* I *ſpeak* to one more ſkilful, *yet* ſince *you order* ſo, *I will do it*. They who *have ſpent* their whole *Life* in this *Divine* Art, *change the* Species *of Things* two *Ways*, one *which* is *the ſhorter*, but *has* a good deal *of Danger*, another *which* is *longer*, but *the ſame is* ſafer. *I* ſeem *to myſelf* unhappy, *who* hitherto *have ſweat* in that *Way*, which *does not pleaſe* my *Mind*; neither *could I* get *any one* that *would* ſhew me *the other*, with the Love of which *I periſh*. At laſt in-

indicare *alteram* cujus amore *depereo*. Tandem *Deus* immiſit *in mentem*, *ut adirem te*, virum *non minus* pium *quam* doctum. *Doctrina* præſtat *tibi*, ut *poſſis* facile *dare* quod *peto*; pietas *commovebit*, ut *velis* opitulare *fratri*, cujus *ſalus* eſt tibi *in manu*. Ne faciam *longum*, cum *ille* veterator *amoviſſet* ſuſpicionem *fuci* a ſe *hujuſmodi ſermonibus*, ac *feciſſe fidem*, alteram *viam* eſſe *perſpectiſſimam* ſibi, *jampridem* Balbini *animus* pruriebat. *Tandem* non temperans *ſibi*, inquit, *Valeat* illa *curtatio*, cujus *nomen* ne audivi quidem *unquam*, tantum abeſt ut teneam, *dic* mihi *bona* fide *teneſne* longationem *exacte*? Phy! *inquit* ille, *ad unguem*, ſed *longitudo* diſplicet. *Cum* Balbinus *rogaſſet* quantum *temporis* requireretur. *Nimium*, inquit, *pene* totus *annus*, ſed *interim* eſt

*God* put it *into my Mind*, that *I ſhould come to you*, a Man *no leſs* pious *than* learned. *Your Learning* enables *you*, that *you can* eaſily *give* what *I aſk*; your Piety *will move you*, that *you will* help *a Brother*, whoſe *Preſervation* you have *in your Power*. That I may not make it *tedious*, when *that* Cheat *had removed* all Suſpicion *of Roguery* from himſelf *with this Kind of Talk*, and *had made him believe*, that the other *Way* was *very well known* to him, *for ſome Time* Balbinus's *Mind* itched. *At length* not commanding *himſelf*, he ſays, *Farewell to* that *Curtation*, whoſe *Name* I have not ſo much as heard *ever*, ſo far am I from underſtanding it, *tell* me *in good* Faith, *do you underſtand* Longation *exactly*? Puh! *ſays* he, *to a Tittle*, but *the length diſpleaſes me*. *When* Balbinus *had aſked* how much *Time* was required, *Too much*, ſays he, *almoſt* a whole *Year*, but *in the mean Time* it is *very ſafe*. Do not trouble yourſelf, *ſays* Balbinus, *though* there ſhould be *Occaſion*

*ſtultiſſima.* Ne labora, *inquit* Balbinus, *etiamſi* ſit *opus* biennio, *modo* fidas *tuæ* arti. *Ut* conferam *rem* in pauca; *convenit* inter eos, *ut* aggrederentur *rem* clam *in ædibus* Balbini, *hac lege* ut *ille* ſuppeditaret *operam*, Balbinus *ſumptum* ac *lucrum* divideretur *ex æquo et bono*, quanquam *modeſtus* impoſtor *deferrebat* ultro *Balbino* totum *lucrum* quod *proveniſſet*. Juratum eſt *utrinque* de ſilentio, *quod* faciunt *qui* initiantur *in myſteriis*; Jam *illico* pecunia *numeratur*, unde *artifex* mercaretur *ollas*, vitra, *carbones*, reliquaque, *quæ* pertinent *ad inſtruendam* officinam. *Ibi*, noſter *alcumiſti* decoquit *eam* pecuniam *ſuaviter* in ſcorta, *aleam* et *compotationes*.

for two Years, *provided* you can truſt *to your* Art. *That* I may bring *the Matter* into few Words: *It was agreed* betwixt them, *that* they ſhould attempt *the Matter* privately *in the Houſe* of Balbinus, *upon this Condition*, that *he* ſhould give *his Labour*, Balbinus *the Charge*, and *the Gain* ſhould be divided *equally and fairly*, tho' *the modeſt* Cheat *offered* of his own Accord *to Balbinus* the whole *Gain* that *ſhould accrue*. They ſwore *on both ſides* to Silence, *which* they do *who* are initiated *in Myſteries*. Now *preſently* Money *is paid*, wherewith *the Artiſt* ſhould buy *Pots*, Glaſſes, *Fuel*, and other Things, *which* are proper *for furniſhing* the Forge. There our *Alcumiſt* ſpends *that* Money *ſweetly* in Whores, *Dice*, and *Drinking*.

A. Hoc *nimirum* eſt *vertere* ſpecies *rerum*.

This *indeed* is *to change* the Species *of Things*.

B. Balbino *urgente*, ut *aggrederetur* rem, *An non tenes*,

Balbinus *urging him*, that *he ſhould ſet about* the Buſineſs, *Do you not under-*

inquit, *illud*, Qui *cœpit* bene, *habet* dimidium *facti*? Eſt *magnum* præparare *materiam* bene. *Tandem* fornax *cœpit* adornari. *Hic* rurſus *erat* opus *novo* auro *veluti* illecebra *auri* venturi: *ſiquidem* ut *piſcis* non capitur *abſque eſca*, ſic *aurum* non provenit *alcumiſtis*, niſi *pars* auri *admiſceatur*. Interea *Balbinus* erat *totus* in ſupputationibus. *Nam* ſubducebat, *ſi* uncia *pareret* quindecim, *quantum* lucri *eſſet rediturum* ex *bis mille* unciis: *nam* decreverat *inſumere* tantum. *Cum* alcumiſta *decoxiſſet* hanc *pecuniam* quoque, *jamque* ſimulaſſet *multum operæ* circa *folles* et *carbones*, unum *menſem* atque *alterum*, Balbino *rogante* ecquid res procederet; *primum* obmutuit, *tandem* reſpondit *urgenti*, ſicut *præclaræ* res *ſolent*, quæ *habent* ſemper *difficiles* aditus. *Cau-*

*ſtand* ſays he, *that*, He that *hath begun* well, *has done* Half *his Work*? It is *a great Thing* to prepare *your Materials* well. *At length* the Furnace *began* to be prepared. *Here* again *there was* Need *of new* Gold, *as it were* a Wheedle *to the Gold* that was to come. *For* as *a Fiſh* is not taken *without a Bait*, ſo *Gold* comes not *to the Alcumiſts*, unleſs *a Parcel* of Gold *is mixed*. In the mean Time *Balbinus* was *all* upon Calculations. *For* he reckoned, *if* one Ounce *would produce* fifteen, *how much* Profit *would accrue* from *two thouſand* Ounces, *for* he had determined *to lay out* ſo much. *When* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* this *Money* too, *and now* had pretended to *Abundance of Pains* about the *Bellows* and *Fuel*, one *Month* and *another*, Balbinus *aſking* if the Buſineſs advanced any Thing; *at firſt* he was ſilent, *at length* he anſwered him, *being urgent with him*, as *great* Things *uſe to do*, which *have* always *difficult* Beginnings. *He pretended* there was a Miſtake made

*ſabatur*

*ſabatur* erratum *in emendis* carbonibus; *nam* emerat *quernos* cum *eſſet opus* abiegnis *aut* colurnis. *Ibi* centum *aureos* perierant. *Nec* redierunt *ad aleam* eo *ſegnius*. Nova *pecunia* data, *carbones* mutantur; *jamque* res *cœpta eſt* majore *ſtudio* quam *antea*; quemadmodum *in bello*, milites, *ſi* quid *accidit* ſecus *quam* vellent, *ſarciunt* virtute. *Cum* officina *fervuiſſet* jam *aliquot* menſes, *et* aureus *fœtus* expectaretur, *at* ne *mica* quidem *auri* eſſet *in vaſis*, (nam *jam* alcumiſtica *decoxerat* et *omne* illud) *alia* cauſatio *inventa eſt*, nimirum, *vitra* quibus *uſus fuerat*, non fuiſſe *temperata* ſicut *oportuit*. Etenim *ut* Mercurius *non fit* ex *quovis* ligno, *ita* aurum *non conficitur* quibuslibet *vitris*. Quo *plus* erat *impenſum*, hoc *minus* libebat *deſiſtere*.

*in buying* the Charcoal: *For* he had bought *Oak*, whereas *he had Occaſion* for Fir *or* Hazel. *There* a hundred *Crowns* were gone. *Nor* did they return *to the Game* for that *the more backwardly*. New *Money* being given, *Charcoal* is changed; *and now* the Thing *was begun* with greater *Eagerneſs* than *before*: As *in War*, Soldiers *if* any Thing *happens* otherwiſe *than* they could wiſh, *mend it* by their Courage. *When* the Forge *had been heated* now *ſome* Months, *and* a golden *Product* was expected, *and* not *a Bit* truly *of Gold* was *in the Veſſels*, (for *now* the Alcumiſt *had ſpent* alſo *all* that) *another* Pretence *was found out*, to wit, *that the Glaſſes* which *he had uſed*, had not been *tempered* as *they ought*. For *as* a Mercury *is not made* out of *any* Wood, *ſo* Gold *is not made* with any *Glaſſes*. By how much *the more* was *laid out*, by ſo much *the leſs* had he a Mind *to deſiſt*.

A. Sic *aleatores* ſolent; *quaſi* non ſit *multo* ſatis *perdere* hoc *quam* totum.

B. Sic *eſt*. Alcumiſta *dejerabat* nunquam impoſitum fuiſſe ſibi *ſic*. Nunc *errore* deprehenſo *cætera* fore *tutiora*, et *ſeſe* ſarturum *hoc* diſpendii *magno cum fœnore*. Vitris *mutatis*, officina *inſtaurata eſt* tertio. *Alcumiſta* admonebat *rem* ſucceſſuram *felicius*, ſi *mitteret* aliquot *aureos* dono *virgini* matri, *quæ* colitur, *ut* ſcis, *Paraliis*, nam *artem* eſſe *ſacram* neque *rem geri* proſpere, *abſque* favore *numinum*. Id *conſilium* vehementer *placuit* Balbino *pio* homini, *ut* qui *prætermiſerit* nullum *diem* quin *perageret* divinam rem. *Alcumiſta* ſuſcepit *religioſam* profectionem, *nimirum*, in proximum *oppidum*, atque *ibi* decoxit *pecuniam* in ganeis. *Reverſus* domum *nunciat* ſibi eſſe

So *Gameſters* uſe to do; *as tho'* it were not *much* better *to loſe* that *than* all.

So *it is*. The Alcumiſt *ſwore* that he was never impoſed on *ſo*. Now *the Miſtake* being diſcovered, *the reſt* would be *ſafer*, and *that he* would make up *this* Loſs *with great Advantage*. The Glaſſes *being changed*, the Forge *was furniſhed* a third Time. *The Alcumiſt* put him in Mind, *that the Thing* would ſucceed *more happily*, if *he ſent* ſome *Crowns* as a Preſent *to the Virgin* Mother, *who* is worſhipped, *as* you know *at Paralia*, for *the Art* was *ſacred*, nor *would the Thing be managed* ſucceſsfully *without* the Favour *of the Saints*. That *Advice* mightily *pleaſed* Balbinus *a pious* Man, *as* who *omitted* no *Day*, but *he performed* Divine Service. *The Alcumiſt* undertook *the religious* Journey, *to wit*, into the next *Town*, and *there* he ſpent *the Money* in Taverns. *Being returned* Home, *he tells him*, that

eſſe ſummum ſpem, negotium ſucceſſurum ex ſententia, adeo divam viſam annuere ſuis votis. Ubi ſudatum eſſet jam multo tempore, ac ne mica quidem auri naſceretur uſquam, reſpondit Balbino expoſtulanti, nihil tale unquam accidiſſe ſibi in vita, experto artem toties, nec poſſe conjectare ſatis quid eſſet cauſa. Quum divinatum eſſet diu, tandem illud venit in mentem Balbino num prætermiſiſſet quo die audire ſacrum, aut dicere horarias preces, quas vocant. Nam nihil ſuccedere his omiſſis. Ibi impoſtor inquit, Me miſerum! id admiſſum eſt per oblivionem ſemel atque iterum, et nuper ſurgens a prolixo convivio, oblitus ſum dicere ſalutationem virginis. Tum Balbinus inquit, Non mirum, ſi tanta res non ſuccedit. Artifex recipit, pro duobus ſacris prætermiſſis, auditurum

he had the greateſt Hopes that the Buſineſs would ſucceed to their Mind; ſo the Saint ſeemed to agree to his Prayers. When he had ſweat now a long Time, and not a Bit indeed of Gold was produced any where, he anſwered Balbinus, expoſtulating, that no ſuch Thing had ever happened to him in his Life, having tried his Art ſo often; nor could he gueſs well what was the Reaſon. When they had gueſſed a long Time, at length that came into the Mind of Balbinus, whether he had omitted any Day to hear Maſs, or to ſay the Horary Prayers, as they call them. For nothing would ſucceed, theſe being omitted. There the Cheat ſays, Woe's me! that was done through Forgetfulneſs once and again: And lately riſing from a long Feaſt, I forgot to ſay the Salutation of the Virgin. Then Balbinus ſays, No Wonder, if ſo great a Thing does not ſucceed. The Artiſt promiſes for two Maſſes omitted, that he would hear twelve, and for one Salutation would pay ten

duode-

duodecim, *et* pro *unica* ſalutatione *repoſiturum* decem. *Cum* pecunia *defeciſſet* prodigum *Alcumiſtam* ſubinde, *nec* cauſæ *petendi* ſuppeterent, *tandem* commentus eſt *hanc* technam; *rediit* domum *admodum* exanimatus, *ac* lamentabili *voce*, Perii, *inquit*, funditus, *Balbine*, perii, *actum eſt* de capite meo. *Balbinus* obſtupuit, *et* avebat *ſcire* cauſam *tanti* mali. *Aulici* ſuboderati ſunt, *inquit*, quod *egimus*; nec *expecto* aliud *quam* ut *mox* deducar *in carcerem*. Ad hanc vocem *Balbinus* expalluit *ſerio*. Nam *ſtis* apud nos *eſſe* capitale, *ſi* quis *exerceat* alcumiſticam *abſque* permiſſu *principis*. Ille *pergit*, Non metuo *mortem*, inquit, *utinam* illa *contingat*: metuo *quiddam* crudelius. *Inquit* roganti *quid* eſſet, *Rapiar* aliquo *in turrim*; illic *cogar* per *omnem* vitam *laborare* illis

*When* Money *failed* the prodigal *Alcumiſt* now and then, *and no* Pretences *for aſking* occurred, *at length* he invented *this* Trick: *He returned* Home *very much* frighted; *and* with a lamentable *Voice*, I am undone, *ſays he*, utterly, *Balbinus*, I am undone, *there is an End* of my Life. *Balbinus* was amazed, *and* deſired *to know* the Cauſe *of ſo great* a Calamity. *The Courtiers* have ſmelt out, *ſays he*, what *we have done*; nor *do I expect* any Thing elſe *than* that *by and by* I ſhall be carried *to Priſon*. At this Saying, *Balbinus* was pale *in good earneſt*. For *you know* with us *it is* capital, *if* any one *exerciſes* the Alcumiſtick Art *without* the Permiſſion *of the Prince*. He *goes on*, I do not fear *Death*, faith he, *I wiſh* that *may befall me*: I fear *ſomething* more cruel. *He ſays* to him, aſking *what* it was, *I ſhall be carried* ſome whither *into a Tower*; there *I ſhall be forced* for *all* my Life *to work* for thoſe *for whom* I have no Mind. *Is there* any *Death* which

*qui-*

*quibus* non libet. *An* eſt ulla *mors*, quæ *non debeat* eſſe *potior* quam *talis* vita? *Ibi* res *ventilata eſt* conſultatione. *Balbinus* quoniam *callebat* artem rhetoricam, *pulſavit* omnes *ſtatus* ſi *qua* periculum *poſſet* vitari. *Non potis* inficiari *crimen?* inquit. *Nequaquam*, ait *ille*. Res *ſparſa eſt* inter *regios* ſatellites: *et* habent *argumenta*, quæ *non poſſunt* dilui. *Nec* poterat *factum* quidem *defendi* ob *manifeſtam* legem. *Cum* multis *adductis* in medium, *videretur* nihil *firmi* præſidii, *tandem* alcumiſta, *cui erat* jam *opus* præſenti *pecunia*, inquit, *Nos*, Balbine, *agimus* lentis *conſiliis*; atqui *res* poſcit *præſens* remedium. Arbitror *adfuturos* jam, *qui* abripiant *me* in malem rem. *Denique* cum *nihil* occurreret *Balbino*, tandem *alcumiſtica* inquit, *Nec* quidquam occurrit *mihi*, nec *video* quidquam

*ought not* to be *more valuable* than *ſuch* a Life? *There* the Matter *was examined* in Conſultation. *Balbinus*, becauſe *he underſtood* the Art of Rhetorick, *run over* all *his Topicks*, if *any Way* the Danger *could* be avoided. *Cannot you* deny *the Crime?* ſays he. *By no Means*, ſays *he*. The Thing *is ſpread* amongſt *the King's* Guards; *and* they have *Proofs* which *cannot* be confuted. *Nor* could *the Fact* indeed *be defended*, becauſe of *a plain* Law. *When* after many Things *produced* betwixt them, *there appeared* nothing *of good* Security, *at length* the Alcumiſt, *who had* now *Need* of preſent *Money*, ſays, *We*, Balbinus, *act* by *ſlow Counſils*; but *the Thing* requires *a preſent* Remedy. I ſuppoſe *they will be here* preſently, *that* will hurry *me* into an evil Condition. *Laſtly*, when *nothing* occurred *to Balbinus*, at length *the Alcumiſt* ſays, *Nor* does any Thing occur *to me*, nor *do I ſee* any Thing left, unleſs *that* I die *bravely*, unleſs *perhaps* this *pleaſe*

quam *ſupereſſe*, niſi *ut peream fortiter:* niſi *forte* hoc *placet*, quod *unum* ſupereſt *utile* magis *quam* honeſtum *niſi* quod *neceſſitas* eſt *durum* telum. *Scis* inquit, *hoc* genus *hominum* eſſe *avidum* pecuniæ: *eoque* poſſe *corrumpi* facilius *ut ſileant:* quamvis *ſit* durum *dare* illis *furciferis* quod profundant, *tamen* ut *res* nunc *ſunt* video *nihil* melius. *Idem* viſum eſt *Balbino*, ac *numeravit* triginta *aureos*, quibus *redimeret* ſilentium.

you, which *alone* is left, *uſeful* rather *than* honourable, *but* that *Neceſſity* is *a hard* Weapon. *You know*, quoth he, *that this* Sort *of Men* are *greedy* of Money; *and therefore* may *be corrupted* more eaſily *to be ſilent*. Although *it be* a hard Caſe *tagique* to thoſe *Raſcals* to ſpend, *yet* as *Matters* now *are*, I ſee *nothing* better. *The ſame Thing* ſeemed good *to Balbinus*, and *he counted out* thirty *Pieces of Gold*, whereby *he might purchaſe* Silence.

A. Liberalitas *Balbini* eſt *mira*.

The Liberality *of Balbinus* is *wonderful*.

B. Imo *citius extudiſſes* dentem *ab eo* quam *nummum* in honeſta *re*. *Sit* proſpectum eſt *alcumiſtæ*, cui nihil erat periculi, *niſi* quod *non haberet* quod daret *amicæ*.

Nay, *you would ſooner have got* a Tooth *from him* than *a Piece of Money* in an honeſt Matter. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for the Alcumiſt*, who was in no Danger, *but* that *he had not* to give *to his Miſs*.

A. Demiror *nihil eſſe naſi Balbino* in tantum.

I wonder *Balbinus ſhould have no Senſe* to ſuch a Degree.

B. Heic *tantum* caret *naſo*, naſutiſſimus *in cæteris*. Rurſum *fornax* inſtruitur *nova* pecunia, *ſed* precatiuncula *præmiſſa* ad virginem *matrem*, ut *faveret* cœptis. *Jam* totus *annus* exierat *dum* illo *cauſante* nunc *hoc*, nunc *illud*, luditur opera, *et* impenſa *perit*. Interim *extitit* quidam *ridiculus* caſus.

Here *only* he wants *Senſe*, being ſenſible enough *in other Things*. Again *the Furnace* is fitted up *with new* Money, *but* with a Prayer *put up first* to the Virgin *Mother*, that *ſhe would favour* their Undertakings. *Now* a whole *Year* was gone, *whilſt* he *pretending* now *this*, then *that*, his Labour is loſt, *and* the Expence *thrown away*. In the mean Time *there happened* a certain *comical* Adventure.

A. Quiſnam?

What?

B. Alcumiſta *habuit* furtivam *conſuetudinem* cum *uxore* cujuſdam *aulici*; maritus, *concepta* ſuſpicione, *cæpit* obſervare *hominem*. Tandem cum *nunciatum* eſſet *illi*, ſacrificum *eſſe* in cubiculo, *rediit* domum *præter* expectationem, *pullat* oſtium.

The Alcumiſt *had* a private *Commerce* with *the Wife* of a certain *Courtier*; the Huſband *having conceived* a Suſpicion, *began* to watch *the Fellow*. At laſt *when* it was told *him*, that the Prieſt *was* in the Bed-chamber, *he returned* Home *contrary to* their Expectations, *knocks* at the Door.

A. Quid *facturus* homini?

What *was he for doing* with the Fellow?

B. Quid! *nihil* ſuave, *aut* occiſurus erat *aut* exſecturus.

What! *nothing* pleaſant, *either* he would have killed him, *or* have gelded him.

Ubi

*Ubi* maritus *inſtans* minitaretur *ſe* effracturum *oſtium* vi *ni* uxor *aperiret*, trepidatum eſt *magnopere*, et *aliquod* præſentaneum *conſilium* circumſpicitur. *Nec* erat *aliud*, quàm *quod* res *ipſa* dabat. *Abjecit* tunicam, *ac* dejecit *ſeſe* per *feneſtram anguſtam*, non *ſine* periculo, *nec* ſine *vulnere*, ac *fugit*. Scis *tales* fabulas *ſpargi* illico; *itaque* permanavit *et* ad Balbinum; *atque* artifex *divinaret* id fore.

*When* the Huſband *being very earneſt*, threatened *that he* would break *the Door* by Force, *unleſs* the Wife *opened it*, they trembled *mightily*, and *ſome* preſent *Contrivance* is conſidered of. *Nor* was there *any other* than *what* the Thing *itſelf* offered. *He ſtript off* his Waiſtcoat, *and* threw *himſelf* thro' *a narrow Window*, nor *without* Danger, *nor* without *a Wound*, and *fled*. You know *that ſuch* Stories *are ſpread* preſently; *therefore* it came *alſo* to Balbinus, *and* the Artiſt *had gueſſed* that would be.

A. Heic *itaque* tenetur *medius*.

Here *therefore* he is held *by the Middle*.

B. Imo *elapſus eſt* hinc *felicius* quam *e cubiculo*. Audi *technam* hominis. *Balbinus* nihil expoſtulabat, *ſed* nubilo *vultu* indicabat *ſe* non ignorare *quod* ferebatur *vulgo*. Ille *noverat* Balbinum *eſſe* pium *virum*, pene dixerim *ſuperſtitioſum* in nonnullis; *et* qui *ſunt* tales, *facile* condonant

Nay *he ſlipped* hence *more luckily* than *out of the Bedchamber*. Hear *the Trick* of the Fellow. *Balbinus* did not expoſtulate at all, *but* by his cloudy *Countenance* ſhewed *that he* was not ignorant of *what* was reported *commonly*. He *knew* Balbinus *was* a pious *Man*, I may almoſt ſay *ſuperſtitious* in ſome Things: *and* they who *are* ſuch, *ſup-*

*ſupplici* in peccato *quamvis* magno. *Itaque* injicit mentionem *de ſucceſſu* negotii *data opera*, queritans *non ſuccederet* ut *ſoleret*, aut *vellet*: (addebat *ſe* vehementer *mirari* quid *eſſet* cauſa. *Ibi* Balbinus *commotus* per occaſionem, *qui* videbatur *alio qui* deſtinaſſe *ſilentium*, et *erat* qui *commoveretur* facile, *Non eſt* obſcurum, *inquit*, quod *obſtet*, peccata *obſtant* quo minus ſuccedat, *quod* convenit *tractari* pure *a puris*. Ad hanc vocem *artifex* procubuit *in genua*, ſubinde *tundens* pectus, *lacrymabili vultu* ac *voce* inquit, *Dixiſti* vereſſimum, *Balbine*; peccata, *inquam*, obſtant, *ſed* mea *peccata*, non *tua*: nam *non pudebit me* confiteri *meam* turpitudinem *apud te*, velut *apud ſanctiſſimum* ſacerdotem, *Infirmitas* carnis *vicerat* me. *Satanas* pertraxerat *me* in *ſuos* laqueos, *et* O me miſerum! *e ſacrifico*

*eaſily* forgive *one that begs Pardon* in a Fault, *never ſo* great: *Wherefore* he makes mention *of the Succeſs* of the Buſineſs *on Purpoſe*; complaining *that it did not ſucceed* as *it uſed*, or *he wiſhed*: He added *that he* very much *wondered* what *was* the Reaſon. *Then* Balbinus *being moved* upon the Occaſion, *who* ſeemed *otherwiſe* to have intended *Silence*, and *he was one* who *was moved* eaſily. *It is not* obſcure, *quoth he*, what *hinders*, Sins *hinder* it from ſucceeding, *which* it is fit *ſhould be handled* purely *by the Pure*. At this Saying *the Artiſt* fell *upon his Knees*, now and then *ſmiting* his Breaſt, *with a lamentable Countenance* and *Voice*, ſays, *You have ſaid* very true, *Balbinus*, Sins, *I ſay*, hinder, *but* my *Sins*, not *yours*: For *I ſhall not be aſhamed* to confeſs *my* Filthyneſs *to you*, as *to a moſt holy* Prieſt. *The Weakneſs* of the Fleſh *had conquered* me. *Satan* had drawn *me* into *his Snares*; *and* O wo's me! *of a Prieſt* I am become *a Cuckold maker*. Yet *this* Preſent *which* we ſent *to the Virgin* Mother *was not*

factus ſum *adulter*. Tamen *hoc* munus, *quod* miſimus *virgini* matri *non periit* omnino. *Perieram* certo *exitio*, ni *illa* ſuccurriſſet. *Jam* maritus *effringebat* fores, *feneſtra* erat *arctior* quam *ut* poſſem *elabi*: in *tam* preſentaneo *periculo*, venit in mentem *ſanctiſſimæ* virginis; *procidi* in genua, *obteſtatus ſum*, ſi *munus* fuiſſe *gratum*, ut *opitularetur*. Nec mora, *repeto* feneſtram, (*nam* ſic *neceſſitas* urgebat) *et* reperi *amplam* ſatis *ad effugium*.

*loſt* altogether. I *had periſhed* by certain *Deſtruction*, unleſs *ſhe* had ſuccoured me. *Now* the Huſband *was breaking* the Door; *the Window* was *ſtraighter* than *that* I could *get out*. In *ſo* imminent *a Danger*, I bethought me *of the moſt holy* Virgin; *I fell* upon my Knees, *I beſought her*, if *the Preſent* was *acceptable*, that *ſhe would help me*. Without Delay, *I go again* to the Window, (*for* ſo *Neceſſity* obliged me) *and* I found it *large* enough *for an Eſcape*.

A. Credidit Balbinus *iſta?*

Did Balbinus believe *thoſe Things?*

B. Credidit! *imo* ignovit *etiam*, et *admonuit* religioſe, *ne præberet* ſe *ingratum* beatiſſimæ *virgini*. Rurſus *pecunia* numerata eſt *danti* fidem, *ſe* rem *pure* poſthac.

Believe! *nay*, he forgave him *too*, and *adviſed him* religiouſly, *that he ſhould not ſhew* himſelf *ungrateful* to the moſt bleſſed *Virgin*. Again *Money* was paid him *giving* his Promiſe *that he* would manage *this holy* Affair *purely* for the future.

A. Quis *fine* tandem?

What was *the Upſhot* at laſt?

B. Fabula

B. Fabula *eſt* perlonga; *ſed* ego *abſolvam* paucis. *Cum* luſiſſet *hominem* diu *ejuſmodi commentis*, et *extorſiſſet* non mediocrem *vim* pecuniæ *ab eo*, tandem *venit* qui *noverat* nebulonem *a puero*. Is *facile* divinans *illum* agere *idem* apud *Balbinum*, quod *egerat nuſquam* non, *aggreditur* eum *clam*; exponit *qualem* artificem *foverat* ſuæ domi; *monet* ut ableget *hominem* quam primum, *ni mallet* ipſum *fugere* aliquando *compilatis* ſcriniis.

The Story *is* very long; *but* I *finiſh it* in a few Words. *After* he had played upon *the Man* a long Time *with ſuch Inventions*, and *had got* no ſmall *Quantity* of Money *from him*, at length *there came one* who *had known* the Knave *from a Child*. He *eaſily* gueſſing *that he* was doing *the ſame Thing* with *Balbinus*, which *he had been doing* every where elſe, *goes* to him *privately*, tells him *what* an Artiſt *he maintained* in his Houſe; *he adviſes him* to diſmiſs *the Man* as ſoon as may be, *unleſs he had rather have* him *run away* ſome time after *he had robbed* his Cheſts.

A. Quid *Balbinus* hic? *videlicet*, curavit *hominum* conjiciendum *in carcerem*.

What did *Balbinus* here? *to wit*, he took Care *the Fellow* was thrown *into the Gaol*.

B. In *carcerem!* imo, *numeravit* viaticum, *obſecrans* per omnia ſacra, *ne effutiret* quod *accidiſſet*: Et *ſapuit* mea *ſententia* quidem, *qui* maluerit hoc *quam* eſſe *fabula* conviviorum, *et* fori *deinde* venire *in pe-*

Into *the Gaol!* Nay, *he paid him* Money for his Journey, *beſeeching him* by all that was ſacred, *that he would not blab*, what *had happened*; and *he was wiſe* in my *Opinion* truly, *who* choſe this rather *than* be *the Story* of Feaſts, *and* the Market, *and then* come

*riculum* confiſcationis. *Nam erat* nihil periculi *impoſtori*, tenebat *tantum* artis, *quantum* quivis *aſinus*, et *impoſtera* in hoc genere *eſt* favorabilis. *Quod* ſi intentaſſet *crimen* furti, *unctio* reddebat *eum* tutum *a ſuſpendio*; neque *quiſquam alat* lubens *talem* in *carcere* gratis.

in *Danger* of Confiſcation. *For there was* no Danger *of the Cheat*, he underſtood *as much* of the Art *as* any *Aſs*, and *Cheating* in this Kind *is* favoured. *But if* he had laid againſt him *the Crime* of Felony, *his Unction* rendered *him* ſecure *from hanging*; nor *would any one maintain* willingly *ſuch a Fellow* in *the Gaol* for nothing.

A. Miſereſceret me *Balbini*, niſi *ipſe* gauderet *deludi*.

I ſhould pity *Balbinus*, unleſs *he* loved *to be deluded*.

B. Nunc *properandum eſt*, in aulam; *alias* referam *multo* ſtultiora *etiam* his.

Now *I muſt haſten* to Court; *ſome other Time* I will tell you *much* more fooliſh Things *even* than theſe.

A. Cum *vocabis*, et *audiam* lubens, *et* penſabo *fabulam* fabula.

When *you ſhall be at Leiſure*, I both *ſhall hear you* gladly, *and* requite *Story* with Story.

HIP-

# HIPPOPLANUS.

A. IMmortalem *Deum!* quam torve intuetur *noſter* Phædrus, *et* ſubinde *ſuſpicit* in cœlum! *adoriar.* Quid *novæ* rei *accidit,* Phædre?

IMmortal *God!* how grave looks *our* Phædrus, *and* now and then *looks up* to Heaven! *I will accoſt him.* What *new* Thing *has happened,* Phædrus?

B. Quamobrem *interrogas* iſtuc, *Aule?*

Why *do you aſk* that, *Aulus?*

B. Quoniam *videris* mihi *factus* Cato *e Phædro*; eſt *tanta* ſeveritas *in vultu.*

Becauſe *you ſeem to me to have become* a Cato *of a Phædrus*; there is *ſo much* Severity *in your Countenance.*

B. Non *mirum,* amice, *confeſſus ſum* modo *mea* peccata.

No *Wonder,* Friend, *I have confeſſed* juſt now *my* Sins.

A. Phy! *jam* deſino *mirari,* ſed *age* dic *bona fide,* confeſſus es *omnia?*

Pugh! *now* I give over *wondering,* but *come* tell me *in good Faith,* have you confeſſed *all?*



Homes D Allen 179

B. Omnia *quidem* quæ *veniebant* in mentem, *unico* duntaxat *excepto*.

All *indeed* which *came* into my Mind, *one* only *excepted*.

A. Cur *reticuiſti* hoc *unum*?

*Why did you conceal* this *one*.

B. Quia *nondum potuit* diſplicere *mihi*.

Becauſe *it could not yet* diſpleaſe *me*.

A. Oportet *eſſe* ſuave *peccatum*.

It muſt *be* a ſweet *Sin*.

B. Neſcio *an* ſit *peccatum*, ſed *ſi* vacas, *audies*.

I know not *whether* it be *a Sin*, but *if* you are at Leiſure, *you ſhall hear*.

A. Audiam *equidem* lubens.

I will hear it *indeed* willingly.

B. Scis *quanta* impoſtura *ſit* apud noſtros *in his* qui *vendunt* aut *locant* equos.

You know *what Abundance* of Cheating *there is* with our Countrymen *amongſt thoſe* who *ſell* or *let out* Horſes.

A. Scio *plus* quam *vellem*, deluſus *non* ſemel *ab iis*.

I know *more* than *I would*, having been cheated *not* once only *by them*.

B. Iter *nuper*, incidit *mihi*, cum *prolixum* ſatis, *tum etiam* accelerandum. *Adeo* quendam *ex illis*, quem *dixiſſes* minime *malum* ejus *generis*, et *non nihil*

A Journey *lately* happened *to me*, both *long* enough, *and alſo* to be haſtened. *I go* to one *of them*, whom *you would have ſaid* to *be* the leaſt *bad* of that *Sort*, and *ſomething* of ami-

amicitiæ *etiam* intercedebat *mihi cum homine*. Narro *mihi eſſe* ſeriam *rem, opus eſſe* præſtenuo *equuo*; ſi *unquam* præbuiſſet *ſe* bonum *virum* mihi, *nunc* præſtaret. *Ille* pollicetur *ſe* acturum *mecum* ſic, *ut* agere *cum* ſuo *chariſſimo* fratre.

Friendſhip *too* there was betwixt *me and the Man*, I tell him *I have* ſome weighty *Buſineſs, had need* of a very ſtout *Horſe*; if *ever* he had ſhewn *himſelf* a good *Man*, to me *that now* he would do it. *He* promiſes me *that he* would deal *with me* ſo, *as* he would deal *with* his *moſt dear* Brother.

H. Fortaſſis *impoſiturus* et *fratri*.

Perhaps *he would have impoſed* likewiſe *upon his Brother*.

B. Induci *in ſtabulum*, jubet *ut elegam* ex omnibus *equis* quamcumq; *vellem*. Tandem *unus* arridebat *plus* cæteris. *Ille* probat *meum* judicium, *dejerans* eum *equum* expertitum eſſe *frequenter* a multis: *ſe* maluiſſe *ſervare* eum *ſingulari* amico, *quam* addicere *ignotis*. Conventum eſt *de pretio*, pecunia *numeratur* præſens. *Conſcendo*. Equus *geſtiebat* mira *alacritate* in egreſſu; *dixiſſes* eſſe *feroculum*, nam *erat* obeſulus, *et* pulchellus. *Ubi* equitaſſem *jam* ſeſquihoram, *ſenſi* plane *laſ-*

He leads me *into the Stable*, bids me *chuſe* out of all *the Horſes* whichſoever *I would*. At length *one* pleaſed me *more* than the reſt. *He* approves of *my* Judgment, *ſwearing* that that *Horſe* had been deſired *frequently* by many; *that he* choſe rather *to keep* him *for a particular* Friend, *than* part with him *to Strangers*. We agreed *about the Price*, the Money *is paid down* preſently. *I mount*. The Horſe *pranced* with wonderful *Alacrity* in ſetting out; *you would have ſaid* that he was *mettleſome*, for *he was* pretty fat *and* handſome. *When* I had rid *now* an Hour and a Half, *I perceived him* quite *tired*,

*ſum*

*ſum*, nec poſſe *impelli* quidem *calcaribus*. Audieram *tales* ali *ab illis* ad impoſturam, *quos* judicares *inſignes* e ſpecie, *cæterum* impatientiſſimos *laboris*. Ego *continuo* mecum, *captus ſum*; age *referam* par *pari*, ubi *rediero* domum.

and that he could not *be got on* truly *with the Spurs*. I had heard *that ſuch* were kept *by them* for cheating, *which* you would judge *fine ones* by their Appearance, *but* very unable to bear *Labour*. I ſaid *preſently* with myſelf, *I am catched*; well *I will return* like *for like*, when *I return* Home.

B. Quod *conſilii* capiebas *heic*, eques *abſque* equo?

What *Courſe* did you take *here*, a Horſeman *without* a Horſe?

A. Id *quod* res *dabat*. Deflexi *in proximum* vicum; *illic* depoſui equum *apud* quendam *notum* mihi, *et* conduxi *alterum*; profectus ſum *quo* deſtinaram, *reverſus ſum*, reddo *conductitium* equum: *reperio* meum *Sophiſtam*, ut *erat*, obeſum *et* pulchre *requietum*, *vectus* eo, *redeo* ad impoſtorem, *rogo* ut *alat* aliquot *dies* in ſuo ſtabulo, *donec* repetiero. *Percontatur* quam *commode* geſſerit *me*. Ego *dejero* per *omnia* ſacra, *me nunquam* conſcen-

That *which* the Thing *offered*, I turned off *into the next* Town: *There* I ſet up my Horſe *with* one *that was known* to me, *and* hired *another*; I went *whither* I had deſigned, *returned*, reſtore *my hired* Horſe; *I find* my *Cheat*, as *he was*, fat *and* finely *reſted*; riding upon him, *I return* to the Rogue: *I beg of him* that *he would keep him* ſome *Days* in his Stable, '*till* I come for him again. *He aſks me* how *well* he carried *me* I *ſwear* by *all that's* ſacred, *that I never* got upon *the Back* of a better *Horſe* in my Life; *that he flew* ra-

diſſe

diſſe *tergum* felicioris *equi* in vita, *volaſſe* potius *quam* ambulaſſe, *nec ſenſiſſe* laſſitudinem *tam longo* itinere, *nec* factum *pilo* macriorem *ob laborem*. Cum *perſuaſeram* illi *hæc* eſſe *vera*, cogitabat *tacitus ſecum* illum *equum* eſſe alium, *quam* hactenus *ſuſpicatus eſſet*. Itaque *priuſquam* abirem, *rogabat* num *mihi equus* eſſet *venalis*: primo *negabam*, quod *ſi* iter *incideret* denuo, *non foret* facile *nanſciſci* ſimilem: *attamen nihil* eſſe *tam* charum *mihi*, quod *non eſſet* venale *pretio largo*: etiamſi *quis* cuperet *emptum meipſum*, inquam.

ther *than* paced, *and was not ſenſible of* Wearineſs *in ſo long* a Journey, *nor* made *a Hair* the leaner *for his Labour*. When *I had perſuaded* him *that theſe Things* were *true*, he thought *ſilently with himſelf*, that *the Horſe* was another Sort of one, *than* hitherto *he had ſuſpected him*. Therefore *before* I went away, *he aſked* me if *my Horſe* was *to be ſold*: At firſt *I ſaid no*, becauſe *if* a Journey *ſhould fall out* again, *it would not be* eaſy *to get* the like; *but that nothing* was *ſo* dear *to me*, which *was not* to be ſold *for a large Price*; although *any one* ſhould deſire *to buy myſelf*, ſay I.

A. Næ *tu agebas* Cretenſem *pulchre cum Cretenſi*.

Truly *you acted* the Cretian *finely* with *the Cretian*.

B. Quid multis? *Non demittit* me, *donec* indicarem. *Indicavi* non *paulo* pluris *quam* emeram. *Digreſſus ab* homine, *mox* ſuborno *qui* ageret *partem* hujus *fabulæ* mihi, *pulchre* inſtructum *et* edoctum,

What needs many Words? *He does not diſmiſs* me *'till* I ſet my Price. *I ſet him* at not *a little* more *than* I had bought him for. *Being gone* from the Man, *by and by* I ſuborn one, *who* ſhould act *a Part* of this *Play* for me, *well* inſtruct-

*Is*

*Is* ingreſſus *domum* inclamat *locatorem*, ait ſibi opus eſſe *inſigne equo*, et *egregie* patienti *laboris*. Alter *oſtendit* multos, *et* prædicat *peſſimum quemque* maxime: *non laudat* illum *ſolum*, quem *vendiderat* mihi, *quoniam* exiſtimabat *vere* talem, *qualem* prædicaveram. *At* alter *illico* rogat *num* et ille *eſſet* venalis? *Locator* primum *obticeſcere* atque *prædicare* alios *ambitioſe*. Cum *iſte*, cæteris *probatis* utcunque, *ſemper ageret* de illo uno, *tandem* locator *apud ſe*, Judicium meum *de illo equo* plane *feſellit* me. Siquidem *hic* peregrinus *ſtatim* agnovit *hunc* inter *omnes*. ¶ Cum *ille* inſtaret, *tandem* inquit, *Hic* eſt *venalis*, ſed *fortaſſe* deterreberis *pretio*. Pretium, *inquit* ille, *non eſt* magnum, *ſi* dignitas *rei* reſpondeat. *Indica*. Indicavit *aliquanto* pluris, *quam* indicaram

ed *and* taught. *He* entered *the House*, calls upon *the Jockey*, he ſays that he had need *of a very good Horſe*, and *excellently* capable of enduring *Labour*. The other *ſhews him* many, *and* commends *every the worſt Horſe* moſt. *He does not commend* him *alone*, which *he had ſold* to me, *becauſe* he thought him *truly* ſuch, *as* I had commended him for. *But* the other *preſently* aſks *whether* he too *was* to be ſold. *The Jockey* at firſt *was ſilent* and *commended* others *mightily*. When *he*, the reſt *being approved of* in ſome meaſure, *always treated* about that alone; *at laſt* the Jockey ſays *to himſelf*, My Judgment *of that Horſe* plainly *deceived* me: Since *this* Stranger *immediately* knew *him* amongſt *them all*. When *he* urged him, *at laſt* ſays he, *He* is *to be ſold*, but *perhaps* you will be frighted *with the Price*. The Price, *ſays* he, *is not* great, *if* the Worth *of the Thing* anſwer. *Set your Price*. He ſet him *at ſomething* more *than* I had ſet him *at to him*, catching alſo *at this*

*ipſi*

*ipſi*, captans et *hoc* lucrum. *Tandem* convenit *de pretio*: ſatis magna *arrha* datur, *nempe* regalis *aureus*, ne *qua* ſuſpicio *ſimulatæ* emptionis *incideret*. Emptor *jubet* pabulum *dari* equo. *Ait* ſe *rediturum* mox *et* abducturum. *Dat* etiam *drachmam* ſtabulario. *Ego*, ſimul atque *cognovi* pactionem *eſſe* firmam, *ſic* ut *non poſſet* reſcindi, *cedo* rurſus *ad locatorem* armatus *ocreis* et *calcaribus*. Clamo *anhelus*, ille *adeſt*, rogat *quid* velim. *Meus equus adornetur* illico, *inquam*, nam *proficiſcendum eſt* e veſtigio *ob* maxime *ſeriam* rem. *Atqui* modo, *inquit*, mandabas *ut* aleram *tuum* equum aliquot *dies*: *Verum*, inquam, *ſed* negotium *objectum eſt* præter *expectationem*, idque *regium*, quod *patitur* nullam *dilationem*. Hic *ille*, Eliges *ex omnibus* quem *voles*; non potes *habere* tuum. *Rogo* quamobrem?

Gain. *At length* they agreed *about the Price*: A good large *earneſt Penny* is given, *to wit*, a royal *Crown*, leſt any Suſpicion *of a counterfeit* Purchaſe *ſhould happen*. The Buyer *orders* Hay *to be given* to the Horſe. *He ſays*, that he *will return* preſently, *and* take him away. *He gives* alſo *a Six-pence* to the Hoſtler. *I*, as ſoon as *I knew* the Bargain *was* firm, *ſo* that *it could not* be broken, *returned* again *to the Jockey*, dreſſed *in my Boots* and *Spurs*. I call *out of Breath*, he *comes*, aſks me *what* I would have. *Let my Horſe be got ready* preſently, *ſay I*, for *I muſt go* immediately *upon* a very *ſerious* Affair. *But* juſt now, *quoth he*, you ordered *that* I ſhould keep *your* Horſe *ſome* Days: *True*, ſay I, *but* Buſineſs *is fallen in my Way* beſides *my Expectation*, and that *the King's* which *admits* no *Delay*. Here *he ſaid*, you may chooſe *out of all*, which *you will*, you cannot *have* your own, *I aſk*, what for? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *he is ſold*. There *pretending*

obrem? *Quoniam*, inquit, *venditus eſt*. Ibi *ſimulata* magna *perturbatione*, inquam *Superi prohibeant* quod *dicis*. Hoc *itinere* objecto, *non venderem* eum *equum*, etiamſi *quis* numerat *quadruplum*. Incipio *rixam*, clamo *me* perditum. *Tandem* et ille *incaluit*. Quid opus, *inquit*, jurgiis? *Indicaſti* equum, *ego vendidi*, ſi *numero* pretium, *habes* nihil *quod agas* mecum. *Sunt* leges *in hoc urbe*: *non potes* compellere *me* ad exhibendum *equum*. Cum clamaſſem *diu*, aut *exhiberet* equum, *aut* emptorem; *tandem* iratus *numerat pretium*. ( Emeram *quindecim* aureis. *Æſtimaram* viginti ſex, *ille* æſtimarat *triginta duobus*. Cogitabat *apud ſe*; præſtat *facere* hoc lucri, *quam* reddere *equum*. Abeo *ſimilis* dolenti, *ac* vix *placatus* pecunia *data*. Ille *rogat* ut *boni conſulam*, ſe *penſaturum*

a great *Diſturbance*, I ſay, *God forbid* what *you ſay*. This *Journey* being fallen out, *I would not ſell* that *Horſe*, altho' *any one* would pay me *four Times the Worth*, I begin *a ſcolding*, I cry out *that I am* undone. *At length* he too *grew hot*. What need, *quoth he*, of all this Bawling; *You ſet a Price on* your Horſe. *I have ſold him*, if *I pay you* your Price, *you have* nothing *that you can do* with me. *There are* Laws *in this City*: *You cannot* compel *me* to produce *the Horſe*. After I had bawled *a long Time*, either *that he ſhould produce* the Horſe, *or* the Buyer; *at length* being mad *he pays me my Price*. I had bought him *for fifteen* Crowns, *I had valued him* at twenty-ſix, *he* had valued him *at thirty-two*. He thought *to himſelf*, it is better *to make* this Advantage, *than* to return *the Horſe*. I go away *like* one grieved, *and* ſcarce *appeaſed* with the Money *given me*. *He begs* that I *would take in good part*, that *he would make amends for* this Inconvenience *in*

hoc

hoc incommodi *in aliis rebus*. Sic *impoſitum eſt* impoſtori. *Habet* equum *nullius* pretii. *Expectat* ut *qui* dedit *arrham*, veniat *numeratum* pecuniam; *at* nemo *venit* nec *unquam* venturus eſt.

*other Things*. So *I cheated* the Cheater. *He has a* Horſe *of no* Value. *He expects* that *he who* gave *the earneſt Penny*, ſhould come *to pay* his Money; *but* no body *comes*, nor *ever* will come.

A. Interim *nunquam expoſtulavit* tecum?

In the mean Time *did he never expoſtulate* with you?

B. Qua *fronte* aut *quo* jure *faceret* id? *Convenit* quidem *ſemel* atque *iterum*. Conqueſtus eſt *de fide* emptoris. *Verum* ego expoſtulavi *ultro* cum homine *dicens* illum *dignum* eo malo *qui* ſpoliavit *me* tali *equo* præpropera *venditione*. Hoc *eſt* crimen *tam bene* collocatum *mea ſententia*, ut *non poſſim* inducere *animum* confiteri.

With what *Front* or *with what* Right *could he do* it? *He met me* indeed *once* and *again*. He complained *of the Honeſty* of the Buyer. *But* I expoſtulated *of my own Accord* with the Man, *ſaying* that *he was worthy* of that Misfortune, *who* had robbed *me* of ſuch *a Horſe* by too haſty *ſelling of him*. This is a Crime *ſo well* placed, *in my Opinion*, that *I cannot* bring *my Mind* to confeſs it.

A. Ego poſcerem *ſtatuam* mihi, *ſi* deſignaſſem *aliquid* tale.

I ſhould demand *a Statue* for myſelf, *if* I had contrived *any* ſuch Thing.

B. Neſcio *an* loqueris *ex animo*: tamen *addis animum* mihi, *quo* magis libeat *facere fucum* talibus.

I know not *whether* you ſpeak *from your Heart*: *Yet* you *give Encouragement* to me, *that* I have the more Mind *to put the Trick* upon ſuch Fellows.

# CONVIVIUM FABULOSUM.

Polymythus, Gelaſinus, Eutrapelus, Aſtæus, Phylythlus, Philogelos, Euglottus, Lerochares, Adoleſches.

As. UT *non decet* bene inſtitutam *civitatem* eſſe *ſine* legibus *ac principe, ita* nec *oportet* convivium.

AS *it does not become* a well ordered *State* to be *without* Laws *and* a Prince, *ſo* neither *does it become* a Feaſt to be.

Ge. Iſtuc *vero* perplacet, *ut unus reſpondeam* nomine *totius* populi.

That *indeed* pleaſes us very well, *that* I alone *may anſwer* in the Name *of the whole* People.

Po. Heus *puer*, adfer *huc* talos, *horum ſuffragiis* regnum *decernetur* cuicumque *Jupiter* faverit. *Euge!* Jupiter *favit* Eutrapelo. *Sortes* non fuere *cæcæ*. Magis idoneus *nemo potuerat* eligi, *etiamſi* puncta *collecta*

Soho *Boy*, bring *hither* the Dice, *by their Votes* the Kingdom *ſhall be diſpoſed of* to whomſoever *Jupiter* ſhall favour. *Well done!* Jupiter *has favoured* Eutrapelus. *The Lots* were not *blind*. A more fit Man *could not* have been choſen, *though* the Votes

ta fuiſſent viritim per ſingulas tribus. Vulgo jactatur proverbium, non tam vanum, quam parum Latinum, *novus rex, novus lex*.

had been taken Man by Man through every Tribe. There is commonly toſſed about a Proverb, not ſo ſilly as it is bad Latin, *a new King, a new Law*.

Eu. Quod ſit felix fauſtumque huic convivio. Primum edico, ne quis proferto heic præter ridiculas fabulas. Cui deerit fabula multator drachma. Ea pecunia inſumitor in vinum. Atque extempore conficta habentur in legitimis fabulis, modo probabile et decorum ſervetur. Si nulli deerit fabula, duo pendunto pretium vini, quorum alter dixerit lepidiſſimam, alter frigidiſſimam fabulam. Convivator eſto immunis a ſumptu vini: unus ſuppeditato ſumptum ciborum. Si quid controverſæ inciderit, Gelaſinus eſto arbiter et judex hujus rei. Si vos ſciveritis hæc rata ſunto. Qui noluerit parare legi, abito, tamen ſic, ut ſit

That which may be lucky and fortunate for this Feaſt. Firſt I proclaim that nobody produce any Thing here beſides comical Stories. He that wants a Story, let him be fined Six-pence. Let that Money be ſpent in Wine. And let Things invented extempore be reckoned amongſt lawful Stories, provided Probability and Decency be preſerved. If none ſhall want a Story, let thoſe two pay the Charge of the Wine, whereof the one ſhall tell the prettieſt, the other the dulleſt Story. Let the Maſter of the Feaſt be free from the Charge of the Wine. Let him alone bear the Charge of the Victuals. If any Diſpute happen, let Gelaſinus be the Decider and Judge of that Affair. If you confirm theſe Things, let them be eſtabliſhed. He that will not obey the Law,

jus *faſque* redire *poſtridiæ* ad compotationem.

*let him go,* yet *ſo* that *it may be* lawful *and allowable for him* to return *the Day after* to the Club.

G. Volumus *legem* latam *a rege* eſſe *ratam* noſtris *ſuffragiis*, ſed *unde* circulus *fabularum* proficiſcetur?

We will *that the Law* made *by our King* be *confirmed* by our *Votes*; but *whence* ſhall the Circle *of Stories* proceed?

Eut. Unde *ni* a convivatore?

From whence *but* from the Entertainer?

Aſ. Juriconſulti *negant* eſſe *legem* quæ *non ſit* æqua.

The Lawyers *deny it* to be *a Law* which *is not* juſt.

Eu. Aſſentior.

I aſſent to it.

At. At *tua lex* æquat *optimam* fabulam *peſſimæ*.

But *your Law* equals *the beſt* Story *to the worſt*.

Eut. Ubi *voluptas* quæritur, *ibi* promeretur *non* minus *laudis*, qui *dicit* peſſime *quam* qui *optime*, velut *inter* cantores *nemo* voluptati eſt, *niſi* qui *canit* aut *inſigniter* bene, aut *inſigniter* male. Nonne plures rident *audito* coccyge, *quam* luſcinia? *Heic* mediocritas *non habet* laudem.

Where *Pleaſure* is ſought, *there* he deſerves *no* leſs *Praiſe*, who *ſays* very badly *than* he who ſays *very well*, as *amongſt* Singers *no Man* pleaſes, *unleſs* he that *ſings* either *notably* well, *or extraordinary ill*. Do not more laugh *upon hearing* the Cuckow, *than* the Nightingale? *Here* Indifference *has no* Praiſe.

Aſ.

Aſ. At *cur* plectuntur *qui* auferunt *laudem?* But *why* are they puniſhed *who* get *Praiſe?*

Eut. Ne *nimia felicitas* provocat *aliquam* Nemeſin *illis*, ſi *auferent* et *laudem* et *immunitatem* ſimul. Leſt *exceſſive Happineſs* ſhould provoke *ſome* Nemeſis *againſt them*, if *they ſhould get* both *Praiſe* and *Immunity* together.

Aſ. Per Bromium *Minos ipſe* nunquam *tulit* æquiorem *legem*. By Bromius *Minos himſelf* never *made* a more reaſonable *Law*.

Phylyth. Feres *nullam* legem *de modo* bibendi? Will you make *no* Law *concerning the Manner of* Drinking?

Eut. Re *diſpecta*, ſequar *exemplum* Ageſilai *regis* Lacedæmoniorum. The Thing *being conſidered*, I will follow *the Example* of Ageſilaus, *King of* the Lacedemonians.

Phylyth. Quid *is fecit?* What *did he?*

E. Cum *is* quodum tempore *delectus eſſet* ſympoſiarchus, *arbitrio* talorum; *architriclano* rogante *quantum* vini *juberet* apponi *cuique*, inquit, *Si* largior copia *vini* parata eſt, *detur* cuique *quantum* popoſcerit; *ſi* malignior, When *he* on a certain Time *had been choſen* Governor of a Feaſt, *at the Pleaſure* of the Dice, *the Maſter of the Houſe* aſking *how much* Wine *he ordered* to be ſerved up *to every one*, he ſays, *If* a large Plenty *of Wine* be provided, *give* to every one *As much* as he calls for; *if* a more *diſtri-*

*diſtributio* omnibus *ex æque.*

ſparing *divide* to every one *alike.*

Phylyth. Quid ſibi voluit *illi* Lacon *cum* diceret *hæc?*

What meant *that* Lacedemonian *when* he ſaid *theſe Things?*

Eut. Agebat *hoc* ut *convivium* neque eſſet *temulentum*, neque *rurſum* querulum.

He meant *this* that *the Feaſt* ſhould neither be *drunken*, nor *again* quarrelſome.

Phylyth. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Eut. Quia *ſunt* qui *gaudent* bibere *largius*, ſunt *qui* gaudent *parcius*. Reperiuntur et *abſtemii*, qualis *Romulus* dicitur *fuiſſe*. Itaque *ſi* vinum *datur* nulli *niſi* poſcenti, *primum* nemo *compellitur* ad bibendum, *et* tamen *deſiderant* nihil, *quibus* largior *potatio* eſt *grata*. Ita *fit* ut *nemo* ſit *triſtis* in convivio. *Rurſus*, ſi *parcior* copia *vini* diſtribuitur *æquis* portionibus *in ſingulos*, habent *ſatis* qui *bibunt* moderatius, *neque* poteſt *quiſquam* obmurmurare *in æqualitate*; quando *qui*

Becauſe *there are ſome* who *love* to drink *plentifully*, there are others *who* love to drink *ſparingly*. There are likewiſe found *abſtemious People*, ſuch as *Romulus* is ſaid *to have been*. Therefore *if* Wine *is given* to none *but* him that calls for it, *firſt* no body *is forced* to drink, *and* yet *they want* nothing, *to whom* plentiful *Drinking* is *agreeable*. So *it comes about* that *no body* is *ſad* in the Feaſt. *Again*, if *a leſs* Quantity *of Wine* is diſtributed *in equal* Shares *to each*, they have *enough*, that *drink* moderately, *nor* can *any one* murmur *in Equality*, ſince *he that* would have drank hauſ-

hauſturus erat *largius*, componit *ſe* ad temperantiam *æquo* animo. *Si* hoc *exemplum* placet, *utar*, nam *volumus* hoc *eſſe* fabuloſum, *non* vinoſum *convivium*.

*plentifully*, compoſes *himſelf* to Temperance *with a contented* Mind. *If* this *Example* pleaſes you, *I will uſe it*, for *we would have* this *to be* a fabulous, *not* a drunken *Feaſt*.

Phylyth. Quid *igitur* bibebat *Romulus?*

What *then* drank *Romulus?*

Eut. Idem *quod* canes *bibunt*.

The ſame *that* Dogs *drink*.

Phylyth. An non *iſtud* indignum *rege?*

Is not *that* unworthy *of a King?*

Eut. Nihil *magis* quam *quod* reges *ſpirant* aere *communi* cum canibus, *niſi* quod *illud intereſt*, *rex* non bibit *eandem* aquam, *quam* canis *biberet*, ſed *canis* haurit *aerem* quem *rex* efflavit. *Et* viciſſem *rex* haurit *aerem* quem *canis* efflavit. *Alexander ille Magnus* tuliſſet *plus* gloriæ, *ſi* bibiſſet *cum canibus*. Nam *nihil* pejus *regi* qui *vigilat* tot millibus *hominum*, quam *vinolentia*. Cæterum *Romulum* fuiſſe *abſtemium*, apotheg-

No *more* than *that* Kings *breathe* in the Air *common* with Dogs, *but* that *there is that Difference*; *the King* does not drink *the ſame* Water *which* the Dog *drank*, but *the Dog* draws in *the Air* which *the King* breathed out. *And* again *the King* draws in *the Air* which *the Dog* breathed out. *Alexander the Great* had got *more* Glory, *if* he had drunk *with the Dogs*. For *nothing* is worſe *for a King*, who *watches over* ſo many thouſand *Men*, than *Drunkenneſs*. But *that Romulus* was *abſtemious*, an Apothegm *ſpoken* by him

ma

ma *dictum* ab illo *non inſeſtiviter* declarat. *Etenim* cum *quidam* videns *illum* abſtinere *a vino* dixiſſet, *vinum* futurum *vile*, ſi *omnes* biberent *quemadmodum* ille; Imo, *inquit*, tum *arbitror* fore *cariſſimum*, ſi *omnes* biberent *vinum* quemadmodum *ego*, nam *bibo* quantum *lubet*.

*not* *unwittily* declares. *For* when *one* ſeeing *him* abſtain *from Wine*, had ſaid, *that Wine* would be *cheap*, if *all* ſhould drink *as he*; Nay, *ſays he*, then *I think* it would be *very dear*, if *all* ſhould drink *Wine* as *I do*, for *I drink* as much as *I have a Mind*.

Ge. Utinam *noſter* Joannes *Botzemus* canonicus *Conſtantienſis* adeſſet *heic*. Nam *et is* eſt *non* minus *abſtemius* quam *dicitur*, alioque *comis* et *feſtivus* conviva.

I wiſh *our* John *Botzem*, Canon *of Conſtance*, was *here*. For *he too* is *no* leſs *abſtemious* than *he is ſaid to be*; otherwiſe *a courteous* and *pleaſant* Companion.

Po. Age, *ſi* poteſtis, *non dicam*, ſorbere *et* flare *ſimul*, quod *Plautus* ait *eſſe* difficile; *ſed* edere *et* audire, *quod* eſt *perfacile*; auſpicabor *munus* fabulandi *bonis avibus*. Si *fabula* erit *parum lepida*, ſcitote *Batavam eſſe*. Opinor *nomen* Macci *auditum* aliquot *veſtrum*.

Come, *if you* can, *I will not ſay*, ſup *and* blow *at the ſame Time*, which *Plautus* ſays *is* difficult, *but* eat *and* hear, *which is very eaſy*; I will begin *the Buſineſs* of telling Stories *with good Luck*. If *the Story* be *not a pretty one*, know *it is a Dutch one*. I ſuppoſe *the Name* of Maccus *has been heard* by *ſome of you*.

Ge. Non eſt *ita* diu *quod periit*.

It is *not long ſince he died*.

Po. Cum

*Ph.* Cum *is* veniſſet in *civitatem* quæ *dicitur* Leydis, *ac* novus hoſpes *vellet* innoteſcere *quopiam* joco, (*nam* is *erat* homini *mos*) ingreſſus eſt *officinam* calcearii, *ſalutat.* Ille *cupiens* extrudere *ſuas* merces, *rogat* nunquid vellet. *Macco* conjiciente *oculos* in ocreas *penſiles* ibi, *calcearius* rogat *num* vellet *ocreas.* Macco *annuente,* quærit *aptas* tibiis illius, *protulit* inventas *alacriter,* et *ut* ſolent, *induit* illi. *Ubi* Maccus *jam* eſſet *eleganter* ocreatus, *Quam* belle, *inquit,* par *calceorum* duplicatis *ſoleis* congrueret *his* ocreis. *Rogatus* an *vellet* et calceos, *annuit.* Reperti ſunt *et* additi *pedibus.* Maccus *laudabat* ocreas, *laudabat* calceos. *Calcearius* gaudens *tacite* ſuccinebat *illi* laudanti, *ſperans* æquius *pretium,* poſteaquam *merx* placeret *emptori* tantopere. *Et* jam *nonnulla* familiaritas *erat* con-

When *he* was come *into a City* which *is called* Leyden, *and* being a new Gueſt, *had a Mind* to become known *by ſome* Jeſt, (*for* that *was* the Man's *Way*) he entered *the Shop* of a Shoemaker, *ſalutes him.* He *deſiring* to put off *his* Ware, *aſks* if he would have any Thing. *Maccus* caſting *his Eyes* upon Leather Stockings *that hung* there, *the Shoemaker* aſks him *if* he would have *Leather Stockings.* Maccus *agreeing to it,* he ſeeks ſome *fit* for his Legs, *he produced them* when found *chearfully,* and, *as* they uſe to do, *draws them on* for him. *When* Maccus *now* was *handſomely* fitted with Leather Stockings, *How* well, *quoth he,* would a Pair *of Shoes* with double *Soles* agree *with theſe* Leather Stockings. *Being aſked* whether *he would have* Shoes too, *he agrees to it.* They were found, *and* put upon *his Feet.* Maccus *commended* the Stockings, *commended* the Shoes. *The Shoemaker* rejoicing *ſilently,* agreed with *him* commending *them,* *hoping for* a better *Price,*

tracta

tracta. *Heic* Maccus *inquit*, Dic *mihi* bona fide *nunquamne uſu venit* tibi, *ut* quem *armaſſes* ſic *ocreis* et *calceis* ad curſum *quemadmodum* nunc *armaſti* me, *abierat* non numerato pretio? *Nunquam*, ait ille. *Atque* ſi *forte*, inquit, *veniat uſu*, quid *tu faceres* tum? *Conſequerer*, inquit *calcearius*. Tum *Maccus* inquit, *Dicis* iſta *ſerio* an *joco?* Plane *loquor* ſerio, *inquit* alter, *et* facerem *ſerio*. Experiar, *ait* Maccus; *en* præcurro *pro calceis*, tu ſequere *curſu*; ſimulq; *cum dicto* conjecit *ſe* in pedes. *Calcearius* conſecutus eſt *e veſtigio* quantum *poterat*, clamitans, *Tenete* furem, *tenete* furem. *Cum* cives *proſiliiſſent* ex ædibus *undique* ad hanc vocem, *Maccus* cohibuit *illos* hoc commento, *ne quis injiceret manum*. Inquit *ridens* ac *placido* vultu; *Ne quis remoretur* noſtrum *curſum*; cer-

ſeeing *the Ware* pleaſed *the Buyer* ſo much. *And* now *ſome* Familiarity *was* contracted. *Here* Maccus *ſays*, Tell *me* in good Faith, *did it never happen* to you, *that* one whom *you had furniſhed* thus *with Leather Stockings* and *Shoes* for a Race, *as* now *you have furniſhed* me, *went off* without paying the Price? *Never*, ſays he. *But* if *by Chance*, ſays he, *it ſhould happen*, what *would you do* then? *I would follow him*, ſays *the Shoemaker*. Then *Maccus* ſays, *Do you ſay* that *in Earneſt*, or *in Jeſt?* Truly *I ſpeak* in Earneſt, *ſays* the other, *and* would do *in Earneſt*. I will try, *ſays* Maccus; *lo* I run before, *for the Shoes*, do you follow *running*; and together *with this Saying*, he threw *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Shoemaker* followed him *forthwith*, as faſt as he *could*, bawling, *Stop* the Thief, *ſtop* the Thief. *When* the Citizens *ran out* of their Houſes *on all Sides* at this Cry, *Maccus* hindered *them* by this Contrivance, *that nobody ſhould lay Hands on him*. He ſays, *ſmiling* and *with a pleaſant* Countenance; *let nobody ſtop* our

tamen

tamen *eſt* de cupa *cereviſiæ*. Itaque *jam* omnes *præbebant ſe* ſpectatores *certaminis:* Nam *ſuſpicabantur* calcearium *fingere* eum *clamorem* dolo, *ut* hac occaſione *anteverteret*. Tandem *calcearius* victus *curſu* rediit *domum* ſudans *et* anhelus. *Maccus* tulit *brabeum*.

*running*, the Race *is* for a Tankard *of Ale*. Whereſore *now* all *became* Spectators *of the Race*; for *they ſuſpected* that the Shoemaker *pretended* that Cry out of Roguery, *that* by that Means *he might get before him*. At laſt *the Shoemaker* being beat *in the Race*, returned *Home* ſweating *and* out of Breath. *Maccus* got *the Prize*.

Ge. Iſte *Maccus* quidem *effugit* calcearium; *at* non effugit *furem*.

That *Maccus* indeed *eſcaped* the Shoemaker, *but* he did not eſcape *the Thief*.

Po. Quamobrem?

What for?

Ge. Quia *ferebat* furem *ſecum*.

Becauſe *he carried* the Thief *with him*.

Po. Forte *pecunia* non erat *ad manum*, quam *poſtea* reſolvit.

Perhaps *Money* was not *at hand*, which *afterwards* he paid.

Ge. Verum *erat* actio *furti*.

But *there was* an Action *of Theft*.

Po. Ea *quidem* intentata eſt *poſt*, ſed *jam* Maccus *innotuerat* aliquot *magiſtratibus*.

That *indeed* was brought *afterwards*, but *now* Maccus *was become acquainted* with ſome *Magiſtrates*.

Ge. Quid *attulit Maccus*?

*What did Maccus plead?*

Po. Quid

Po. Quid attulit, *rogas*, in caſu *tam vincibili*? *Actor* magis periclitatus eſt *quam* reus.

What did he plead, *do you aſk*, in a Cauſe *ſo* eaſy to be carried? *The Proſecutor* was more in Danger *than* the Perſon indicted.

Ge. Qui ſic?

How ſo?

Po. Quia *gravabat* illum *actione* calumniæ, *et* intendebat *Rhemian legem*, quæ *dictat*, ut *quin* intenderet *crimen* quod *non poſſit* probare, *ferat* pœnam *quam* reus *laturus erat*, ſi *fuiſſet* convictus. *Negabat* ſe contrectaſſe *alienam rem* invito domino, *ſed* deferente *ultro*, nec ullam mentionem *pretii* interceſſiſſe; *ſe provocaſſe* calcearium *ad certamen curſus*: illum *accepiſſe* conditionem, *nec habere* quod *queratur*, cum *eſſet* ſuperatus *curſu*.

Becauſe *he loaded* him *with an Action* of Slander, *and* urged *the Rhemian Law*, which *orders*, that *he who* brings *a charge* which *he cannot* prove, *ſhall ſuffer* the Puniſhment *which* the Perſon indicted *ſhould have ſuffered*, if *he had been* convicted. *He denied* that he meddled with *the other's Ware* againſt the will of the Owner, *but* on his giving it *of his own accord*, and that no Mention *of Price* had paſſed betwixt them; *that he had challenged* the Shoemaker *to the running of a Race*; that *he had accepted* the Propoſal, *and had nothing* that *he could complain of* ſeeing *he was* beat *in a Race*.

Ge. Hæc *actio non multum abeſt* ab umbra *aſini*. Quid tandem?

This Action *is not much ſhort* of the Shadow *of the Aſs*. What came of it at laſt?

P. Ubi *riſum eſt* ſatis, *quidam* e judicibus *vocavit* Maccum *ad cœnam*, et *numeravit* calceario *pretium*. Quiddam *ſimile* accidit *Daventriæ* me puero. *Erat* illud *tempus*, quo *piſcatores* regnant, *lanii*, frigent. *Quidam* aſtabat *ad feneſtram* fructuariæ, *vehementer* obeſæ *fœminæ*, oculis *intentis* in ea *quæ* poſita erant *venum*. Illa *invitabat* hominem, *ex more* *ſi quid vellet*. Et *cum* videret *intentum* ficis, *Vis* ficos? *ait*, ſunt *perquam elegantes*. Cum *ille* annuiſſet, *rogat* quot *libras* vellet. *Vis*, inquit, *quinque* libras? *Annuenti* effudit *tantum* ficorum *in gremium*. Dum *illa* reponit *lances*, ille *ſubducit ſe*, non *curſu*, ſed *placide*. Ubi *prodiiſſet* acceptura *pecuniam*, vidit *emptorem* abire: *Inſequitur* majore *voce*, quam *curſu*. Ille *diſſimulans*, pergit *quo* cœperat *ire*.

When *they had laughed* ſufficiently, *one* of the Judges *invited* Maccus *to Supper*, and *paid* the Shoemaker *his Price*. Something *like this* happened *at Daventry*, when I was a Boy. *It was* that *Time*, when *the Fiſhermen* reign, *the Butchers* ſtarve. *A certain Fellow* ſtood *at the Window* of a Fruit-ſeller, *a very* fat *Woman*, with his Eyes *intent* upon thoſe Things *which* were expoſed *to Sale*. She *invited* the Man *according to Cuſtom*, if *he would have any Thing*. And *when* ſhe ſaw him *intent* upon the Fig, *Will you have any* Figs? *ſays ſhe*, they are *very fine ones*. When *he* agreed on it, *ſhe aſks* him how many *Pounds* he would have. *Will you have*, ſays ſhe, *five* Pounds? *On his agreeing to it*, ſhe poured *ſo many* Figs *into his Boſom*. Whilſt *ſhe* lays by *the Scales*, he *withdraws*, not *running*, but *eaſily*. When *ſhe came out* to receive *her Money*, ſhe ſaw *her Chapman* was going off: *She follows* with a greater *Noiſe* than *Pace*. He *taking no Notice*, goes on *whither* he had begun *to go*. At laſt *many*

Tandem *multis* concurrentibus *ad vocem* fœminæ, *reſtitit.* Ibi *cauſa* agitur *in corona* populi: *riſus* exoritur; *emptor* negabat *ſe emiſſe* ſed *accepiſſe* quod *fuiſſet* delatum *ultro*; ſi *vellet* experiri *coram* judicibus, *ſe* comperiturum.

*People* coming together *at the Clamour* of the Woman; *he ſtood.* There *the Cauſe* is tried *in a Ring* of the People. *A Laughter* is ſet up; *the Chapman* denied *that he bought them*, but *that he received* what *had been* given *on her own Accord*; if *ſhe would* try it *before* the Juſtices, *he* would appear.

Ge. Age, *narrabo* fabulam *non* admodum *diſſimilem* tuæ, *nec* fortaſſe *inferiorem*, niſi *quid* hæc *non habeat* auctorem *perinde celebrem* atque *eſt Maccus*. Pythagoras *dividebat* totum *mercatum* in tria *hominum genera*, quorum *alii* prodiſſent *ut* venderent, *alii* ut emerent: aiebat *hoc utrumque* genus *eſſe* ſolicitum, *ac* proinde *non felix*, alios *non venire* in forum *ob aliud*, quam *ut* ſpectent *quid* proferatur *illic*, aut *quid* agatur: *hos* ſolos *eſſe* felices, *quod* vacui *curis*, fruerentur *gratuita* voluptate. *Atque* ad hunc modum *dicebat*

Well, *I will tell* a Story *not* much *unlike* your's, *nor* perhaps *inferior*, but *that* this *hath not* an Author *ſo famous* as *Maccus is.* Pythagoras *divided* the whole *Market* in three *Kinds of Men*, whereof *ſome* go *that* they may ſell, *others* to buy: He ſaid *that both theſe* Kinds *were* concerned, *and* therefore *not happy*: That others *did not come* into the Market *for any Thing elſe* than *that* they may ſee *what* is produced *there*, or *what* is done: *That theſe* alone *were* happy, *becauſe* being free *from Cares*, they enjoyed *a gratuitous* Pleaſure. *And* after this Manner *he ſaid* a Philoſopher *was* in the World, *as* they *were* in the Market. *But* in our *Markets*, a fourth

dicebat Philoſophum verſari in hoc mundo quemadmodum illi verſarentur in mercatu. Verum in noſtris emporiis quartum genus hominum ſolet obambulare, qui nec emunt nec vendunt, nec contemplantur otioſe, ſed obſervant ſolicite ſi poſſint involare quid. Atque quidam reperiuntur mire dextri in hoc genere; dicas natos Mercurio favente. Convivator dedit fabulam cum coronide: ego dabo cum proœmio. Nunc accipite quod nuper accidit Antwerpiæ. Quidam ſacrificus receperat illic mediocrem ſummam pecuniæ, ſed argenteæ. Quidam impoſtor animadverterat id. Adiit ſacrificum, qui geſtabat crumenam turgidam nummis in zona; ſalutat civiliter, narrat ſibi datum negotium a ſuis, ut mercaretur novum ſacrum pallium parocho ſui vici, quæ eſt ſumma veſtis ſacerdoti peragenti divinam rem. Rogat ut commodaret ſibi tantillum

Kind of Men uſes to walk about, who neither buy nor ſell, nor look about them idly, but watch carefully if they can ſharp any Thing. And ſome are found wonderfully dextrous in this Kind; you would ſay that they were born under the Favour of Mercury. The Maſter of the Feaſt has given a Story with a Concluſion. I will give you one with a Preface. Now hear what lately happened at Antwerp. A certain Prieſt had received there a moderate Sum of Money, but in Silver. A certain Cheat had obſerved it. He went to the Prieſt, who carried the Purſe ſtuffed with Money in his Belt; he ſalutes him civilly; he tells him that he was employed by his Neighbours to buy a new Surplice for the Parſon of their Town, which is the upper Garment of the Prieſt performing Divine Service. He aſks him that he would lend him a little of his Help, that he would go with him to thoſe who ſell ſuch Gowns; that he might take it bigger or leſs by the

tillum operæ, *ut* iret *tecum* ad eos, *qui* vendunt *ejuſmodi* pallia; *quo* ſumeret *majus* aut *minus* ex modo *illius corporis*, nam *ipſius* ſtaturam *videri* ſibi *congruere* vehementur *cum* magnitudine *parochi*. Cum hoc *videretur* leve *officium*, ſacrificus *facile* pollicitus eſt. *Adeunt* ædes *cujuſdam*. Pallium *prolatum eſt*. Sacrificus *induit*. Venditor *affirmat* miri congruere, *cum* impoſtor *contemplatus eſſet* ſacrificum *nunc* a fronte, *nunc* a tergo, *cauſatus eſt* brevius *a forte* quam *eſſet* par. *Ibi* venditor, *ne* contractus *non procederet*, negat *id* eſſe *vitium* pallii, *ſed* turgidam *crumenam* efficere, *ut* brevitas *offenderet* ea parte. *Quid multa?* Sacrificus *deponit* crumenam. *Contemplantur* denuo. *Ibi* impoſtor, *ſacrifico* averſo, *arripit* crumenam, *ac* conjicit *ſe* in pedes. *Sacerdos* inſequitur, *curſu* ut *erat* pallia-

Meaſure *of his Body*, for *his* Stature *ſeemed* to him *to agree* mightily *with* the Bigneſs *of the Parſon*. And as this *ſeemed* a ſlight *Service*, the Prieſt *eaſily* promiſed. *They go* to a Houſe *of a certain Man*. The Garment *was produced*. The Prieſt *puts it on*. The Seller *affirms* that it fitted wonderfully. *When* the Cheat *had viewed* the Prieſt *one while* before, *another* behind, *he pretended* that it was ſhorter *before* than *was* fit. *There* the Seller, *leſt* the Bargain *ſhould not go forward*, denies *that* to be *the Fault* of the Garment, *but* that the full *Purſe* was the Occaſion, *that* the Shortneſs *offended* on that Side. *What needs many Words?* The Prieſt *lays down* the Purſe. *They view him* again. *There* the Cheat, *the Prieſt* being turned from him, *whips up* the Purſe, *and* throws *himſelf* upon his Feet. *The Prieſt* follows him *running as he was* with the Surplice on, *and* the Seller *the Prieſt*. The Parſon *cries out*, Stop

tus, *et* venditor *ſacrificum*. Sacrificus *clamat* tenete furem, venditor *clamat* tenete *ſacrificum*, impoſtor *clamat* cohibete *furentem* ſacrificum; *et* creditum eſt, *cum* viderent *eum* currere *ſic* ornatum *in publico*; itaque *dum alter* eſt *in mora* alteri, *impoſtor* effugit.

*the Thief*; the Seller *cries out* ſtop *the Parſon*, the Cheat *cries out* ſtop *the mad* Prieſt; *and* it was believed, *when* they ſaw *him* run *ſo* dreſſed *in the Streets*; wherefore *whilſt one* is *a Hindrance* to the other, *the Cheat* got away.

Eu. Dignus *qui pereat* non *ſimplici* ſuſpendio.

Worthy *to periſh* not *by a ſingle* Hanging.

Ge. Niſi *jam periit*.

Unleſs *he be hanged already*.

Eu. Utinam non *ſolus*, ſed *una cum illo*, qui *favent* talibus *portentis* in perniciem *reipublicæ*.

I wiſh not *he alone*, but *together with him*, they who *favour* ſuch *Monſters* to the Ruin *of the Commonwealth*.

Ge. Non favent *gratis*. Eſt *catena*, *quæ demiſſa* in terras *pertingit* ad Jovem.

They do not favour them *for nothing*. There is *a Chain*, which *being let down* upon the Earth *reaches* to Jupiter.

Eu. Redeundum *ad fabulas*.

We muſt return *to our Stories*.

As. Ordo *redit ad te*, *ſi* fas eſt *cogere* regem *in ordinem*.

The Turn *is come* to you, *if* it be lawful *to force* a King *to Order*.

Eu. Non cogar, *imo* veniam *volens* in ordinem, *alioqui* eſſem *tyrannus*, non rex, *ſi* recuſem *leges* quas *præſcribo* aliis.

I will not be forced, *nay* I will come *willingly* into Order, *otherwiſe* I ſhould be *a Tyrant*, not a King, *if* I ſhould refuſe *the Laws* which I *preſcribe* to others.

As. Veruntamen *aiunt* principem *eſſe* ſupra leges.

Nevertheleſs *they ſay* a Prince is above the Laws.

Eu. Iſtuc *non eſt* omnino *falſo* dictum, *ſi accipias principem* illum *ſummum, quem tum* vocabant *Cæſarem*. Deinde *ſi* ſic accipias *ſuperiorem* legibus, *quod* alii *coacti* ſervant *utcunque*, illum *præſtare* multo cumulatius *ſuapte ſponte*. Nam *quod* animus *eſt* corpori, *hoc* eſt *bonus* princeps *reipublicæ*. Sed *quid* opus *erat* addere *bonum* quum *malus* princeps *non ſit* princeps; *quemadmodum* impurus *ſpiritus* qui *invaſit* corpus *hominis*, non eſt *animus*. Sed *ad fabulam*, et *arbitror* convenire, *ut* rex *afferam* fabulam regiam. *Ludovicus*

That *is not* altogether *falſely* said, *if* you mean by *a Prince* that *great one*, which *then* they called *Cæſar* And then *if* you ſo underſtand *ſuperior* to the Laws, *that* others *being forced* keep them *in ſome Meaſure*, that he *obſerves them* much more fully *of his own Accord*. For *what* the Soul *is* to the Body, *that is a good* Prince *to the Commonwealth*. But *what* Need *was there* to add *good*, ſince *a bad* Prince *is not* a Prince; *as* an impure *Spirit*, that *has ſeized* the Body *of a Man* is not *the Soul*. But *to the Story*; and *I think* it is fit, *that I* being a King, *ſhould bring* a Story of a King. *Lewis* King *of France* the Eleventh *of that Name*, when *Affairs*

rex

rex *Galliarum* undecimus *ejus nominis*, cum, *rebus* turbatis *domi*, peregrinaretur *apud Burgundiones*, occaſione *venationis* nactus eſt *familiaritatem* cum *quodam* Conone, *ruſtico homine*, ſed *ſimplicis* ac *ſinceri* animi. *Nam* monarchiæ *delectantur* hominibus *hoc genus*. Rex *diverterat* frequenter *ad hujus ædes* ex venatu, *et* ut *nonnunquam* magni *principes* delectantur *plebeis rebus*, *veſcebatur* rapis *apud eum* cum magna voluptate. *Mox* ubi *Ludovicus* reſtitutus *jam* potiretur *rerum* apud Gallos; *uxor* ſubmonuit *Cononem*, ut commonefaceret regem *veteris* hoſpitii, *et* adferret *illi* aliquot *inſignes* rapas *dono*. Conon *tergiverſatus eſt*, ſe luſurum operam; *principes enim* non meminiſſe *talium* officiorum. *Sed* uxor *vicit*: Conon *deligit* aliquot *inſignes* rapas, *accingitur* itinere. *Ve-*

being in Diſorder *at Home*, he ſojourned *among the Burgundians* on Occaſion *of Hunting*, got *acquaintance* with *one* Conon, *a Country Fellow*, but *of an honeſt* and *ſincere* Mind; *for* Monarchs *are delighted* with Men *of this Sort*. The King *turned* frequently *to his Houſe* after Hunting; *and* as *ſometimes* great *Princes* are pleaſed *with common* Things, *he eat* Turnips *with him* with great Pleaſure. *Soon after* when *Lewis* being reſtored, *now* enjoyed *the Kingdom* amongſt the French; *the Wife* adviſed *Conon*, that he ſhould put the King in Mind *of his old* Entertainment, *and* ſhould carry *him* ſome *fine* Turnips *as a Preſent*. Conon *declined it*, ſaying that he ſhould loſe his Labour, *for Princes* did not remember *ſuch* Services. *But* the Wife *prevailed*. Conon *chooſes out* ſome *fine* Turnips, *prepares* for his Journey. *But* he being tempted *with the Allurements* of the Food, *by little and little* devoured *them all*, one *only* a very *great one* excepted. When *Conon*

rum ipſe captus *Illecebra* cibi, *paulatim* devoravit *omnes*, una *duntaxat* inſigniter, *magna* excepta. Ubi *Conon* prorepſiſſet *in aulam*, qua *rex* erat *iturus*, ſtatim agnitus eſt *a rege*, et *accerſitus*. Ille *detulit* munus *cum* magna *alacritate*, rex *accepit* cum *majore* alacritate, *mandans* cuidam *e proximis*, ut *reponeretur* diligenter *inter* ea *quæ* haberet *chariſſima*. Jubet *Cononem* prandere *ſecum*; a prandio *agit gratias* Cononi, *et* juſſit *mille* coronatos *numerari* pro rapa *illi* cupienti *repetere* ſuum rus. *Cum* fama *hujus rei*, ut *fit* pervagata eſſet *per* omne *regis* famulitium, *quidam* ex aulicis *dedit* regi *non inelegantem* equum *dono*. Rex *intelligens* illum *provocatum* benignitate *quam* præſtiteret *Cononi*, captare *prædam*, accepit *munus* vultu *majorem in modum* alacri, *et*

had crept *into the Hall*, where *the King* was *to paſs*, he was preſently known *by the King*, and *ſent for*. He *offered* his Preſent *with* great Chearfulneſs; the King *received it* with *greater* Chearfulneſs; *ordering* one *of thoſe next him*, that *it ſhould be laid up* diligently *amongſt thoſe* Things *which* he counted *moſt dear*. He orders *Conon* to dine *with him*; after Dinner *he gave Thanks* to Conon; *and* ordered *a thouſand* Crowns *to be paid* for his Turnip *to him* deſiring *to return to* his own Country. *When* the Fame *of this Thing*, *as it happens*, had gone *thro'* all *the King's* Servants, *one* of the Courtiers *gave* the King *no unhandſome* Horſe *as a Preſent*. The King *underſtanding* that he *being encouraged* by the Kindneſs *which* he had ſhewn *to Conon*, catched at *a Prize*, received *the Preſent* with a Countenance *more than ordinarily* chearful; and *throwing* called together *his Nobles*, he began *to conſult* with them what Preſent *he ſhould make as a Return for* ſo fine *and ſo valuable* a con-

convocatis *primoribus*, cœpit *conſultare* quo munere *penſaret* tam bellum *tamque pretioſum* equum. *Interim* qui donarat *equum*, concepit *opimas* ſpes *animo*, cogitans *ſic*, ſi *ſic penſavit* rapam *donatam* a ruſtico, *quanto* munificentius *penſaturus eſt* talem equum *oblatum* ab aulico. *Cum* alius reſponderet aliud *regi* conſultanti *veluti* de magna re, *et* captator *lactatus eſſet* diu *vana ſpe*, tandem *rex* inquit, *Venit mihi in mentem* quod *darem* illi, *et* quopiam *ex proceribus* accerſito, *dixit in* aurem, *ut* adferret *id* quod *reperiret* in cubiculo (*ſimulque* deſignat *locum*) obvolutum *diligenter* ſerico. *Rapa* aufertur. *Rex* donat *eum* ſua manu *aulico*, *ut erat* obvoluta, *addens*, equum *videri* ſibi *bene* penſatum *cimelio* quod *conſtitiſſet* ſibi *mille* coronatis. *Aulicus* digreſſus *dum* tollit *lin-*

Horſe. *In the mean Time* he who had given *the Horſe*, conceived *rich* Hopes *in his Mind*, thinking *thus*, if *he made ſuch a Return for* a Turnip *preſented* by a Country Fellow, *how much* more generouſly *will he make a Return for* ſuch a Horſe *given him* by a Courtier. *When* one anſwered one Thing, another another *to the King*, conſulting *as* about a grand Affair, *and* this catching Fellow *had been fed* a long Time *with vain Hopes*, at laſt *the King* ſays, *It comes into my Mind* what *I ſhould give* him, *and* one *of the Nobles* being called to him, *he whiſpered* in his Ear, *that* he ſhould bring *that* which *he ſhould find* in his Bed-chamber, (*and at the ſame Time* he deſcribes *the Place*) wrapped up *diligently* in Silk. *The Turnip* is brought. *The King* gives *it* with his own Hand *to the Courtier*, as *it was* wrapped up, *adding*, that the Horſe *ſeemed* to him *well* paid for *with a precious Thing* which *had coſt* him *a thouſand* Crowns. *The Courtier* going away, *whilſt* he takes off *the*

*Linen*,

*nignitate*, quam *pro-meruerim*; nec *ſum* magis *ſolicitus* de ulla re, *quam* ut *reſpondeam* regiæ *munificentiæ* in me, *tantum abeſt ut velim* flagitare *plura*. Tum *rex* inquit, *Unus igitur* omnium *non eges* pecunia? *Tua* benignitas, *inquit* alter, *jam præſtitit* ne egerem. *Ibi* rex *verſus* ad alios *inquit*, Næ *ego ſum* magnificentiſſimus *omnium* regum, *qui* habeam *tam* opulentum *cancellarium*. Heic *ſpes* accenſa eſt *magis* omnibus, *futurum* ut *pecunia* diſtribueretur *cæteris*, quandoquidem *ille* ambiebat *nihil*. Ubi *rex* luſiſſet *ad hunc modum* ſatis diu, *coegit* cancellarium, ut *auferret* totam *eam* ſummam *domum*. Moxq; *verſus* ad cæteros *jam* mœſtos, *Vobis erit expectanda*, inquit, *alia* occaſio.

*I have deſerved*; nor *am I* more *concerned* about any Thing, *than* that *I may anſwer* the royal *Bounty* towards me, *ſo far am I from deſiring* to aſk *more*. Then *the King* ſays, *Do you alone therefore* of all *not want* Money? *Your* Bounty, *ſays* the other, *has already ſecured me* from wanting. *There* the King *being turned* to the others, *ſays*, Truly *I am* the moſt magnificent *of all* Kings, *who* have *ſo* rich *a Chancellor*. Here *Hope* was kindled *more* in all, *that it would come to paſs*, that *the Money* would be diſtributed *to the reſt*, ſeeing *he* deſired *nothing*. When *the King* had played *in this Manner* long enough, *he forced* the Chancellor *to take* all *that* Sum *Home*. And by and by *being turned* to the reſt *now* ſaid, *You muſt wait*, ſays he, *another* Occaſion.

Phil. Fortaſſe *videbitur* frigidius, *quod* ſum narraturus: *proinde* deprecor *ſuſpicionem* mali *doli* fu-

Perhaps *it will appear* flat, *which* I am going to tell, *wherefore* I bar *the Suſpicion* of evil *Deceit*, or Roguery, *that I may not* cive-

cive; *ne videar ambiſſe* immunitatem *de induſtria*. Quidam *adiit* eundem *Ludovicum*, petens *ut* juberet *munus*, quod *forte* vacabat *in eo pago*, in quo *habitabat*, transferri *in ipſam*. Rex, *audita* petitione, *reſpondit* expedite, *Efficies* nihil. *Petitor* etiam *mox* actis *gratiis* regi *diſceſſet*. Rex, *colligens* ex ipſo fronte, *eſſe* hominem *non omnino* ſiniſtri *ingenii*, ſuſpicanſque *illum* non intellexiſſe *quod* reſpondiſſet, *jubet* eum *revocari*. Redit. *Tum* rex *inquit*, Intellexeras *quid* reſponderim *tibi?* Intellexi. *Quid* igitur *dixi?* Me *effecturum* nihil. *Cur* igitur *agebas* gratias? *Quoniam*, inquit, *eſt quod agam* domi: *proinde* perſecuturus eram *ancipitem* ſpem *hic*, meo magno incommodo: *nunc* interpretor *beneficium*, negaſſe *beneficium* cito *meque* lucratum *quicquid* eram perdi-

*ſeem to have ſought* Immunity *on purpoſe*. A certain Man *went to* the ſame *Lewis*, deſiring *that* he would order *an Office*, which *by Change* was vacant *in that Diſtrict*, in which *he lived*, to be conferred *upon him*. The King, *having heard* his Petition, *anſwered* readily, *You will do* nothing. *The Petitioner* likewiſe *preſently* having given *Thanks* to the King, *departed*. The King *gathering* from his very Look, *that he was* a Man *by no Means* of dull *Parts*, and ſuſpecting *that he* did not underſtand *what* he had anſwered him, *orders* him *to be called back*. He returns. *Then* the King *ſays*, Did you underſtand *what* I anſwered *you?* I did underſtand. *What* then *did I ſay?* That *I ſhould effect* nothing. *Why* therefore *did you give* Thanks? *Becauſe*, ſays he, *I have ſomething to do* at Home, *and therefore* I ſhould have purſued *doubtful* Hopes *here* to my great Loſs: *Now* I conſtrue it *as a Kindneſs* to deny *the Kindneſs* quickly, *and that* I have gained *whatſoever* I ſhould have loſt, *if* I had been fed *by*

turus, *ſi* lactatus fuiſſem *vana ſpe*. Ex eo reſponſo *rex* conjectans *minime ſegnem* hominem, *ubi* percunctatus eſſet *pauca*, Habebis, *inquit*, quod *petis*, quo *agas* mihi *gratias* bis; *ſimulque* verſus *ad officiarios*, Expediantur diplomata, *huic*, inquit, *ſine mora*, ne hæreat *heic* diu *ſuo damno*.

*vain Hopes.* By that Anſwer *the King* gueſſing him to be *no dull* Man, *when* he had aſked him *a few Things*, You ſhall have, *quoth he*, what *you deſire*, that *you may give* me *Thanks* twice: *And at the ſame Time* turning *to the Officers*, Let the Patents be made ready *for him*, ſaith he, *without Delay*, that he may not ſtay *here* long *to his Loſs*.

Eu. Non deeſt *quod referem* de Ludovico, *ſed* malo *de noſtro* Maximiliano. *Qui*, ut *nequaquam ſolitus eſt* defodere *pecuniam*, ita *erat* clementiſſimus *in eos* qui *decoxerant*, modo *commendaretur* titulo *nobilitatis*. Cum vellet *opitulari* cuidam *juveni* ex hoc genere *hominum*, mandavit *illi* legationem, *ut* peteret *centum* millia *florenorum* a quadam *civitate* neſcio quo titulo. *Titulus autem* erat *talis*, ut *ſi* quid *impetratum eſſet* dexteritate *legati* poſſet *duci* pro lucro. *Le-*

I want not *ſomething to relate* of Lewis, *but* I had rather tell *of our* Maximilian. *Who*, as *he uſed not* to bury *his Money*, ſo *he was* very merciful *to thoſe* who *had ſpent their Eſtate*, ſo *they were recommended* by a Title *of Nobility*. Being deſirous *to help* a certain *young Man* of this Sort *of Men*, he committed *to him* a Deputation, *that* he ſhould demand *a hundred* thouſand *Florins* from a certain *City* upon I know not what Title. *But the Title* was *ſuch*, that *if* any Thing *was obtained* by the Dexterity *of the Deputy*, it might *be reckoned* as clear Gain. *The Deputy* got *fifty* thouſand, *be*

*gatus*

*gatus* extorſit *quinquaginta* millia, *reddidit* Cæſari *triginta*. Cæſar *lætus* inſperata *præda* dimiſit *hominem*, inquirens *nihil* præterea. *Interea* quæſitores *et* rationales *olfecerant* plus *acceptum fuiſſe* quam *exhibitum*: interpellant *Cæſarem*, ut *accerſeret* hominem. *Accitus eſt*, venit *illico*. Tum *Maximilianus* inquit, *Audio* te accepiſſe *quinquaginta* millia. *Faſſus eſt*: Exhibuiſti *non niſi* triginta. *Faſſus eſt* et hoc. *Reddenda eſt* ratio, *inquit*. Promiſit *ſe facturum*, et *diſceſſit*. Rurſum *cum* nihil *eſſet* actum, *officiariis* interpellantibus, *revocatus eſt*. Tum *Cæſar* inquit, *Nuper* juſtus es *reddere* rationem. *Memini*, inquit ille, *et* ſum *in hoc*. Cæſar *ſuſpicans* rationem *nondum eſſe* ſatis *ſubductam* illi, *paſſus eſt* illum *abire ſic*. Cum *ſic eluderet*, officiarii *inſtabant* vehementer, *clamitantes*

*returned* Cæſar *thirty*, Cæſar *being glad* of this unexpected *Booty*, diſmiſſed *the Man*, enquiring *nothing* further. *In the mean Time* the Treaſurers *and* Auditors *had ſmelled out*, that more *was received* than *given in*, they ſpeak to *Cæſar*, that *he would ſend for* the Man. *He was ſent for*, comes *preſently*. Then *Maximilian* ſays, *I hear* that you received *fifty* thouſand. *He confeſſed it*. You gave in *but* thirty. *He confeſſed* that too. *You muſt give* an Account *ſays he*. He promiſed *he would do it*, and *departed*. Again *when* nothing *was* done, *the Officers* ſpeaking to Cæſar, *he was recalled*. Then *Cæſar* ſays, *Lately* you were ordered *to give* an Account. *I remember*, ſays he, *and* I am *about it*. Cæſar *ſuſpecting* that his Account *was not yet* ſufficiently *drawn up* by him, *he ſuffered* him *to go away ſo*. When *he thus evaded*, the Officers *preſſed the Matter* mightily, *crying out* that it was not to be borne with, *that* he *ſhould play upon* Cæſar *ſo*

*tantes* non eſſe ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæſari *tam palam*. Perſuadent *ut* accerſitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipſis præſentibus*. Cæſar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiverſatus. *Tum* Cæſar *inquit*, Nonne pollicitus es *rationem?* Pollicitus, *reſpondit ille*. Opus eſt *jam*, inquit, *nec* eſt *locus* tergiverſandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *ſat dextre*, Non detrecto *rationem*, invictiſſime *Cæſar*; verum *non ſum* admodum peritus *hujuſmodi rationum*, ut *qui* nunquam reddiderim: *Iſti* qui *aſſident* ſunt *peritiſſimi* talium rationum: *ſi* videro *vel ſemel* quemadmodum *illi* tractent *hujuſmodi* rationes, *ego imitabor* facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem. *Cæſar* ſenſit *dictum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicebatur*; ac *ſubridens* in-

*openly*. They perſuade him, *that* being ſent for, *he ſhould be ordered* to give in *his Account* there, *whilſt they were by*. Cæſar *agrees*. Being ſent for, *he comes* quickly, *not at all* declining it. *Then* Cæſar *ſays*, Did not you promiſe *an Account?* I did, *replied he*. It muſt be *juſt now*, ſays he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* ſays *dextrouſly enough*, I do not refuſe *an Account*, moſt invincible *Cæſar*; but *I am not* very much ſkilled *in ſuch Accounts*, as *who* never gave any in: *Thoſe* who *ſit by* are *very ſkilful* in ſuch Accounts: *If* I ſee *but once* how *they* manage *ſuch* Accounts, *I ſhall imitate them* eaſily. *I deſire* you would command *them* but to ſet me *an Example*, they ſhall ſee *me* tractable. *Cæſar* underſtood *the Saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not underſtand*, againſt whom *it was ſaid*; and *ſmiling* ſays, *You ſay* true, *and* demand *what* is *reaſonable*. So *he diſmiſſed* the young

quit,

quit, *Narras* verum, *et* poſtulas *æquum*. Ita *dimiſit* juvenem: *Subindicabat enim* illos *ſolere* reddere *rationem* Cæſari, *quemadmodum* ipſe *reddiderat*, nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipſos*.

Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *uſed* to give *Account* to Cæſar, *as* he *had given his*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* ſhould remain *with them*.

Le. Nunc *eſt* tempus, *ut* fabula *deſcendat* ab equis *ad aſinos*, ut *aiunt*, a regibus *ad Antonium* ſacrificum Lovanienſem, qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri*, vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* jocoſe *facta*, ſed *pleraque* ſordidiora. *Nam* ſolebat *condire* pleroſque ſuos luſus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non ſonat *admodum* eleganter, *ſed* olet *pejus*. Deligam *unum* ex mundioribus. *Invitarat* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvios* forte *in via*. Cum *rediiſſet* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam*. Nec *erat* nummus *in loculis*, quod *nequaquam*

Now *it is* Time *that* the Story *ſhould deſcend* from Horſes *to Aſſes*, as *they ſay*, from Kings *to Anthony* the Prieſt *of Lovain*, who *was in Favour* with Philip *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of this Man*, either *pleaſantly* ſaid, *or* jocoſely *done*, but *moſt of them* naſty. *For* he uſed *to ſeaſon* moſt of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not ſound *very* neatly, *but* ſmells *worſe*. I will chooſe *one* of the cleaner. *He had invited* one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by Chance *in the Street*. When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold*. Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket*, which *was not* unuſual *with him*. Here *was* need *of ſpeedy*

ſipata eſt *per* totam *regionem* cum *magno* riſu, *ollam* oppignoratam *ipſi* cujus *erat*. Homines *favent* hujuſmodi *dolis* libentius, *ſi* commiſſi ſint *in odioſas* perſonas, *præſertim* eos *qui* ſolent *imponere* aliis.

*to him* whoſe *it was*. Men *favour* ſuch *Tricks* the more willingly, *if* they are practiſed *upon odious* Perſons, *eſpecially* thoſe *who* are wont *to impoſe upon* others.

A. Næ *tu* apperuiſti *nobis* mare *babularum*, nominato Antonio: *ſed referam* duntaxat *unam*, eamque *brevem*, quam *audivi* nuperrime. *Aliquot* belli *homunculi*, ut *dicunt*, agitabant *convivium* ſimul, *quibus* nihil *in vita* prius *quam* ridere. *Inter hos* erat *Antonius*, atque *item* alter, *et ipſe* celebris *in hoc genere* laudis, *et* velut *æmulus* Antonii. *Porro* quemadmodum *inter philoſophos*, ſi *quando* conveniunt, *queſtiunculæ* ſolent *proponi* de rebus *naturæ*, ita *heic* ſtatim *quæſtio* nata eſt, *quænam* pars *hominis* eſſet *honeſtiſſima*. Alius *divinabat* oculos, *alius* cor

Truly *you* have opened *to us* a Sea *of Stories*, by naming Anthony: *But I will relate* only *one*, and that *a ſhort one*, which *I heard* very lately. *Some* pretty *little Fellows*, as *they call them*, kept *a Feaſt* together, *with whom* nothing *in Life* is better *than* laughing. *Among theſe* was *Anthony*, and *likewiſe* another, *he alſo* famous *in this Sort* of Praiſe, *and* as it were *a Rival* of Anthony. *Moreover* as *amongſt Philoſophers*, if *at any Time* they meet, *little Queſtions* uſed *to be propoſed* about the Things *of Nature*, ſo *here* immediately *a Queſtion* aroſe, *what* Part *of Man* was *the moſt honourable*. One *gueſſed* the Eyes, *another* the Heart, *another* the Brain, *another* likewiſe *another Thing*, and *every*

*alius* cerebrum, *alius* item *aliud*, et *quiſque* adferebat *rationem* ſuæ divinationis. *Antonius* juſſus *dicere* ſententiam, *dixit* os *videri* ſibi *honeſtiſſimam* partem *omnium*, et *addidit* neſcio *quam* cauſam. *Tum* ille *alter*, ne quid ipſi conveniret *cum Antonio*, reſpondit, *eam* partem *qua* ſedemus *videri* ſibi *honeſtiſſimam*. Cum *id* videretur *abſurdum* omnibus, *attulit* hanc cauſam, *quod* is *duceretur* vulgo *honoratiſſimus*, qui *primus* conſideret, *hoc honoris* competere *parti* quam *dixiſſet*. Applauſum eſt *huic* ſententiæ, *et* riſum eſt *affatim*. Homo *placuit* ſibi *de hoc dicto*, et *Antonius* viſus eſt *victus* in eo certamine. *Antonius* diſſimulavit, *qui* non detulerat *primam* laudem *honeſtatis* ori *ob aliud*, niſi *quod* ſciret *illum* velut *æmulum* ſuæ gloriæ *nominaturum* diverſam *partem*.

*one* gave *a Reaſon* of his Gueſs. *Anthony* being ordered *to declare* his Opinion, *ſaid* that the Mouth *ſeemed* to him *the moſt honourable* Part *of all*, and he *added* I know not *what* Reaſon. *Then* that *other*, that he might not in any Thing agree *with Anthony*, anſwered *that that* Part *on which* we ſit *ſeemed* to him *the moſt honourable*. When *that* appeared *abſurd* to all, *he gave* this Reaſon, *that* he *was reckoned* commonly *the moſt honourable*, who *firſt* ſat down, *that his Honour* belonged *to that Part* which *he had named*. They applauded *this* Opinion, *and* laughed *heartily*. The Man *was pleaſed with* himſelf *for this Saying*, and *Anthony* ſeemed *conquered* in that Diſpute. *Anthony* took no Notice, *who* had not given *the chief* Praiſe *of Honour* to the Mouth *for any Thing elſe*, but *that* he knew *that he*, as *the Rival* of his Glory, *would name* the quite contrary *Part*. After *ſome* Days, *when* both of them *were invited* again *to* the ſame *Feaſt*, Anthony *entering*

Poſt

Poſt *aliquot* dies, *cum* uterque *vocatus eſſet* rurſus *ad* idem *convivium*, Antonius *ingreſſus* offendit *æmulum* confabulantem *cum* aliquot *aliis*, dum *cæna* adornatur, *et* averſus *omiſit* clarum ventris crepitum *ante faciem* alterius. *Ille* indignatus *inquit*, Abi *ſcurra*, ubinam *didiciſti* iſtos mores? *Tum* Antonius *inquit*, Etiam *indignaris? Si* ſalutaſſem *te* ore, *reſalutaſſes*, nunc *ſaluto* te *parte* corporis, *vel* te *judice*, honeſtiſſima *omnium*, et *vocor* ſcurra. *Sic* Antonius *recuperavit* gloriam *amiſſam* prius. *Diximus omnes*, ſupereſt *ut* judex *pernunciet*.

finds *his Rival* talking *with* ſome *others*, whilſt *Supper* is getting ready, *and* turning his Back of him, *he let fly* a rouſing Fart *before the Face* of the other. *He* being mad *ſays*, Get you gone *you rude Droll*, where *did you learn* theſe Manners? *Then* Anthony *ſays*, What *are you angry? If* I had ſaluted *you* with my Mouth, *you would have ſaluted me again*, now *I ſalute* you *with a Part* of the Body, *even* you *being Judge*, the moſt honourable *of all*, and *I am called* a rude Droll. *Thus* Anthony *recovered* the Glory *loſt* before. *We have all ſaid*, it remains *that* the Judge *pronounce Sentence.*

Ge. Faciam *id*, ſed *non* priuſquam *quiſque* ebiberit *ſuum cyathum*. En *auſpicor*, ſed *lupus* in fabula.

I will do *it*, but *not* before *every Man* drinks off *his Glaſs*. Lo *I begin*, but *the Wolf* in the Fable.

P. Levinus Panagathus *adfert* haud lævum *omen*.

Levinus Panagathus *brings* no unlucky *Omen*.

L. Quid *actum eſt* inter *tam lepidos* congerrones?

What *has been done* amongſt *ſuch pretty* Companions?

*Po.* Quid *aliud?* certatum eſt *fabulis*, donec *lupus* interveniſtis.

What *elſe?* We have been contending *in Stories*, 'till *you as a Wolf* came in.

*Le.* Huc *igitur* adſum, *ut* perficiam *fabulam:* volo, *vos omnes* prandere prandium theologicum *apud me* cras.

Hither *therefore* I am come, *that* I may finiſh *the Farce:* I deſire *you all* to take a Theological Dinner *with me* To-morrow.

*Ge.* Promittis *Scythicum* convivium.

You promiſe us *a Scythian* Feaſt.

*L.* Niſi *fatebimini* hoc *fuiſſe* jucundius *vobis* fabuloſo convivio, *non recuſo* dare pœnas *in cæna*. Nihil jucundius *quam* cum *nugæ* tractantur *ſerio*.

Unleſs *you confeſs* that this *was* more pleaſant *to you* than the fabulous Feaſt, *I do not refuſe* to ſuffer Puniſhment *at Supper*. Nothing is more pleaſant *than* when *Trifles* are handled *ſeriouſly*

# CHARON.

## Charon, Genius, Alaſtor.

C. QUID *ita properas* geſtiens, *Alaſtor?*

WHY *do you haſten ſo* rejoicing, *Alaſter?*

Al. O Charon, *e-portune tu quidem.* Properabam *ad te.*

O Charon, *you come in good Time indeed.* I was haſtening *to you.*

Ch. Quid novæ rei?

What News?

A. Fero *nuntium* futurum *lætiſſimum tibi* Proſerpinæque.

I bring *News* that will be *very joyful to you* and Proſerpine.

Ch. Effer *igitur* quod *fers,* et *exonera te.*

Declare *then* what *you bring,* and *unload yourſelf.*

Al. Furiæ *geſſerunt* ſuum negotium *non minus* naviter *quam* feliciter, *infecerunt* omnes *partes* orbis *tartareis* malis, *diſſi-*

The Furies *have done* their Buſineſs *no leſs* diligently *than* happily, *they have infected* all *the Parts* of the World *with helliſh* Evils, *Quarrels,*

*diis*

*diis*, bellis, *latrociniis*, peſtilentiis, *adeo ut* jam *ſint* plane *calvæ*, emiſſis *colubris*, et *obambulent* exhauſtæ *veneni*, quærentes *quicquid* viperarum *atque aſpidum eſt* uſquam, *quando ſint tam glabræ* quam *ovum*, et *non habent* pilum *in capite*, nec *quidquam* efficacis ſucci *in pectore*. Proinde *tu ſane* appares *cymbam* ac *remos*; mox enim *tanta* multitudo *umbrarum* ventura eſt, *ut verear ne* non ſufficias *tranſmittendis omnibus*.

Wars, *Robberies*, Plagues, *ſo that* now *they are* quite *bald*, having diſcharged *their Snakes*, and *walk about* exhauſted *of their Poiſon*, ſeeking *whatſoever* Vipers *and* Aſps *there are* any where, *ſeeing* they are *as bare* as *an Egg*, and *have not* a Hair *upon their Head*, nor *any Thing* of effectual Juice *in their Breaſt*. Wherefore *do you ſee* you make ready *your Boats* and *Oars*; for by and by *ſo great* a Multitude *of Ghoſts* will come, *that* I am afraid *leſt* you ſhould not be ſufficient *to ferry them all over*.

*Ch.* Iſta *non fugerant nos*.

Thoſe Things *were not unknown to us*.

*Al.* Unde *reſciveras*?

From whom *had you heard them*?

*Ch.* Oſſa *pertulerat* ante biduum.

Oſſa *brought us News* two Days ago.

*Al.* Nihil *eſt* velocius *illa dea*. Sed *quid igitur tu ceſſas* hic?

Nothing *is* ſwifter *than that Goddeſs*. But *why* then *do you loiter* here?

*Ch.* Ita *nimirum* res *urebat*. Profectus ſum

So *forſooth* the Matter *obliged me*. I came *hither but*

*tantes* non eſſe ferendum, *ut* ille *illuderet* Cæſari *tam palam*. Perſuadent *ut* accerſitus *juberetur* exhibere *rationem* inibi, *ipſis præſentibus*. Cæſar *annuit*. Accitus *venit* illico, *nihil* tergiverſatus. *Tum* Cæſar *inquit*, Nonne pollicitus es *rationem?* Pollicitus, *reſpondit ille*. Opus eſt *jam*, inquit, *nec* eſt *locus* tergiverſandi *amplius*. Ibi *juvenis* inquit *ſat dextre*, Non detrecto *rationem*, inviƈtiſſime *Cæſar*; verum *non ſum* admodum peritus *hujuſmodi rationum*, ut *qui* nunquamreddiderim: *Iſti* qui *aſſident* ſunt *perititiſſimi* talium rationum: *ſi* videro *vel ſemel* quemadmodum *illi* traƈtent *hujuſmodi* rationes, *ego imitabor* facile. *Rogo* jubeas *illos* vel edere *exemplum*, videbunt *me* docilem. *Cæſar* ſenſit *diƈtum* hominis, *quod* hi *non intelligebant*, in quos *dicebatur*; ac *ſubridens* inquit,

*openly*. They perſuade him, *that* being ſent for, *he ſhould be ordered* to give in *his Account* there, *whilſt they were by*. Cæſar *agrees*. Being ſent for, *he comes* quickly, *not at all* declining it. *Then* Cæſar *ſays*, Did not you promiſe *an Account?* I did, *replied he*. It muſt be *juſt now*, ſays he, *nor* is there *Room* for declining it *any longer*. There *the young Man* ſays *dextrouſly enough*, I do not refuſe *an Account*, moſt invincible *Cæſar*; but *I am not* very much ſkilled *in ſuch Accounts*, as *who* never gave any in: *Thoſe* who *ſit by* are *very ſkilful* in ſuch Accounts: *If* I ſee *but once* how *they* manage *ſuch* Accounts, *I ſhall imitate them* eaſily. *I deſire* you would command *them* but to ſet me *an Example*, they ſhall ſee *me* traƈtable. *Cæſar* underſtood *the Saying* of the Man, *which* they *did not underſtand*, againſt whom *it was ſaid*; and *ſmiling* ſays, *You ſay* true, *and* demand *what* is *reaſonable*. So *he diſmiſſed* the young

quit, *Narras* verum, *et* poſtulas *æquum.* Ita *dimiſit* juvenem: *Subindicabat enim* illos *ſolere* reddere *rationem* Cæſari, *quemadmodum* ipſe *reddiderat,* nimirum, *ut* bona pars *pecuniæ* remaneret *penes ipſos.*

Fellow. *For he intimated* that they *uſed* to give *Account* to Cæſar, *as* he *had given his*, to wit, *that* a good Part *of the Money* ſhould remain *with them.*

Le. Nunc *eſt* tempus, *ut* fabula *deſcendat* ab equis *ad aſinos,* ut *aiunt,* a regibus *ad Antonium* ſacrificum *Lovanienſem,* qui *fuit in deliciis* Philippo *cognomento* bono. *Feruntur* multa *hujus viri,* vel *jucunde* dicta, *vel* jocoſe *facta,* ſed *pleraque* ſordidiora. *Nam* ſolebat *condire* pleroſque ſuos luſus *quodam* unguento, *quod* non ſonat *admodum* eleganter, *ſed* olet *pejus.* Deligam *unum* ex mundioribus. *Invitarat* unum *atque* alterum *bellum* homunculum *obvios* forte *in via.* Cum *rediiſſet* domum, *reperit* culinam *frigidam.* Nec *erat* nummus *in loculis,* quod *nequaquam*

Now *it is* Time *that* the Story *ſhould deſcend* from Horſes *to Aſſes,* as *they ſay,* from Kings *to Anthony* the Prieſt *of Lovain,* who *was in Favour* with Philip *by Sirname* the Good. *There are reported* many Things *of this Man,* either *pleaſantly* ſaid, *or* jocoſely *done,* but *moſt of them* naſty. *For* he uſed *to ſeaſon* moſt of his Mirth *with a certain* Ointment, *which* does not ſound *very* neatly, *but* ſmells *worſe.* I will chooſe *one* of the cleaner. *He had invited* one *and* another *pretty* Fellow *that met him* by Chance *in the Street.* When *he was returned* Home, *he finds* the Kitchen *cold.* Nor *was there* any Money *in his Pocket,* which *was not* unuſual *with him.* Here *was* need *of ſpeedy*

*erat*

*erat* inſolens *illi*. Heic *erat* opus *celeri* conſilio. *Subduxit* ſe *tacitus*, et *ingreſſus* culinam *fœneratoris*, quicum *illi erat* familiaritas, *quod* ageret *frequenter* cum illo, *famulâ* digreſſâ, *ſubduxit* unam *ex æneis* ollis, *una* cum *carnibus* jam *coactis*, ac *deferebat* tectam *veſte* domum; *dat* coquæ, *jubet* carnes *et* jus *protinus* effundi *in* aliam *fictilem* ollam *ſimulq;* ollam *fœneratoris* defricari *donec* niteret. *Eo* facto, *mittit* puerum *ad fœneratorem*, qui *depoſito pignore*, ſumat mutuo *duas drachmas* a *fœneratore*, ſed *accipiat* chirographum, *quod* teſtaretur *talem* ollam *miſſum* ad ipſum. *Fœnerator* non agnoſcens *ollam*, utpote *defrictam* ac *nitentem*, recipit *pignus*, dat *chirographum*, et *numerat* pecuniam. *Ea pecunia* puer *emit* vinum. *Ita* proſpecto eſt *convivio*. Tandem *cum* prandium *appararetur* fœneratori, *olla* deſi-

Contrivance. *He withdrew* himſelf *ſilently*, and *entering* the Kitchen *of an Uſurer*, with whom *he had* a familiar Acquaintance, *becauſe* he dealt *frequently* with him, *the Maid* being gone aſide, *he took off* one *of the brazen* Pots, *together* with *the Fleſh* now *boiled*, and *carried it* covered *under his Coat* Home; *gives it* to the Cook Maid, *orders* the Fleſh *and* Broth *immediately* to be poured out *into* another *earthen* Pot, *and at the ſame Time* the Pot *of the Uſurer* to be rubbed *'till* it was bright. *That* being done, *he ſends* a Boy *to the Uſurer*, who *leaving it in Pawn*, ſhould borrow *two Drachms* of *the Uſurer*, but *ſhould take* a Note, *that* ſhould teſtify *that ſuch* a Pot *was ſent* to him. *The Uſurer* not knowing *the Pot*, as *being rubbed* and *bright*, takes *the Pawn*, gives *the Note*, and *pays* the Money. *With that Money* the Boy *buys* Wine. *Thus* Proviſion was made *for a Feaſt*. At laſt *when* Dinner *was preparing* for the Uſurer, *the Pot* was miſſing. *Upon this* there was a Brawl *with*

derata eſt. *Heic* jurgium *adverſus coquam.* Cum *ea* gravaretur, *affirmavit* conſtanter *neminem* fuiſſe *eo die* in culina *præter* Antonium. *Videbatur* improbum *ſuſpicari* hoc *de ſacrifico.* Tandem *itum eſt* ad illum. *Exploratum* an *olla* eſſet *apud illum,* at *nulla* reperta eſt. *Quid multis?* Olla *flagitata eſt* ab illo *ſerio,* quod *ſolus* ingreſſus eſſet *culinam* quo tempore *deſiderata eſt.* Ille *faſſus eſt* ſumpſiſſe mutuo *quandam* ollam, *ſed* quam *remiſiſſet* illi *unde* ſumpſerat. *Cum* illi *pernegarent* id, *et* contentio *incaluiſſet,* Antonius, *aliquot* teſtibus *adbibitis,* inquit, *Videte* quam *periculoſum* eſt *agere* cum *hominibus* horum *temporum* ſine *chirographo*; actio *furti* propemodum intenderetur *mihi,* ni *haberem* manum *fœneratoris,* et *protulit* ſyngrapham. *Dolus* intellectus eſt: *fabula* diſ-

*the Cook-Maid.* When *ſhe* was grievouſly charged, *ſhe affirmed* conſtantly *that no body* had been *that Day* in the Kitchen *beſides* Anthony. *It ſeemed* wicked *to ſuſpect* this *of a Prieſt.* At length *they went* to him: *Searched* whether *the Pot* was *with him,* but *none* was found. *What needs many Words?* The Pot *was demanded* of him *in earneſt,* becauſe *he alone* had entered *the Kitchen,* at what Time *it was miſſing.* He *confeſſed he* borrowed *a certain* Pot, *but* which *he had ſent back* to him *of whom* he had it. *When* they *denied* it, *and* the Contention *grew warm,* Anthony, *ſome* Witneſſes *being taken to him,* ſays, *See* how *dangerous* it is *to deal* with *Men* of theſe *Times* without *a Note:* An Action *of Theft* would be almoſt laid againſt *me,* unleſs *I had* the Hand *of the Uſurer*; and *he produced* the Note. *The Roguery* was underſtood; *the Story* was ſpread *through* the whole *Country* with *a great Deal of* Laughter, *that the Pot* was pawned

ſipata

*magis* dignis *ſuo nomine*.

ſelves *more* worthy *of their Name*.

Ch. Atqui *periculum* eſt, *ne* quis *dæmon* exoriatur, *qui* adhortetur *ſubito* ad pacem; *et* animi *mortalium* ſunt *mutabiles*. Nam *audio* eſſe *quendam* polygraphum *apud ſuperos* qui *non deſinit* inſectari *bellum* calamo, *et* adhortari *ad* pacem.

But *the Danger* is, *leſt* any *Dæmon* ſhould ſtart up, *that* ſhould exhort them *ſuddenly* to Peace; *and* the Minds *of Mortals* are *changeable*. For *I hear* there is *a certain* Scribler *with thoſe above*, that *does not ceaſe* to rail at *the War* with his Pen, *and* exhort them to Peace.

Al. Iſte *canit* ſurdis *jampridem*. Olim *ſcripſit* quæremoniam *profligatæ* pacis, *nunc* ſcripſit *epitaphium* ejuſdem *extinctæ*. Sunt *alii* contra, *qui* juvent *noſtram rem* non minus *quam* ipſæ furiæ.

He *ſings* to them that have been deaf *long ſince*. Long ſince *he writ* a Complaint *of vanquiſhed* Peace, *now* he has writ *an Epitaph* for the ſame *being dead*. There are *others* on the other Hand, *who* help on *our Buſineſs* no leſs *than* the Furies themſelves.

Ch. Quinam illi?

Who are they?

Al. Sunt *quædam* animalia *pullis* et *candidis* palliis, *cinericiis* tunicis, *ornata* variis *plumis*. Hæc *nunquam recedunt* ab aulis *principum*: inſtillant *in aurem* a-

They are *certain* Animals *in black and white* Garments, *with aſh-colour'd* Tunicks, *adorned* with divers *Feathers*. Theſe *never depart* from the Courts *of Princes*: They inſtil *in their Ear* the Love *of*

morem

morem belli: Hortantur proceres et plebem eodem. Clamitant in evangelicis concionibus, bellum eſſe juſtum, ſanctum et pium. Quoque magis mireris fortem animum hominum, clamitant idem apud utramque partem. Apud Gallos concionantur Deum ſtare pro Gallis, nec poſſe vinci, qui habeat Deum protectorem. Apud Anglos et Hiſpanos, hoc bellum non geri a Cæſare, ſed a Deo. Tantum præbeant ſe fortes viros, victoriam eſſe certam. Quod ſi quis interciderit, eum non perire, ſed recte ſubvolare in cœlum armatum ſicut erat.

War: They adviſe the Nobles and common People to the ſame. They bawl out in their Sermons, that the War is juſt, holy, and pious. And that you may the more admire the ſtout Mind of the Men, they ſay the ſame with both Sides. Amongſt the French they preach that God ſtands up for the French, and that he cannot be conquered, who has God for his Protector. Amongſt the Engliſh and Spaniards, that this War is not carried on by Cæſar, but by God. Let them only ſhew themſelves ſtout Men, the Victory is certain. But if any one falls that he does not periſh, but flies directly into Heaven, armed as he was.

Ch. Et tanta fides habetur iſtis?

And is ſo great Credit given to them?

Al. Quid non poteſt ſimulata religio? Huc accedit juventus, imperitia rerum, ſitis gloriæ, ira, animus pronus natura ad id quo vocatur. His facile imponitur, nec plau-

What cannot pretended Religion do? To this is added Youth, Ignorance of Things, a Thirſt of Glory, Anger, a Mind prone by Nature to that to which it is invited. Theſe are eaſily impoſed upon; nor

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| *ſtrum perpellitur* diffi- cile, *propendet* ad ru- inam *ſuapte ſponte.* | *is the Waggon puſhed on* dif- ficultly, *that leans* towards a Fall *of itſelf.* |
| Ch. Ego *lubens fe- cero* aliquid *boni* iſtis animalibus. | I *would willingly do* ſome Good to thoſe Animals. |
| Al. Appara *lautum convivium. Potes* ni- hil *gratius.* | Prepare *a fine* Feaſt. *You can do* nothing *more accep- table.* |
| Ch. Ex malvis, *lu- pinis,* et *porris,* nam *non eſt* alia *annona* apud nos, *ut ſcis.* | Of Mallows, *Lupines,* and *Onions,* for *there is no* other *Proviſion* with *us, as you know.* |
| Al. Imo *ex perdy- cibus,* capis *et* phaſia- nis, *ſi* vis *eſſe* gratus *conviviator.* | Nay *Partridges,* Ca- pons, *and* Pheaſants, *if* you will *be* a grateful *Enter- tainer.* |
| Ch. Sed *quæ* res *movet* iſtos, *ut* promo- veant *bellum* tantope- re? *Aut* quid *commo- di* metunt *hinc.* | But *what* Thing *moves* them, *that* they ſhould promote *the War* ſo much? Or what *Advantage* do they reap *hence?* |
| Al. Quia *capiunt* plus *emolumenti* e mo- rientibus *quam* e vi- vis. *Sunt* teſtamenta, *parentalia,* bullæ, *mul- taque* alia *lucra* non *aſpernanda.* Denique *malunt* verſari *in caſ- tris,* quam *in ſuis al- veari*bus. Bellum *gig-* | Becauſe *they receive* more *Benefit* from the Dead *than* the Living. *There are* Wills, *Funeral Rights,* Bulls, *nay many* other *Gains* not *to be de- ſpiſed.* Finally *they had rather* be *in Camps,* than *in their Cells.* War *makes* many *Biſhops,* who *in* |

*mit*

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| *nisi* multos *epiſcopos*, qui *in pace* ne quidem fiebant *teruncii*. | *Peace* were not ſo much as valued *at a Farthing*. |
| Ch. Sapiunt. | They are wiſe. |
| Al. Sed *quid* opus *eſt* triremi? | But *what* Need *is there* of a Galley? |
| Ch. Nihil, *ſi* velim *facere naufragium* rurſus *in media palude*. | None, *if* I would *be ſhipwrecked* again *in the Middle of the Lake*. |
| Al. Ob multitudinem? | Becauſe of the Number? |
| Ch. Scilicet. | Yes. |
| Al. Atqui *vehis* umbras, *non* corpora; *quantulum autem* ponderis *habent* umbræ? | But *you carry* Souls, *not* Bodies, *and how little* Weight *have* Souls? |
| Ch. Sint *tipulæ*, tamen *vis* tipularum *poſſit* eſſe *tanta*, ut onerent *cymbam*. Tum *ſcis* et cymbam *eſſe* umbratilem. | Let them be *Water-Spiders*, *yet the Number* of Water-Spiders *may* be *ſo great*, as to load *my Boat*. Then *you know* my Boat too *is* made of Shadow. |
| Al. At *ego memini* vidiſſe *nonnunquam* tria *millia* umbrarum *pendere* a tuo clavo, *cum* eſſet *ingens* turba; *nec cymba caperet* omnes, *nec* tu ſentiebas *ullum* pondus. | But *I remember* I have ſeen *ſometimes* three *thouſand* Souls *hang* as your Helm, *when* there was *a great* Multitude, *and your Boat would not hold* all, *nor* did you perceive *any* Weight. |

Ch. Fa-

Ch. Fateor eſſe tales animas, quæ demigrarant paulatim e corpore tenuato phthiſi aut hectica. Cæterum quæ revelluntur ſubito e craſſo corpore, ferunt multum corporeæ molis ſecum. Apoplexia autem, ſynanche, peſtilentia, ſed præcipue bellum, mittit tales.

I confeſs there are ſuch Souls, which have departed by Degrees out of a Body waſted with a Conſumption or hectic Fever. But thoſe which are pulled ſuddenly out of a groſs Body, bring much of the bodily Maſs along with them. And the Apoplexy, the Quinzy, the Plague, but eſpecially War, ſend ſuch.

Al. Non opinor Gallos aut Hiſpanos adferre multum ponderis.

I do not think that the French or Spaniards bring much Weight.

Ch. Multo minus quam et horum animæ non veniunt omnino plumeæ. Cæterum tales veniunt aliquoties e Britannis, e Germanis belle paſtis, ut nuper periclitatus ſum vehens decem duntaxat, et niſi feciſſem jacturam, perieram una cum cymba, vectoribus et naulo.

Much leſs than others, although their Souls too do not come altogether as light as Feathers. But ſuch ones often from the Britons, from the Germans well fed, that lately I was in Danger carrying ten only, and unleſs I had thrown ſome Things over-board, I had been loſt, together with the Boat, the Paſſengers, and Freight Money.

Al. Ingens diſcrimen!

A prodigious Danger.

Ch. Quid cenſes fieri interea, cum craſſi ſatrapæ, throſones, et polymachæroplacidæ accedunt?

What do you think is the Caſe in the mean Time, when groſs Lords, Hectors, and Bullies come.

Al. Ar-

Al. Arbitror *nullus* ex his *qui* pereunt *in juſto* bello *venire* ad te; *nam* aiunt *eos* ſubvolare *recte* in cœlum.

I ſuppoſe *none* of thoſe *who* die *in a juſt* War *come* to you; *for* they ſay *that they* fly up *directly* into Heaven.

Ch. Neſcio *quo* ſubvolent. *Scio* illud *unum*, quoties *eſt* bellum, *tot* veniunt *ad me*, ſaucii *lacerique*, ut *demirer* ullum *ſupereſſe* apud ſuperos. *Nec* veniunt *ſolum* onuſti *crapula*, et *abdomine*, verum *etiam* bullis, *ſacerdotiis*, plurimiſque *aliis* rebus.

I know not *whither* they fly to. *I know* this *one Thing*, as often as *there is* a War, *ſo many* come *to me*, wounded *and mangled*, that *I wonder* that any one *is left* with thoſe above. *Nor* do they come *only* loaded *wi h the Dregs of hard Drinking*, and *Bog Bellies*, but *alſo* with Bulls, *Livings*. and very many *other* Things.

Al. Sed *non deferunt* iſta *ſecum*.

But *they do not bring* thoſe Things *with them*.

Ch. Verum; *ſed* quæ *veniunt* recentes *adferunt* ſomnia *talium* rerum.

True; *but* thoſe which *come* freſh *bring* the Dream *of ſuch* Things.

Al. Itane gravant ſomnia?

Do Dreams load you ſo?

Ch. Gravant *meam* cymbam. *Quid* dixi *gravant?* Demerſerunt *jam*. Poſtremo *putas* tot *obolos* habere *nihil* ſarcinæ?

They do load *my* Boat, *What* ſaid I, *load it?* They ſunk it *juſt now*. Finally *do you think* ſo many *Halfpennies* have *no* Weight?

Al. Equidem *arbitror*, ſi *ferant* æreos.

Truly *I think ſo*, if *they bring* brazen ones.

Ch. Pro-

Ch. Proinde *certum est mihi* proſpicere *de navi*, quæ *ſufficiat*, oneri.

Wherefore *I am reſolved* to look out *for a Ship* which *may ſuffice* for the Burden.

Al. O felicem te?

O happy you!

Ch. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

Al. Quia *diteſces*, propediem.

Becauſe *you will grow rich* preſently.

Ch. Ob *multitudinem* umbrarum.

Becauſe *of the Number* of Ghoſts.

Al. Næ.

Yes.

Ch. Siquidem *adferant* ſuas opes *ſecum*, nunc *qui* deplorant in cymba, ſe reliquiſſe apud *ſuperos* regna, *præſulatus*, abbatias, *innumera* talenta *auri*, adferunt *nihil* ad me *præter* obolum. *Itaq;* quod *corroſum eſt* mihi *jam* ter mille *annis*, id totum *effundendum eſt* in unum triremem.

If *they brought* their Riches *along with them*: Now *they who* lament *in the Boat*, that they left *with thoſe above* Kingdoms, *Biſhopricks*, Abbies, *innumerable* Talents *of Gold*, bring *nothing* to me *beſides* a Halfpenny. *Therefore* what *has been ſcraped together* by me *now* theſe three thouſand *Years*, all that *muſt be laid out* in one Galley.

Al. Sumptum faciat oportet, *quiquærit lucrum*.

He muſt be at Charge, *who ſeeks Gain*.

Ch. At *mortales*, ut *audio*, negotiantur *feliciter*, qui *favente Mer-*

But *Men*, as *I hear* trade *more luckily*, who *by the Favour of Mer-*

*curio*,

*curio* diteſcunt *intra triennium.*

*cury,* grow rich *in three Years.*

Al. Sed *iidem* decoquunt *nonnunquam:* tuum *lucrum* minus, *ſed* certius.

But *the ſame* break *ſometimes,* Your *Gain* is leſs, *but* more certain.

Ch. Neſcio *quam* certum. *Si* quis *deus* exoriatur *nunc,* qui *componat* res *principum,* hæc *tota* ſors *periierit* mihi.

I know not *how* certain, *If* any *God* ſhould ariſe *now, that ſhould ſettle* the Affairs *of Princes,* this *whole* Booty *will be loſt* by me.

Al. De iſta re *quidem* jubeo *dormias* in utramvis aurem: *Nihil eſt quod metuas* pacem *intra decennium.* Romanus *pontifex* unus *hortatur* ſedulo *quidem* ad concordiam, *ſed* lavat *laterem.* Et civitates *murmurant* tædio *malorum.* Neſcio *qui* populi *conferunt* ſuſurros, *dictitantes* iniquum eſſe *ut* humanæ *res* miſceantur *ſurſum deorſum,* ob *privatas* iras *aut* ambitionem *duorum* triumve: *Sed* crede *mihi,* furiæ *vincent* conſilia *quamlibet* recta. *Cæterum* quid *opus* erat *petere ſuperos?* At non

For that Matter *truly* I bid you *ſleep* on either Ear. *You need not fear* a Peace *within theſe ten Years.* The Roman *Pontiff* alone *exhorts* diligently *indeed* to Concord; *but* he waſhes *a Brick.* The Cities too *murmur* out of Wearineſs *of their Calamities.* I know not *what* People *join* their Whiſpers, *ſaying,* 'tis unreaſonable *that* human *Affairs* ſhould be jumbled *up and down,* for *the private* Reſentments, *or* Ambition, *of two* or three. *But* believe *me,* the Furies *will conquer* Counſels *never ſo* good. *But* what *Need* was there *to go to thoſe above?* Are there no *Workmen*

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| ſunt *fabri* apud nos? *Certe* habemus *Vulcanum*. | with us? *Certainly* we have *Vulcan*. |
| C. Pulchre, *ſi* quæram *æream* navim. | Right, *if* I wanted a *brazen* Ship. |
| Al. Aliquis *acceſſetur* minimo. | Some body *may be ſent for* for a ſmall Matter. |
| Ch. Ita *eſt*, ſed *materia* deficit *nos*. | So *it is*, but *Wood* fails *us*. |
| Al. Quid *audio*? nihil *ſylvarum* illic? | What *do I hear*? Is there nothing *of Woods* there? |
| Ch. Etiam *nemora* quæ *fuerant* in Elyſiis campis *abſumpta ſunt*. | Even *the* Groves which *were* in the Elyſian Fields *are conſumed*. |
| Ch. In quem uſum *tandem*? | For what Uſe *pray*? |
| Ch. Exurendis *umbris* hæreticorum, *adeo ut* nuper *coacti ſimus* effodere *carbones* e viſceribus *terræ*. | For burning *the Souls* of Hereticks, *ſo that* lately *we were forced* to dig *Coals* out of the Bowels *of the Earth*. |
| Al. Quid! *An non poſſunt* iſtæ *umbræ* puniri *minore* ſumptu? | What! *Cannot* theſe *Souls* be puniſhed *at leſs* Charge? |
| Ch. Sic *viſum eſt* Rhadamantho. | So *it ſeemed good* to Rhadamanthus. |
| Al. Ubi *mercatus eris* triremem, *unde* remiges parabuntur? | When *you have bought* a Galley, *whence* will Rowers be got? |

Ch. Meæ

Ch. Meæ partes tenere clavum; *umbræ remigent, ſi velint* trajicere.

My Part is *to hold* the Helm; *let the Souls row*, if *they will paſs over*.

Al. At *ſunt* quæ *non didicerunt* agere *remum*.

But *there are ſome* which *have not learnt* to manage *an Oar*.

Ch. Nullus *eſt* eximius *apud me*. Et monarchæ *remigant*, et *cardinales* remigant, *ſuam quiſque vicem*, *non minus quam tenues* plebes, *ſive didicerint, ſive* non didicerint.

None *is* exempted *with me*. Monarchs too *row*, and *Cardinals* row, *every Man* his Turn, *no leſs* than *poor* Commoners, *whether* they have learnt, *or* have not learnt.

Al. Fac *ut mercere* bene triremem *dextro* Mercurio. Ego *non remorabor* te *amplius*. Adferam *lætum* nuncium *orco*; ſed *heus*, heus, *Charon*.

See *you purchaſe* a Galley *cheap* by the Favour of Mercury. *I will not detain you any longer*. I will carry *this joyful* News *to Hell*; but *ſoho*, ſoho, *Charon*.

Ch. Quid eſt?

What is the Matter?

Al. Fac *maturès* reditum; *ne* turba *obruat te* mox.

See *you haſten* your Return, *leſt* the Crowd *ſhould overwhelm you* by and by.

Ch. Imo *offendes* jam *plus* quam *ducenta* millia *in ripa*, præter *illas* quæ *natant* in palude; *tamen* properabo *quantum licebit*: dic *illis* me adfuturum *mox*.

Nay *you will find* already *more* than *two hundred* thouſand *upon the Bank*, beſides *thoſe* which *are ſwimming* in the Lake; *yet* I will haſten *as much as poſſible*: tell them that I will be with them *preſently*.

# OPULENTIA SORDIDA.

A. UNDE es tam *exſuccus*, quaſi *paſtus ſis* rore, *cum cicadis*. Videris *mihi* nihil *aliud* quam *ſyphar* hominis.

FROM whence *are you* ſo *void of Juice*, as if *you had been fed* with Dew *with the Graſshoppers*. You ſeem *to me* nothing *elſe* than *the Skin* of a Man.

B. Apud inferos, *umbræ* ſaturantur *malva* et *porro*, at *ego vixi* decem *menſes* ubi *ne id quidem* contigit.

In Hell *Ghoſts are fed with Mallows* and *Onions*, but *I have lived* ten *Months* where *not ſo much as that* fell to my Share.

A. Ubinam *quæſo te*, num abreptus *in navem galeatam?*

Where *I pray you*, were you carried *aboard a Galley?*

B. Nequaquam, *ſed* Synodii.

No, *but* at Synodium.

A. Periclitatus es *Bulimia* in tam opulenta *urbe?*

Were you in Danger *by Famine* in ſo rich *a City?*

B. Maxime.

Yes.

A. Quid in cauſa? *An deerat pecunia?*

What was the Reaſon? *Was Money wanting?*

B. Nec

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| B. Nec *pecunia* nec *amici*. | Neither *Money* nor *Friends*. |
| A. Quid *erat* mali *igitur*? | What *was* the Misfortune *then*? |
| B. Mihi res erat *cum hoſpite* Antronio. | I had to do *with my Landlord* Antronius. |
| A. Cum *illo* opulento? | With *that* rich Man? |
| B. Sed *ſordidiſſimo*. | But *very ſordid*. |
| A. Narras *ſimile* monſtri. | You tell me *a Thing like* a Prodigy. |
| B. Minime. *Sic* divites *fiunt* qui *emergunt* e ſumma inopia. | No. *So* rich Men *are* that *riſe* from extreme Poverty. |
| A. Quid ita libuit *commorari* tot *menſes* apud *talem* hoſpitem? | Why had you ſuch a Mind *to ſtay* ſo *many Months* with *ſuch* an Hoſt. |
| B. Erat *quod* alligaret, *et* ſic *animus erat tunc*. | There was ſomething *that* obliged me, *and* ſo *my Mind* was *then*. |
| A. Sed *dic* obſecro, *qui apparatu* vivit ille. | But *tell me* I pray you *upon what Proviſion* does he live. |
| B. Dicam *quando-quidem* commemoratio *actorum* laborum *ſolet eſſe jucunda*. | I will tell you, *ſeeing* the Relation *of paſt* Troubles *uſes* to be *pleaſant*. |

A. Futura eſt *mihi* certe.

It will be ſo *to me* certainly.

B. Illud *incommodi* acceſſit *a cœlo*, cum *agerem* illic. *Boreas* ſpirabat *tres* totos *menſes*, niſi *quod* illic *neſcio* quomodo *nunquam perſeveraverat* ultra *octavum*.

That *Inconveniency* came *from Heaven*, when *I lived* there. *The North Wind* blew *three* whole *Months*, but *that* there *I know not* how *it never continues* beyond *the eighth* Day.

A. Quomodo *igitur* ſpirabat *tres* totos *menſes*?

How *then* did it blow *three* whole *Months*?

B. Sub eum diem *mutabat* ſtationem *velut* ex conſtituto, *ſed* poſt *octo* horas *migravit* in priorem locum.

About that day *it changed* its Station *as it were* on Purpoſe, *but* after *eight* Hours *it ſhifted* into its former Place.

A. *Tibi opus erat* luculento *foco* tenui *corpuſculo*.

There *was Need* of a bright *Fire* for a thin *Body*.

B. Erat *ſatis* ignis, *ſi* ſuppetiiſſet *copia* lignorum. *Sed* ne *noſter* Antronius *fecerit quid impendii* heic, *evellebat* radices *arborum* ex ruſculis *inſularibus*, neglectas *ab aliis*, idque *fere* noctu. *Ex his* nondum *bene* ſiccis *ignis* ſtruebatur, *non* abſque *fumo*,

There was *enough* of Fire, *if* there had been *Plenty* of Wood. *But* left *our* Antronius *ſhould be at any Charge* here, *he pulled up* the Roots *of Trees* out of ſome Grounds *in the Iſlands*, neglected *by others*, and that *commonly* in the Night. *Out of theſe* not *yet well* dry *a Fire* was made, *not* without *Smoak*;

ſed

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| ſed *ſine* flamma, *non* qui *calefacerat*, ſed *qui* præſtaret, *ne poſſet* dici *vere* eſſe *nullum* ignem *ibi.* Unicus autem *ignis* durabat *totum* diem, *adeo* temperatum *erat* incendium. | but *without* Flame, *not* that *would warm*, but *that* would effect, *that it could not* be ſaid *truly* that there *was no* Fire *there.* And one *Fire* laſted *the whole* Day, *ſo* moderate *was* the Burning. |
| A. Erat *durum* hybernare *illic.* | It was *hard* to winter *there.* |
| B. Imo *erat* multo *durius* æſtivare. | Nay *it was* much *harder* to ſummer. |
| A. Qui ſic? | How ſo? |
| B. Quoniam *ea* domus *habebat* tantum *pulicum* et *cimicum,* ut *nec licuerit* eſſe *quietum* interdiu, *nec* capere *ſomnum* noctu. | Becauſe *that* Houſe *had* ſo many *Fleas* and *Gnats,* that *it was neither poſſible* to be *quiet* by Day, *nor* take *Reſt* by Night. |
| A. Miſeras divitas! | Miſerable Riches! |
| A. Præſertim *in hoc* genere *pecoris.* | Eſpecially, *in this* Kind *of Cattle.* |
| A. Oportet fœminas *eſſe* ignavas *illic.* | The Women muſt *be* idle *there.* |
| B. Latitant, *nec* verſantur *inter viros:* Ita *fit* ut *illic* fœminæ *ſint* nihil *aliud* quam *fœminæ;* et *ea* mini- | They lie hid, *nor* do they converſe *amongſt the Men:* So *it comes to paſs* that *there* Women *are* nothing *elſe* but *Women;* and *thoſe* ſteria |

ſteria *deſint* viris, *quæ* ſolent *ſuppeditari* ab eo ſexu.

Services *are wanting to the* Men, *that* uſe *to be ſupplied* by that Sex.

A. Sed *non pigebat Antronium* tractationis?

But *was not Antronius weary* of that Treatment?

B. Nihil *erat* dulce *illi* educato *in hujuſmodi ſordibus* præter *lucrum*: habitavit *ubivis* potius *quam* domi, *negotiabatur* in omni re: *Scis autem* eam urbem *eſſe* mercurialem *præ cæteris*. Ille *nobilis* pictor *exiſtimavit* deplorandum *ſi* dies *abiiſſet* abſque lineâ. *Antronius* deplorabat *longe* magis *ſi* dies *præteriiſſet* abſque lucro; *quod ſi quando* eveniſſet, *quærebat* Mercurium *domi*.

Nothing *was* pleaſant *to him* brought up *in ſuch Naſtineſs*, but *Gain*: He lived *any where* rather *than* at Home; *he traded* in every Thing. *And you know* that City *is* buſied in Trade *above others*. That *noble* Painter *thought it* a Thing to be lamented, *if* a Day *paſſed* without a Stroke. *Antronius* lamented it *much* more, *if* a Day *paſſed* without Gain, *which* if *at any Time* it happened, *he ſought* Gain *at Home*.

A. Quid faciebat?

What did he do?

B. Habebat *ciſternam* in ædibus, *ex more* ejus civitatis. *Illic* hauriebat *aliquot* ſitulos *aquæ*, et *infundebat* in vinaria vaſa. *Hic* erat *certum* lucrum.

He had *a Ciſtern* in his Houſe, *according to the Cuſtom* of that City. *There* he drew *ſome* Buckets *of Water*, and *poured them* into the Wine Veſſels. *Here* was *certain* Gain.

A. For-

| | |
|---|---|
| A. Fortaſſe *vinum* erat *æquo vehementius.* | Perhaps *the Wine* was *too ſtrong.* |
| B. Imo *erat* plus *quam* vappa; *nam* nunquam emebat *vinum* niſi *corruptum*, *quo emeret* minoris. *Ne* quid *ex ei* periret, *ſubinde* miſcebat *fæces* decem annorum, *volvens* ac *revolvens* omnia, *quo* videretur *muſtum*. Neque enim ille paſſus fuiſſet *ullam* micam *fæcis* perire. | Nay *it was* more *than* dead Drink; *for* he never bought *Wine* unleſs *it was corrupted*, that *he might buy it* cheaper. *Leſt* any *of it* ſhould be loſt, *now and then* he mixed *Dregs* of ten Years old, *rumbling* and *jumbling* all together, *that* it might ſeem *new Wine*. For he would not have ſuffered *any* Bit *of Dregs* to be loſt. |
| A. At *ſi* qua fides *medicis*, tale *vinum* gignit *calculos* veſicæ. | But *if* any Credit muſt be given *to the Doctors*, ſuch *Wine* breeds *the Stone* of the Bladder. |
| B. Non erant *medici*; nam *erat* nullus *annus* in ea domo *tam* felix, *quin* unus *atque* alter *periret* calculo. *Neque* ille horrebat *funeſtam* domum. | They were not *Doctors*; for *there was* no *Year* in that Houſe *ſo* happy, *but* one *and* another *died* of the Stone. *Nor* did he dread *a mournful* Houſe. |
| A. Non? | No? |
| B. Colligebat *etiam* vectigal *a mortuis*, nec *aſpernabatur* lucellum *quamvis* exiguum. | He collected *alſo* Tribute *of the Dead*; nor *did he deſpiſe* Gain, *though never ſo* ſmall. |
| A. Dicis *furtum.* | You ſpeak *of Theft.* |

B. Ne-

B. Negotiatores *vocant* lucrum.

Tradeſmen *call it* Gain.

A. Quid *interea* bibebat *Antronius*?

What *in the mean Time* drank *Antronius*?

B. Idem *nectar* ferme.

The ſame *Nectar* commonly.

A. Non ſenſit *malum*?

Did he perceive no *Harm*?

B. Erat *durus*, qui *poſſet* eſſe *vel* fœnum, *ut*, ut *dixi*, fuerat *aſſuetus* a teneris *annis* in talibus *deliciis*. Exiſtimabat *nihil* certius *hoc lucro*.

He was *hardy*, who *could* eat *even* Hay, *and as I ſaid*, he had been *brought up* from his tender *Years* in ſuch *Dainties*. He look'd upon *nothing* more certain *than this Gain*.

A. Quid ita?

Why ſo?

B. Si *ſupputes* uxorem, *filios*, filiam, *generum*, operas, *et* famulas, *alebat* domi *triginta* tria *corpora*. Jam *quo* dilutius *vinum* erat, *hoc* parcius *bibebatur* et *ſerius* exhauriebatur. *Hic* ſubducito *mihi*, quam non pœnitendam *ſummam* ſitula *aquæ* addita *in ſingulos dies* conficiat *in annum*.

If *you* reckon his Wife, Sons, Daughter, *Son-in-law*, Work-folks, *and* Maids, *he maintained* at Home *thirty-three Bodies*. Now *by how much* the weaker *the Wine* was, *by ſo much* the more ſparingly *it was* drank, and *the later*, it *was* drawn off. *Here* reckon *for me*, what a conſiderable *Sum* a Bucket *of Water* added *for every Day* would *make in a Year*.

O ſordes!

A. O Sneakingneſs!

B. At-

B. Atque *non minus* compendii *redibat* ex pane.

But *no leſs* Profit *aroſe* from the Bread.

A. Quo pacto?

How?

B. Emebat *vitiatum* triticum, *quod* alius *noluiſſet* emere. *Hic* præſens *lucrum protinus*, quod emebat *vilius*. Cæterum *medicabatur* vitio *arte*.

He bought *ſpoiled* Wheat, *which* another *would not* buy. *Here* was preſent *Gain* immediately, *becauſe* he bought it *cheaper*. But he *cured* the Fault *by Art*.

A. Quo tandem?

What *pray*?

B. Eſt *genus* argillæ *non* diſſimile *frumento*, quo *videmus* equos *delectari*, dum *&* terram *lambunt* & parietes, et bibunt *libentius* ex lacunis *turbidis* ea argilla. *Admiſcebat* tertiam *partem* ejus terræ.

There is *a Sort* of Clay *not* unlike *Meal*, with which *we ſee* Horſes *are pleaſed*, whilſt *they bite ground* Walls, *and* drink *more willingly* out of Ditches *muddled* with that Clay. *He mixed* a third *Part* of that Earth.

A. Eſt *iſtuc* medicari?

Is *that* curing?

B. Certe *vitium* tritici *minus ſentiebatur*. An putas hoc lucrum *quoque* aſpernandum? *Adde* jam *aliud* ſtratagema: *Subigebat* panem *domi*, nec id *crebrius*, etiam *æſtivo* quam *bis* in menſe.

Certainly *the Fault* of the Wheat *was leſs perceivable*. Do you think *this* Gain *alſo* to be deſpiſed? *Add* now *another* Stratagem: *He made* his Bread *at home*, and that not *oftener*, even *in Summer*, than *twice* in a Month.

A. Iſtuc

| | |
|---|---|
| A. Iſtuc *eſt* apponere *lapides* non *panes*. | That *is* to ſerve up *Stones* not *Leaves.* |
| B. Aut *ſi* quid *eſt* durius *lapide*. Sed *remedium* erat *paratum* huic *malo* quoque. | Or *if* any Thing *be* harder *than a Stone*. But *a Remedy* was *provided* for this *Evil* too. |
| A. Quodnam? | What? |
| B. Macerabant *fragmenta* panis *vino* immerſa *cyathis*. | They ſoaked *Pieces* of Bread *in Wine* being dipped *in the Glaſſes*. |
| A Labra *habebant* ſimiles *lactucas*. Sed *ferebant operæ* talem *tractationem?* | Lips *they had* like *Lettices*. But *did the Work Folks bear with* ſuch *Treatment?* |
| B. Primum *narrabo* apparatum *primatum* ejus familiæ, *quo* divines *facilius* quomodo *operæ* tractentur. | Firſt *I will tell you* the Proviſions *of the principal Perſons* of his Family, *that* you may gueſs *the more eaſily* how *Work Folks* are treated. |
| A, Cupio *audire*. | I deſire *to hear*. |
| B. Erat *nulla* mentio *illic* de jentaculo. *Prandium* differebatur *fere* in primam *horam* a meridie. | There was *no* Mention *there* of Breakfaſt. *Dinner* was put off *commonly* 'till the firſt *Hour* after Noon. |
| A. Quamobrem? | What for? |
| B. Antronius *paterfamilias* expectabatur: | Antronius *the Maſter of the Family* was waited |

*Ca-*

*Cænabatur* interdum *ad decimam horam.*

*for: We ſupped* ſometimes *at the tenth Hour.*

A. At *tu* ſolebas *eſſe* impatientior *inediæ.*

But *you* uſed *to be* more impatient *under Faſting.*

B. Eoque *ſubinde* clamabam *ad Ortbrogonum* generum *Antronii,* (nam *agebamus* in eodem *conclavi*) Heus *Orthrogone,* non cœnatur *hodie* apud Synodos? *Reſpondit* commode *Antronium* adfuturum *brevi.* Cum *viderem* nihil *apparari,* et *ſtomachus* latraret; *Heus,* inquam, *Orthrogone,* erit pereundum *fame* hodie? *Excuſabat* horam, *aut* aliquid *ſimile.* Cum *non ferrem* latratum *ſtomachi,* interpellabam *occupatum* rurſus. *Quid futurum eſt?* inquam, *eritne moriendum* fame? *Ubi* jam *Orthrogonus* conſumpſiſſet *omnem tergiverſationem,* abiit *ad famulos,* juſſitque *menſam* adornari. *Tandem* cum *nec* Antronius *rediret,* nec *quidquam* apparatum *Orthrogonus* victus *meis*

And therefore *now and then* I cried out *to Orthrogonus,* Son-in-Law *of Antronius,* (for *we were* in the ſame *Room*) Soho *Orthrogonus,* do they not ſup *To day* amongſt the Synodians? *He anſwered* ſoftly, *that Antronius* would come *preſently.* When *I ſaw* nothing *got ready,* and *my Stomach* barked; *Soho,* I ſay, *Orthrogonus,* muſt we periſh *with Famine* Today? *He alledged in Excuſe* the Hour, *or* ſome *like Thing.* When *I could not bear* the barking *of my Stomach,* I interrupted him *being buſy* again, *What will become of us?* ſay I, *muſt we die* of Hunger? *When* now *Orthrogonus* had ſpent *all his Excuſes,* he went *to the Servants,* and ordered *the Table* to be ſpread. *At length* when *neither* Antronius *returned,* nor *any Thing* was got ready, *Orthrogonus* being prevailed upon *by my Reproaches,* went down *to his*

*conviciis*, deſcendebat *ad uxorem*, ſocrum, *ac* liberos, *clamitans*, ut *appararent* cœnam.

*Wife*, Mother-in-law, *and* Children, *crying out*, that *they ſhould make ready* Supper.

A. Nunc *ſaltem* expecto *cœnam*.

Now *however* I expect *the Supper*.

B. Ne propera. *Tandem* claudus *famulus* prodibat *præfectus* ei negotio, *non* admodum *diſſimilis* Vulcano; *inſternit* menſam *linteo*. Ea *prima* ſpes *cœnæ*. Tandem *poſt* longam *vociferationem*, vitreæ *phialæ* afferuntur *cum* aqua *limpida* ſane.

Be not haſty. *At length* a lame *Servant* came out *appointed for* that Buſineſs, *not* very *unlike* Vulcan; *he covers* the Table *with a Cloth*. That was *the firſt* Hope *of Supper*. At laſt *after* long *Shouting*, Glaſs *Vials* are brought, *with* Water *clear* indeed.

A. Altera *ſpes* cœnæ.

Another *Hope* of Supper.

B. Ne propera, *inquam*. Rurſus *poſt* atroces clamores, *phiala* plene *iſtius* fæculenti *nectaris* afferetur.

Do not haſten, *I ſay*. Again, *after* fierce Clamours, *a Vial* full *of that* dreggy *Nectar* is brought.

A. O *bene* factum!

O *well* done!

B. Sed *ſine* pane. Nihil *periculi* adhuc. *Nemo famelicus* bibit *tale* vinum *lubens*. Clamatum eſt *iterum* uſque ad ravim. *Tum*

But *without* Bread. Nothing *of Danger* yet. *No hungry Body* drinks *ſuch* Wine *willingly*. I ſhouted *again* even to Hoarſeneſs. *Then* at laſt *that* Bread *is*

demum

demum *ille* panis *apponitur*, quem *urſus* vix frageret *dentibus*.

*ſet on*, which *a Bear* could ſcarce break *with his Teeth*.

A. Certe *jam* conſultum eſt *vitæ*.

However *now* Proviſion is made *for Life*.

B. Sub multam noctem *tandem* Antronius *venit*, fere *hoc* inauſpicatiſſimo *proœmio* ut *diceret* ſtomachum ſibi dolere.

Late at Night *at laſt* Antronius *comes*, commonly *with this* moſt unlucky *Preface*, that *he ſaid* his Stomach was out of Order.

A. Quid *mali* auſpicii *hic*?

What *ill* Luck *was here*?

B. Quia *tunc* erat *nihil* quod ederetur.

Becauſe *then* there was *nothing* to eat.

A. Dolebat re vera?

Was it out of Order indeed?

B. Adeo *ut* ſolus *devoraturus fuerit* tres *capos* ſi *quis* dediſſet *gratis*.

So much *that* he alone *would have eaten* three *Capons*, if *any one* would have given them *for nothing*.

A. Expecto *convivium*.

I wait for *the Feaſt*.

B. Primum *patina* cum *fabacea* farina *apponebatur* illi, *quod* genus *opſonii* venditur *illic* tenuibus. *Aiebat* ſe uti *hoc* remedio *adverſus* omne *genus* morbi.

First *a Diſh* with *Bean* Meal *was ſerved up* for him, *which* Kind *of Victuals* is ſold *there* to the Poor. *He ſaid* he uſed *this* Remedy *againſt* every *Kind* of Diſeaſe.

A. Quot *convivæ* eratis?

How many *Gueſts* were you?

B. Interdum *octo* aut *novem*. Inter quos *erat* ille *doctus* Verpius, *quem* arbitror *non ignotum* tibi? *et* major natu *filius*.

Sometimes *eight* or *nine*. Amongſt whom *was* that *learned Man* Verpius, *who* I think *is not unknown* to you; *and* his elder *Son*.

A. Quid *apponebatur* illis?

What *was ſerved up* to them?

B. An non ſatis eſt *frugi hominibus*, quod *Melchiſedeck* obtulit *Abrahæ* victori *quinque regum*?

Is not that enough *for moderate Men*, which *Melchiſedeck* offered *to Abraham* the Conqueror *of five Kings*?

A. Nihil *opſoni* igitur?

Nothing *of other Victuals* then?

B. Erat *nonnihil.*

There was *ſomething*.

A. Quodnam?

What?

B. Memini *nos fuiſſe* novem *convivas* numero *in menſa*, cum *numerarem* non niſi *ſeptem* foliola *lactucæ* innatanta *aceto*, ſed *abſque* oleo.

I remember *we were* nine *Gueſts* in Number *at Table*, when *I counted* but *ſeven* little Leaves *of Lettice* ſwimming *in Vinegar*, but *without* Oil.

A. Devorabat ille *igitur* ſuas fabas *ſolus*.

Did he devour *then* his Beans *by himſelf*?

B. Eme-

B. Emerat *vix ſemiobolo*, nec *tamen* vetabat, *ſi* quis *aſſidens* proxime *vellet guſtare*; ſed *videbatur* incivile *eripere* ſuum *cibum* languido.

He had bought them *for ſcarce a Farthing*, nor *yet* did he forbid it, *if* any one *ſitting* next him *had a mind to taſte*; but *it ſeemed* uncivil *to take* his *Victuals* from the ſick Man.

A. Secabantur foliis, *quemadmodum* proverbium *meminit* de cumino?

Where the Leaves cut, *as* the Proverb *makes mention* of Cumin?

B. Non; *ſed* lactucis *abſumptis* a primoribus, *reliquit* immergebant *panem* aceto.

No; *but* the Lettices *being eat up* by the chief Perſons, *the reſt* dipped *their Bread* in the Vinegar.

A. Quid autem *poſt* ſeptem *folia?*

But what *after* the ſeven *Leaves?*

B. Quid *niſi* caſeus, *clauſula* conviviorum?

What *but* Cheeſe, *the Concluſion* of Feaſts?

A. Hiccine erat *perpetuus* apparatus?

Was this *his perpetual* Proviſion?

B. Propemodum; *niſi* quod *interdum*, ſi *expertus fuiſſet* Mercurium *propitium*, eo die *erat* paulo *profuſior*.

Almoſt; *but* that *ſometimes*, if *he had found* Mercury *favourable*, that Day *he was* a little *more profuſe*.

A. Quid tum?

What then?

B. Jubebat *tres* recentes *uvas* emi *uno*

He ordered *three* freſh *Bunches of Grapes* to be

nummulo *æreo*. Ea res *exhilarabat* totam familiam.

bought *with one* little Piece, of Money *of Braſs*. That Thing *rejoyced* the whole Family.

A. Quidni?

Why not?

B. Id *duntaxat* eo tempore, *cum* eſt *ſumma* vilitas *uvarum* ibi.

That *only* at that Time, *when* there is *a very great* Cheapneſs *of Grapes* there.

A. Proin *profundebat* nihil *extra autumnum?*

Wherefore *did he ſpend* nothing *out of Autumn?*

B. Profundebat. *Sunt* illic *naviculatores*, qui *hauriunt* quoddam *minutum* genus *cochlearum*, potiſſimum *e latrinis*. Hi *ſignificant* certo *clamore* quid *habeant* venale. *Interdum* jubebat *emi* ab his *dimidio* nummuli, *quem* illi *appellant* Bagathinum. *Tum vero* dixiſſes *eſſe* nuptias *in ea familia*. Nam *erat* opus *igni*, licet *percoquantur* celerrime. *Atque* hæc *quidem* poſt caſeum *loco* bellariorum.

He did ſpend. *There are* there *Boatmen*, who *take* a certain *little* Sort *of Shell-fiſh*, chiefly *out of the Sewers*. Theſe *give Notice* by a certain *Cry* what *they have* to ſell. *Sometimes* he order'd ſome *to be bought* of them *for Half* a Piece of Money, *which* they *call* Bargathinus. *But then* you would have ſaid *that there was* a Wedding *in that Family*. For *there was* Need *of a Fire* altho' *they be boiled* very quickly. *And* theſe were *indeed* after the Cheeſe *inſtead* of Sweetmeats.

A. Bella *bellaria* mehercule. *Sed* nihil

Pretty *Sweetmeats* indeed. *But* was no Fleſh car-

carnium apponebatur unquam, aut *piſcium?*

ſerved up ever, or *Fiſh?*

B. Tandem *victus* meis clamoribus, *cæpit* eſſe *ſplendidior*. Quoties autem *volebat* videri *Lucullus*, hi *ferme* erant *miſſus*.

At laſt *being overcome* with my Clamours, *he began* to be *more ſplendid*. But as often as *he had a Mind* to ſeem *a Lucullus*, theſe *commonly* were *his Diſhes*.

A. Iſtuc *vero* lubens audiero.

That *indeed* I would willingly hear.

B. Primo loco *juſculum* dabatur, *quod* illi, *neſcio* ob quam cauſam, *appellant* miniſtrata.

In the firſt Place *a Broth* was given us, *which* they, *I know not* for what Cauſe, *call* Maiſtra.

A. Lautum *opinor*.

Dainty *I ſuppoſe*.

B. Conditum *ſuis aromatibus*. Cacabus *admovetur* igni *plenus* aqua; *conjiciunt* in eum *aliquot* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini, *qui* jam olim *induruit in ſaxum*. Nam *opus eſt* bonâ *ſecuri* ad defringendum aliquid. *Cum* ea *fragmenta* cœperint *ſolvi* tepore *aquæ*, inficiunt eam, *ne poſſit* dici *mera* aqua.

Seaſoned *with the Spices*. A Kettle *is ſet upon* the Fire *full* of Water, *they throw* into it *ſome* Pieces *of Cheeſe* made of Cow's Milk, *which* long before *was grown as hard as a Stone*. For *there is Need of* a good *Ax to* break any thing off. *When* thoſe *Fragments* begin *to be diſſolved* by the Warmth *of the Water*, they give it a Taſte, *that it cannot* be called *mere*

*pra-*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Præparant* ſtoma-chum *hoc juſculo.* | Water. *They prepare* the Stomach *with this Broth.* |
| A. Dignum ſuibus. | Fit for Swine. |
| B. Dein *paulum* carnium *de ventre* ve-teris vaccæ *apponitur*, ſed *elixum* ante quin-decim dies. | Then *a little* Fleſh *of Tripe* of an old Cow *is ſerved up*, but *boiled* fifteen Days before. |
| A. Fætet *igitur.* | It ſtinks *then.* |
| B. Maxime, *ſed* re-medium *adhibetur.* | Yes, *but* a Remedy *is applied.* |
| A. Quodnam. | What? |
| B. Dicam, *ſed* ve-reor *ne imiteris.* | I will tell you, *but* I fear *leſt you ſhould imitate it.* |
| A. Scilicet. | Yes. |
| B. Miſcent *ovum* calefactæ *aquæ*; eo jure *perfundunt* car-nem; *ita* oculi *fal-luntur* magis *quam* nares. *Nam* fœtor *e-rumpit* per omnia. *Si* dies *requirat* eſum *piſcium*, interdum *tres* auratæ *apponuntur*, nec *hæ* magnæ, *cum* ſint *ſeptem* aut *octo* con-vivæ. | They mix *an Egg* with warm *Water*; with that Sauce *they ſprinkle* the Fleſh; *ſo* the Eyes *are de-ceived* more *than* the Noſ-trils. *For* the Stink *breaks* through all. *If* the Day *requires* the eating *of Fiſh*, ſometimes *three* Giltheads *are ſerved up*, nor *theſe* great ones, *when* there are *ſeven* or *eight* Gueſts. |
| A. Nihil *præterea*? | Nothing *beſides*? |

B. Ni-

B. Nihil *niſi* ille *ſaxeus* caſeus.

Nothing *but* that *ſtony* Cheeſe.

A. Narras *mihi* novum Lucullum: *ſed* qui *potuit* tam *exilis* apparatus *ſufficere* tot convivis, *præſertim* refectis *nullo jentaculo?*

You tell *me* of a new Lucullus: *But* how *could* ſuch *ſlender* Proviſion *ſuffice* ſo many Gueſts, *eſpecially* refreſhed *with no Breakfaſt?*

B. Imo *ne ſcis* inſciens, *ſocrus*, nurus, *minor natu* filius, *famula*; et *aliquot* parvuli *alebantur* ex reliquiis *ejus convivii*.

Nay, *that you may not be* ignorant, *a Mother-in-Law*, a Daughter-in-Law, *the younger* Son, *a Maid*, and *ſome* little ones *were fed* out of the Remains *of that Meal*.

A. Tu *quidem* auxiſti *meam* admirationem, *non ademiſti*.

You *indeed* have increaſed *my* Admiration, *not taken it away*.

B. Vix *poſſum deſcribere* iſtuc *tibi*, niſi *prius* depinxero *ordinem* convivii.

I can hardly *deſcribe* that *to you*, unleſs *firſt* I paint *the Order* of the Feaſt.

A. Pinge *igitur*.

Paint it, *then*.

B. Antronius *obtinebat* primum *locum*, niſi *quod* ego *ſedebam* dexter illi, *velut* extraordinarius. *E regione* Antronii *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *aſſidebat* Orthrogono; *Strategus*, natione

Antronius *had* the firſt *Place*, but *that* I *ſat* upon his right Hand, *as* an extraordinary Perſon. O*ver againſt* Antronius *Orthrogonus*; Verpius *ſat by* Orthrogonus; *Strategus*, by Nation *a Greek*, by Verpius. *His eldeſt* Son *ſat on*

*Græcus*, Verpio. *Natu major* filius *aſſidebat* ſiniſter Antronio. *Si* quis *conviva* acceſſit, *locus* dabatur *pro dignitate.* Primum *erat* minimum *periculi* vel *diſcriminis* de jure; *niſi quod* fragmenta *caſei* bubulini *natabant* in diſcis *procerum.* Cæterum *quoddam* vallum *fiebat* ex *ferme* quatuor *phialis* vini *aquæque*, ut *nemo* poſſet *attingere* quod *erat* appoſitum, *præter tres*, ante quos *patina* ſtabat; *niſi* quis *ſuſtinuiſſet* eſſe *impudentiſſimus*, et *tranſilire* ſepta. *Nec* tamen *ea patina manebat* diu; *ſed* tollebatur *mox*, ut *aliquid* ſupereſſet *familiæ*.

the left Hand of Antronius. *If* any *Gueſt* came in, *a Place* was given him *according to his Worth*. Firſt *there was* very little *of Danger* or *Hazard* as to the Broth; *but that* Pieces *of Cheeſe* made of Cow's Milk *ſwam* in the Diſhes *of the great Folks.* But *a certain* Rampart *was made* out of *commonly* four *Vials* of Wine *and Water*, that *no body* could *touch* what *was* ſerved up, *beſides three*, before whom *the Diſh* ſtood; *unleſs* any one *would have endured* to be *very impudent*, and *to leap over* the Hedge. *Nor* yet *did that Diſh ſtay* long, *but* was taken away *preſently*, that *ſomething* might be left *for the Family*.

A. Quid *igitur* edebant reliqui?

What *then* did the reſt eat?

B. Deliciabantur *ſuo more*.

They feaſted *after their Faſhion*.

A. Qui?

How?

B. Macerabant *illum* argillaceum *panem* vino *vetuſtiſſimæ* fæcis.

They ſoaked *that* Clay *Bread* in Wine *of very old* Dregs.

A. Tale

A. Tale *convivium* oportuit eſſe *perbreve*.

Such *a Feaſt* muſt have been *very ſhort*.

B. Frequenter *prolixius* hora.

Often *longer* than an Hour.

A. Qui potuit?

How could it?

B. Sublatis *mox*, ut *dixi*, quæ *non carebant* periculo, *caſeus* apponebatur, *unde* erat *nullum* periculum, *ne* quiſquam *abraderet* quidquam *eſcario cultello*. Illa *præclara* fæx *manebat*, et *ſuus cujuſque panis*. Atque *fabulæ* miſcebantur *tuto* inter *hæc bellaria*. Interim *ſenatus* fœminarum *prandebat*.

Theſe Things being taken away *preſently*, as *I ſaid*, which *did not want* Danger, *the Cheeſe* was ſet on, *from whence* there was *no* Danger, *leſt* any one *ſhould ſcrape* any Thing *with an eating Knife*. That *famous* Dregs *ſtaid*, and *every one's Bread*. And *Stories* were mixed *ſafely* amongſt *theſe Sweetmeats*. In the mean Time *the Parliament* of Women *dined*.

A. Quid *operæ* interim?

What did *the Work Folks* in the mean Time?

B. Habebant *nihil* commune *nobiſcum*; prandebant *ac* cœnabant *ſuis horis*.

They had *nothing* common *with us*; they dined *and* ſupped *at their own Hours*.

A. Verum *cujuſmodi*, apparatus?

But *of what Sort* was the Proviſion?

B. Iſtuc *eſt* tuum *divinare*.

That *is* your Part *to gueſs*.

A. At

A. At *hora* vix ſufficit *Germanis* in jentaculum, *tantundem* in merendam, *ſeſquihora* in prandium, *duæ* horæ *in cœnam*; ac *niſi* expleantur *affatim* eleganti *vino*, bonis *carnibus* ac *piſcibus*, deſerunt *patronum*, ac *fugiunt* in bellum.

But *an Hour* hardly ſuffices *the Germans* for Breakfaſt, *as much* for Drinking, *an Hour and a Half* for Dinner, *two* Hours *for Supper*; and *unleſs* they be filled *plentifully* with fine *Wine*, good *Fleſh* and *Fiſh*, they forſake *their Maſter*, and *fly* into the War.

B. Cuique genti eſt *ſuus mos*. Itali *impendent* minimum *gulæ*, malunt *pecuniam* quam *voluptatem*; et *ſunt* ſobrii *natura* quoque, *non* ſolum *inſtituto*.

Every Nation has *its own Way*. The Italians *beſtow* very little *upon the Throat*, they had rather have *Money* than *Pleaſure*; and *they are* ſober *by Nature* too, *not* only *by Cuſtom*.

A. Nunc *profecto* non miror *te rediiſſe* nobis *tam exilem*, ſed *demiror* te rediiſſe *omnino vivum*, *præſertim* cum *aſſueviſſes* antea *capis*, perdicibus, *turturibus*, et *phaſianis*.

Now *truly* I do not wonder *that you are returned* to us *ſo thin*, but *I wonder* that you are returned *at all* alive, *eſpecially* when *you were accuſtomed* before *to Capons*, Partridges, *Pigeons*, and *Pheaſants*.

B. Plane perieram, *niſi* remedium *repertum fuiſſet*.

I had certainly periſhed *unleſs* a Remedy *had been found it*.

A. Res *male agitur*, ubi *eſt* opus *tot* remediis.

The Matter *is ill managed*, where *there* is *Need of ſo many* Remedies.

B. Effeceram *ut* quarta *pars* pulli *elixi* daretur *mibi* jam *langueſcenti*, in ſingula convivia.

I had prevailed *that* a fourth *Part* of a Pullet *boiled* ſhould be given *me* now *languiſhing*, for every Meal.

A. Nunc *incipies* vivere.

Now *you will begin* to live.

B. Non *admodum*. Exiguus pullus *emebatur*, ne *multum* impenderetur; *cujuſmodi* ſex *non ſufficerent* uni Polono *boni ſtomachi* in jentaculum. *Nec dabant cibum* empto, *ne eſſet quid* impendii. *Quare* ala *aut* poples *enecti* macie, *et* ſemivivi coquebatur. *Jecur* dabatur *filio* Orthrogoni *infanti*. Mulieres autem *ebibebant* jus *ſemel* atque *iterum*, nova *aqua* infuſa *ſubinde*. Itaque *poples* veniebat *ad me* ſiccior *pumice*; et *inſipidior* quovis *putri* ligno. *Jus* erat *nihil* niſi *mera* aqua.

Not *very much*. A ſmall Pullet *was bought*, leſt *much* ſhould be expended; *of which Sort* ſix *would not ſuffice* one Polander *of a good Stomach* for Breakfaſt. *Nor did they give Meat* to it when bought, *that there might not be any Thing* of Charge. *Wherefore* a Wing or a Leg of it *mortified* with Leanneſs, *and* Half alive was boiled. *The Liver* was given *to the Son* of Orthrogonus *an Infant*. But the Women *ſupped of* the Broth *once* and *again*, new *Water* being poured in *now and then*. Wherefore *the Leg* came *to me* drier *than a Pumice-Stone*, and *more inſipid* than any *rotten* Wood. *The Broth* was *nothing* but *mere* Water.

A. Et *tamen* audio *genus avium* eſſe *illic* copioſiſſimum, *et* elegans *et* vile.

And *yet* I hear *that* Fowl is *there* very plentiful, *and* fine *and* cheap.

| | |
|---|---|
| B. Eſt *prorſus*, ſed *pecunia* eſt *carior* illis. | It is *indeed*, but *Money* is *dearer* to them. |
| A. Dediſti ſatis pœnarum; *etiamſi* occidiſſes *Romanum* pontificem, *aut* ſi *minxiſſes* ad ſepulchrum *divi* Petri. | You have ſuffered Puniſhment enough, *although* you had killed *the Roman* Pontiff, *or* if *you had piſſed* againſt the Sepulchre *of* *St*. Peter. |
| B. Sed *audi* reliquum *fabulæ*. Scis *eſſe* in quaqua *hebdomada* quinque *dies*, quibus *veſcimur* carnibus. | But *hear* the reſt *of the Story*. You know *there are*, in every *Week* five *Days*, upon which *we eat* Fleſh. |
| A. Nimirum. | Yes. |
| B. Itaque *emebant* duntaxat *duos* pullos. *Die Jovi* fingebant *ſe* oblitas *emere*, ne *vel opponerent* totum *pullum* eo die, *vel* aliquid *ſupereſſet*. | Wherefore *they bought* only *two* Pullets. *On Thurſday* they pretended *they* forgot *to buy one*, leſt *either they ſhould ſerve up* a whole *Pullet* that Day, *or* ſomething *ſhould be left*. |
| A. Næ *iſte* Antronius *ſuperat* Plautinum *Euclionem*. Sed *qua remedio* conſulebas *vitæ* piſcariis diebus? | Truly *that* Antronius *outdoes* Plautus's *Euclio*. But *by what Remedy* did you provide *for Life* on Fiſh Days? |
| B. Dederam *negotium* cuidam *amico*, ut *emeret* tria *ova* mihi *meo ære* in ſingu- | I gave *a Charge* to a certain *Friend*, that *he ſhould buy* three *Eggs* for me *with my own Money* for |

los dies, *duo* in prandium, *unum* in cœnam. *Sed* heic *quoque* fœminæ *pro* recentibus *care* emptis *ſupponebant* ſemiputria *Ut* crederem *præclare mecum actas*, ſi *eſſet* unum *ex tribus* quod *poſſet* edi. *Tandem* emeram *ut* utrem *purioris* vini *mea pecunia*; cæterum *mulieres* affracta *ſera*, intra paucos dies *exſorbuerunt*, Antronio *non admodum irato*.

every Day *two* for Dinner, *one* for Supper. *But* here *likewiſe* the Women *for* freſh ones *dear*-bought *put me* half rotten ones. *That* I thought *they dealt well with me, if there was* one *of three* that *could* be eaten. *At length* I bought *likewiſe* a Cagg *of purer* Wine *with my own Money*; but *the Women* having broken *the Lock*, in a *few* Days *draw it off*, Antronius *was being very angry*.

A. Itane, *nullus erat* illic, *qui miſereſceret* tui?

Ay, *was there none* there *that pitied* you?

B. Miſereſceret! *Imo* videbar *illis* quiſpiam *gluto* et *balluo*, qui *unus* devorarem *tantum* ciborum. *Itaque* Orthrogonus *admonebat* me *ſubinde*, ut haberem *rationem* ejus regionis; *et* conſulerem *meæ* incolumitati; *et* commemorabat *aliquot* noſtrates, *quibus* edacitas *conciliaſſet* illic *aut* mortem, *aut* aliquem *graviſſimum* morbum.

Pitied! *Nay* I *ſeemed to them* ſome *Glutton*, and *a Gormandizer*, who *alone* devoured *ſo much* Meat. *Therefore* Orthrogonus *adviſed* me *now and then* to have *a Regard* to that Country, *and* take care of *my* Security; *and* he mentioned *ſome* of our Countrymen, *upon whom* Gluttony *had brought* there *either* Death, *or* ſome *very grievous* Diſtemper. *When* he *ſaw* me prop up *my poor Body* with ſome *Dainties*

Cum is videret me ſolicitè corpuſculum quibuſdam deliciis, quas pharmacopolæ venditant illic ex pineis nucleis, aut peponum, melonumque, fractum, et aſſiduis laboribus, et inedia, et jam etiam morbo, ſubornat medicum, amicum mihi ac familiarem, ut perſuadeat moderationem victus. Egit hoc mecum diligenter; moxque ſenſi ſubornatum, nec reſpondi tamen. Cum ageret idem mecum accuratius, nec faceret finem admonendi, Dic mihi, inquam, egregie vir, loquerisne iſtæc ſerio an joco? Serio, inquit. Quid igitur ſuades ut faciam? Abſtine, a cœnis in totum; et adde vino, ut minimum, dimidium aquæ. Riſi præclarum conſilium. Si cupis me extinctum, eſſet mors huic corpuſculo, et raro et exili, et ſubtiliſſimis ſpiritibus, abſtinere vel ſemel a cœna. Habeo id compertum toties ipſa re,

which *the Apothecaries* ſell *there* of Pine Kernels, *or* of Cucumbers, *and Melons*, being broken *both* with continual *Fatigues* and *Faſting*, and *now* alſo *with a Diſtemper*, he procures *a Doctor*, a Friend *to me* and *Acquaintance*, to perſuade me to *a Moderation* of Diet. *He treated upon* this *with me* diligently; *and preſently* I perceived, *he was put upon it*, yet I did not anſwer. *When* he treated upon *the ſame thing* with me *more accurately*, and did not make an End *of adviſing me*, Tell *me*, ſay I, *excellent Sir*, do you ſay *thoſe Things* in Earneſt, *or* in Jeſt? *In Earneſt*, ſays he. *What* then *do you adviſe me* to do? *Abſtain* from Suppers *altogether*; and *add* to your Wine, *at leaſt*, half *Water*. I laughed at *his famous Advice*. If *you deſire to have me dead*, it would be *Death* to this poor Body, *both* thin *and* ſpare, *and* of very ſubtile *Spirits*, to abſtain *but once* from Supper. *I have found that* ſo often *by Experience*, that *I have no Mind* to try *again*. And what *do you think*

*at*

ut *non libeat* experiri *iterum*. Quid autem *cenſes* futurum, *ſi* ſic pranſus *temperem* à cœna? *Et* jubes *aquam* addi *tali vino*? Quaſi *non præſtaret* bibere *puram* aquam *quam* fœculentam. *Nec* dubito *quin* Orthrogonus *juſſerit* te *loqui* hæc. *Medicus* ſubriſit, *ac* mitigavit *conſilium*. Non loquor *hæc*, inquit, *doctiſſime* Gilberte, *quod* arceam *te* a cœnis *in totum*; licebit *guſtare* ovum *et* bibere *ſemel*, ſic enim *ipſe vivo*. Ovum *coquitur* in cœnam, *capio* inde *dimidium* vitelli, *do* reliquum *filio*, mox *hauſto* ſemicyatho *vini*, ſtudeo *in multam noctem*.

would be, *if* when I have ſo dined *I ſhould abſtain* from Supper? *And* do *you* order *Water* to be added *to ſuch Wine*? As tho' *it were not better* to drink *pure* Water *than* dreggy. *Nor* do I doubt *but* Orthrogonus *bid you ſay* this. *The Doctor* ſmiled, *and* qualified *his Advice*. I do not ſay *theſe Things*, quoth he, *moſt learned* Gilbert, *that* I would reſtrain *you* from Suppers *altogether*; you may *taſte* an Egg, *and* drink *once*; for ſo *I myſelf live*. An Egg *is boiled* for Supper, *I take* from hence *half* of the Yolke, *I give* the reſt *to my Son*, by and by *having drank* half a Glaſs *of Wine*, I ſtudy *'till late at Night*.

A. Num medicus prædicabat *iſthæc* vera?

Did the Doctor ſay *theſe Things* truly?

B. Veriſſima. *Nam* ipſe *ambulans* forte *per viam* redibam *a ſacro*, et *comes* admonuerat *medicum* habitare *illic*; libuit *videre* illius *regnum*; erat *autem dominicus*

Very truly. *For* I myſelf *walking* by Chance *along the Street*, was coming *from Prayers*; and *my Companion* had told me *that the Doctor* lived *there*; I had a Mind *to ſee* his *Kingdom*, and it was *the*

dies: *pulſavi* fores, *apertæ ſunt*; aſcendi; *offendo* medicum *prandentem* cum filio, *et* eodem *famulo*: apparatus *erant* duo *ova*, nihil *præterea*.

*Lord's* Day: *I knocked* at the Door, *it was opened*; I went up, *I find* the Doctor *dining* with his Son, *and* the ſame *his Servant*: The Proviſion *was* two *Eggs*, nothing *beſides*.

A. Homines oportuit eſſe *exſangues*.

The Men muſt have been *void of Blood*.

B. Imo *ambo* erant *pulchre habito* corpore, *vivido* ac rubido colore, lætis oculis.

Nay *both* were *of a good like* Body, *of a lively* and ruddy *Colour*, with chearful Eyes.

A. Eſt *vix* credibile.

It is *ſcarce* credible.

B. At *ego narro* compertiſſima. *Nec* ille ſolus vivit *ad iſtum modum*, ſed *complures* alii, *et* clare imaginibus, *et* re lauta. *Polyphagia* et *polypoſia*, crede *mihi*, eſt *res* conſuetudinis, *non* naturæ. *Si* quis *aſſueſcat* paulatim, *proficiet* eo *tandem*, ut *faciat* idem *quod* Milo, *qui* abſumpſit *totum* bovem *eodem* die.

But *I tell you* Things I know very well. *Nor* does he alone live *after that Manner*, but *many* others *both* nobly deſcended, *and* of a good Eſtate. *Much Eating* and much *Drinking*, believe *me*, is *a Thing* of Cuſtom, *not* Nature. *If* any one *would uſe himſelf* by Degrees, *he would improve* to that Degree *at laſt*, that *he might do* the ſame *that* Milo did, *who* eat up *a whole* Ox *in the ſame* Day.

A. Immortalem Deum! *Si licet tueri* valetudinem

Immortal God! *If* it be poſſible *to maintain*

letudinem *tam parvo* victu, *quantum* impendiorum *perit* Germanis, *Anglis*, Danis, *et* Polonis?

one's Health *with ſo little* Victuals, *how much* Charge *is loſt* by the Germans, *Engliſh*, Danes, *and* Poles;

B. Plurimum *haud dubie*, et *quidem* non *ſine* gravi *detrimento* tum *valetudinis*, tum *ingenii*.

Very much *no Doubt*, and *indeed* not *without* grievous *Prejudice* both *to the Health*, and alſo *to a Man's Parts*.

A. Sed *quid* obſtabat *quo minus ille victus ſufficerit* tibi?

But *what* hindered *that Diet would not ſuffice* you?

B. Quia *aſſueveram* diverſis, *et* erat *ſerum* jam *mutare* conſuetudinem; *quanquam* exiguitas *ciborum* non tam offendebat *me*, quam *corruptio*. Duo *ova* poterant *ſufficere*, ſi *fuiſſent* recens *nata*: cyathus *vini* erat *ſatis*, niſi *vapida* fæx *daretur* pro vino: *dimidium* panis *aluiſſet*, niſi *argilla* daretur *pro pane*.

Becauſe *I had been accuſtomed* to different Things, *and* it was *too late* then *to change* a Cuſtom; *altho'* the ſmall Quantity *of the Victuals* did not ſo much offend *me* as *the Corruption*. Two *Eggs* might *have ſufficed*, if *they had been* new *laid*: A Glaſs *of Wine* was *enough*, but that *dead* Dregs *was given me* for Wine: *Half* a Loaf *would have fed me*, but that *Clay* was given me *for Bread*.

A. Antronium *eſſe* adeo *ſordidum* in tantis opibus!

That Antronius *ſhould be* ſo *ſordid* in ſo much Wealth.

B. Arbitror *ejus cenſum* non fuiſſe *in-*

I believe *his Eſtate* was not *leſs than* eighty *thou-*

*tra*

*tra* octoginta *millia* ducatorum. *Nec* erat *ullus* annus, *quo* lucrum *mille* ducatorum *non accederet*, ut dicam *parciſſime*.

*ſand* Ducats. *Nor* was there *any* Year, *in which* the Gain *of a thouſand* Ducats *was not added to it*, to ſpeak *very ſparingly*.

A. Sed *num* juvenes illi, *quibus* hæc *parabantur*, utebantur *eadem* parſimonia?

But *whether or no* did the young Men, *for whom* this *was provided*, uſe *the ſame* Frugality?

B. Utebantur; *ſed* domi *duntaxat*, foris *liguriebant*, ſcortabantur, *ludebant* alea. *Cumque* pater *gravaretur* impendere *teruncium* in gratiam *honeſtiſſimorum* convivarum, *juvenes* perdebant *interdum* ſexaginta *ducatos* una nocte *alea*.

They did uſe it; *But* at Home *only*, abroad *they fared daintily*, whored, *played* at Dice. *And whereas* the Father *thought much* to expend *a Farthing* on the Account *of the moſt honourable* Gueſts, *the young Fellows* loſt *ſometimes* ſixty *Ducats* in one Night *at Dice*.

A. Sic *ſolent* perire *quæ* corraduntur *ſordibus*. Verum incolumis *e tantis* periculis, *quo* te confers?

So *that uſes* to be loſt, *which* is ſcraped together *by Covetouſneſs*. But now that you are eſcaped *out of ſo great* Danger, *whither* do you betake yourſelf?

B. Ad vetuſtiſſimum *contubernium* Gallorum, *ſarturus* quod diſpendii *factum eſt* illic.

To a very old *Club* of French Men, *to make up* what Loſs *I ſuffered* there.

# DILUCULUM.

A. HODIE *volebam* te conventum, *ſed* negabaris *eſſe* domi.

TO-DAY *I was deſirous* to have met with you, *but* you were denied *to be* at Home.

B. Non mentiti ſunt *omnino*. Non eram *quidem* tibi, *ſed* eram *tum* mihi maxime.

They did not lye *altogether*. I was not *indeed* for you, *but* I was *then* for myſelf very much.

A. Quid *ænigmatis* eſt *iſtud*?

What *Riddle* is *that*?

B. Noſti *illud* vetus *proverbium*, Non dormio *omnibus*. Nec *jocus* Naſicæ *fugit te* cui volenti *inviſere* familiarem *Ennium*, cum *ancilla* juſſu *heri*, negaſſet *eſſe* domi: *Naſica* ſenſit *et* diſceſſit. *Cæterum* ubi *Ennius* viciſſim *ingreſſus* domum *Naſicæ*, rogaret *puerum* num *eſſet*

You know *that* old *Proverb*, I do not ſleep *for all Men*. Nor *does the Jeſt* of Naſica *eſcape you* to whom deſirous *to viſit* his Friend *Ennius*, when *the Maid*, by the Order *of her Maſter*, denied *that he was* at Home; *Naſica* perceived it, *and* departed. *But* when *Ennius* in his Turn *entering* the Houſe *of Naſica*, aſked *the Boy* in

intus, *Naſica* clamavit *de conclavi*, inquiens, *Non ſum* domi. *Quumque* Ennius *agnita* voce *dixiſſet*, Impudens, *non agnoſco* te *loquentem?* Imo, *inquit* Naſica, *tu* impudentior, *qui* non habes *fidem* mihi, *cum* ego *crediderim* tuæ ancillæ.

whether *he was* within, *Naſica* ſhouted *from the Parlour*, ſaying, *I am not* at Home. *And when* Ennius *knowing* his Voice *ſaid*, You impudent Fellow, *do not I know* you *ſpeaking?* Nay, *ſays* Naſica, *you are* more impudent, *who* do not give *Credit* to me, *whereas* I *truſted* your Maid.

A. Eras *fortaſſe* occupatior.

You were *perhaps* buſy.

B. Imo *ſuaviter* otioſus.

Nay *ſweetly* idle.

A. Rurſum *torques* ænigmate.

Again *you trouble me* with a Riddle.

B. Dicam *igitur* explanate. *Nec* dicam *ficum* aliud *quam* ficum.

I will tell you *then* plainly. *Nor* will I call *a Fig* any Thing elſe *than* a Fig.

A. Dic.

Tell me.

B. Altum dormiebam.

I was faſt aſleep.

A. Quid ais? *Atqui* octavo *hora* præterierat *jam*, cum *ſol* ſurgat *hoc menſe* ante quartam.

What ſay you? *But* the eighth *Hour* had paſſed *then*, whereas *the Sun* riſeth *this Month* before the fourth.

B. Li-

B. Libertum eſt *ſoli* per me *quidem* ſurgere *vel* media nocte, *modo* liceat *mihi* dormire *uſque* ad ſatietatem.

A. Verum *utrum* iſtuc accidit *caſu*, an *eſt* conſuetudo?

B. Conſuetudo *prorſus*.

A. Atqui *conſuetudo* rei *non* bonæ *eſt* peſſima.

B. Imo *nullus* ſomnus *eſt* ſuavior *quam* poſt ſolem exortum.

A. Qua hora *tandem* ſoles *relinquere* lectum?

B. Inter *quartam* et *nonam*.

A. Spatium *ſatis amplum*. Reginæ *vix* tot horis comuntur, *ſed* unde *veniſti* in iſtam conſuetudinem?

B. Quia *ſolemus* proferre *convivia* luſus, *et* jocus *in multam noctem*. Penſa-

It is free *for the Sun* for me *indeed* to riſe *even* at Midnight, *ſo that* it be allowed *me* to ſleep *to* Satisfaction.

But *whether* did that happen *by Chance*, or *is it* a Cuſtom?

Cuſtom *entirely*.

But *the Cuſtom* of a Thing *not* good *is* very bad.

Nay *no* Sleep *is* pleaſanter *than* after the Sun is riſen.

What Hour *at laſt* do you uſe *to leave* your Bed?

Betwixt *the fourth* and *the ninth*.

Time *long enough*. Queens *hardly* are ſo many Hours a dreſſing, *but* how *came you* into that Cuſtom?

Becauſe *we uſe* to prolong *Feaſts*, Games, *and* Jeſts *'till late at Night*. We make up

mus

mus *id diſpendii* matutino ſomino.

*that Loſs* by Morning Sleep.

A. Vix unquam vidi *hominem* perditius *prodigum* te.

I ſcarce ever ſaw *a Man* more perniciouſly *prodigal* than you.

B. Videtur *mihi* parſimonia *magis* quam *profuſio*. Interim *nec abſumo* candelas, *nec* detero *veſtes*.

It ſeems *to me* Frugality *rather* than *Prodigality*. In the mean Time *I neither conſume* Candles, *nor* wear *Cloaths*.

A. Præpoſtera *frugalitas* quidem *ſervare* vitrum *ut* perdas *gemmas*: Ille *philoſophus* aliter ſapuit, *qui* rogatus *quid* eſſet *pretioſiſſimum*, reſpondit *tempus*. Porro *cum* conſtet *diluculum* eſſe *optimam* partem *totius* diei, *tu gaudes* perdere *quod* eſt *pretioſiſſimum* in pretioſiſſima re.

Prepoſterous *Frugality* indeed *to ſave* Glaſs *that* you may loſe *Jewels*. That *Philoſopher* was otherwiſe minded, *who* being aſked *what* was *the moſt precious Thing*, anſwered *Time*. Moreover, *ſince* it is agreed *that the Morning* is *the beſt* Part *of the whole* Day, *you love* to loſe *what* is *the moſt precious* in the moſt precious Thing.

B. An hoc perit *quod* datur *corpuſculo*?

Is that loſt, *which* is given *to the Body*?

A. Imo *detrahitur* corpuſculo, *quod* tum *ſuaviſſime afficitur*, maximeq; vegetatur, *cum* reficitur *tempeſtivo* moderatoq; *ſomno*, et *corroboratur* matutina vigilia.

Nay *it is taken* from the Body, *which* then *is moſt ſweetly affected*, and moſt of all recruited, *when* it is refreſhed *with ſeaſonable* and moderate *Sleep*, and *is ſtrengthened* with Morning Watching.

B. Sed

B. Sed eſt *dulce* dormire.

But it is *pleaſant* to ſleep.

A. Quid *poteſt* eſſe *dulce* ſatienti *nihil?*

What *can* be *pleaſant* to one that perceives *nothing?*

B. Hoc *ipſum* eſt *dulce* ſentire *nihil* moleſtiæ.

This *very Thing* is *pleaſant* to perceive *nothing* of Trouble.

A. Atqui *ſunt* feliciores *iſto nomine*, qui *dormiunt* in ſepulchris; *nam* nonnunquam *inſomnia* ſunt *moleſta* dormienti.

But *they are* more happy *in that Reſpect* who *ſleep* in their Graves; *for* ſometimes *Dreams* are *troubleſome* to a Man aſleep.

B. Aiunt *corpus* ſaginari *maxime* eo ſomno.

They ſay *that the Body* is fattened *moſt of all* with that Sleep.

A. Iſta *eſt* ſagina *glirium*, non *hominum*. Animalia *quæ* parantur *epulis* recte ſaginantur. *Quorſum attinet* homini *accerſere* obeſitatem, *niſi* ut *incedat* onuſtos *graviore* ſarcina? *Dic* mihi, *ſi* haberes *famulum* utrum *malles* obeſum, *an* vegetum *et* habilem *ad omnia munia?*

That *is* the Fattening *of Dormice*, not *of Men*. Animals *that* are prepared *for Feaſts* are rightly fattened. *What ſignifies it* for a Man *to procure* Fatneſs, *but* that *he may go* loaded *with a heavier* Pack? *Tell* me, *if* you had *a Servant*, whether *you had rather have him* fat, *or* lively *and* fit *for all Services?*

B. *Atqui non ſum* famulus.

But *I am not* a Servant.

tantem *canta*; cum *elephantus* adoret *orientem* ſolem, *hominem* ſtertere *diu* poſt *exortum* ſolis? *Quoties* ille *aureus* ſplendor *illuſtrat* tuum *cubiculum*, nonne videtur *exprobrare* dormienti, *ſtulte*, quid *gaudes* perdere *optimam* partem *vitæ tuæ*? Non luceo *in hoc* ut *dormiatis* abditi, *ſed* ut *invigiletis* honeſtiſſimis rebus. *Nemo* accendit *lucernam*, ut *dormiat*, ſed *ut* agat *aliquid* operis: *et* nihil aliud quam ſtertis *ad hanc lucernam* pulcherrimam *omnium*?

Man ſhould ſnore *a long Time* after *the Riſing* of the Sun? *As often as* that *golden* Splendor *enlightens* your *Bed-Chamber*, does it not ſeem *to upbraid* you ſleeping, *thou Fool*, why *doſt thou love* to loſe *the beſt* Part *of thy Life*? I do not ſhine *for this* that *you may ſleep* in private, *but* that *you may mind* the moſt honourable Things. *No body* lights *a Candle* that *he may ſleep*, but *that* he may do *ſome* Work: *And* doſt thou nothing elſe but ſnore *by this Candle*, the fineſt *of all*?

B. Declamas *belle*.

You declaim *prettily*.

A. Non *belle*, ſed *vere*, Age, *non dubito* quin *audiveris* frequenter *illud* Heſiodeum, *parſimonia* eſt *ſera* in fundo.

Not *prettily*, but *truly*. Well, *I doubt not* but *you have heard* frequently *that* of Heſiod, *Sparing* is *too late* in the Bottom.

B. Frequentiſſime, *nam* vinum *eſt* optimum *in medio* dolio.

Very frequently, *for* Wine *is* the beſt *in the Middle* of the Caſk.

A. Atqui *prima* pars *in vita*, nimirum, *adoleſcentia*, eſt *optima*.

But *the firſt* Part *in Life*, to wit, *Youth*, is *the beſt*.

A. Pro-

| | |
|---|---|
| A. Profecto *ſic* eſt. | Truly *ſo* it is. |
| B. At *diluculum* eſt *hoc* diei, *quod* adoleſcentia *vitæ*. An non faciunt *igitur* ſtulte, *qui* perdunt *adoleſcentiam* nugis, *matutinas* horas *ſomno*? | But *the Morning* is *that* to the Day, *which* Youth is *to Life*. Do not they do *therefore* fooliſhly, *who* loſe *their Youth* in Trifles, *their morning* Hours *in Sleep*? |
| A. Sic *apparet*. | So *it appears*. |
| B. An eſt *ulla* poſſeſſio, *quæ* ſit *conferenda* cum *vita* hominis? | Is there *any* Poſſeſſion, *that* is *to be compared* with *the Life* of Man? |
| A. Ne *univerſa* gaza *quidem* Perſarum. | Not *all* the Treaſure *indeed* of the Perſians. |
| B. An non odiſſes *hominem* vehementer, *qui* poſſet *ac* vellet *decurtare* vitam *tibi* malis *artibus* ad aliquot annos? | Would you not hate *the Man* very much, *who* could *and* would *ſhorten* your Life *for you* by evil *Arts* for ſome Years? |
| A. Ipſe *mallem* eripere *vitam* illi. | I *had rather* take *his Life* from him. |
| B. Verum *arbitror* pejores *et* nocentiores, *qui* volentes *reddunt* vitam *breviorem* ſibi. | But I *think them* worſe *and* more miſchievous, *who* voluntarily *make* Life *ſhorter* to themſelves. |
| A. Fateor *ſi* quis *tales* reperiuntur. | I confeſs *if* any *ſuch are* found. |

B. Re-

B. Reperiuntur! *Imo* omnes *ſimiles* tui *faciunt* id.

Found! *Nay* all *like* you *do* that.

A. Bona verba.

Good Words.

B. Optima. *Reputa* ſic *cum* tuo animo, *nonne Plinius videtur* dixiſſe *rectiſſime*, vitam *eſſe* vigiliam, *et* hominem *vivere* hoc *pluribus* horis, *quo* majorem *partem* temporis *impenderit* ſtudiis? *Somnus enim* eſt *quædam mors*. Unde *et* fingitur *venire* ab inferis, *et* dicitur *germanus* mortis *ab Homero*. Itaque *quos* ſomnus *occupat*, nec cenſentur *inter vivos*, nec *inter mortuos*, ſed *tamen* potius *inter mortuos*.

Very good. *Think* thus *with* your Mind, *does not Pliny ſeem* to have ſaid *very rightly*, that Life *is* a Watch, *and* that Man *lives* ſo many *the more* Hours, *by how much* the greater *Part* of his Time *he ſpends* in his Studies? *For Sleep* is *a Sort of Death*. From whence *alſo* it is pretended *to come* from Hell, *and* is called *the Brother-german* of Death *by Homer*. Wherefore *thoſe whom* Sleep *ſeizeth* are neither though *amongſt the Living*, nor *amongſt the Dead*, but *yet* rather *amongſt the Dead*.

A. Ita *videtur* omnino.

So *it ſeems* indeed.

B. Nunc *ſubducito* rationem *mihi*, quantam *portionem* vitæ *reſecent* ſibi, *qui* ſingulis diebus *perdunt* tres *aut* quatuor *horas* ſomno.

Now *caſt up* the Account *for me*, how great *a Part* of Life *they cut off* from themſelves, *who* every Day *loſe* three *or* four *Hours* in Sleep.

A. Video *immenſam* ſummam.

I ſee *an immenſe* Sum.

B. Non-

B. Nonne haberes *alcumiſtam* pro deo, *qui* poſſet *adjicere* decem *annos* ſummæ *vitæ*, et revocare *provectiorem* ætatem *ad vigorem* adoleſcentiæ?

Would not you reckon *the Alchymiſt* for a God, *that* could *add* ten *Years* to the Sum *of your Life*, and call back *advanced* Age *to the Vigour* of Youth?

A. Quid ni haberem?

Why ſhould I not reckon him ſo?

B. Sed *potes* præſtare *hoc* tam *divinum* beneficium *tibi*.

But *you may* do *this* ſo *divine* a Benefit *to yourſelf*.

A. Quid ſic?

How ſo?

B. Quia *mane* eſt *adoleſcentia* diei, *juventus* fervet *uſque ad* meridiem. *Mox* virilis ætas, *cui* ſuccedit *veſpera* pro ſenecta; *occaſus* excipit *veſperam*, velut *mors* diei. *Parſimonia autem* eſt *magnum* vectigal, *ſed* nuſquam *majus* quam *heic*. An non igitur adjunxit *ſibi* ingens *lucrum*, qui *deſiit* perdere *magnam* partem *vitæ*, eamq; *optimam*?

Becauſe *the Morning is the Youth* of the Day, *Youth* keeps warm *'till* Noon. *By and by* the manly Age, *after which* comes *the Evening* for old Age; *Sun-ſet* ſucceeds *the Evening*, *as the Death* of the Day. *And Frugality* is a *great* Revenue, *but* no where *greater* than *here*. Has not he therefore procured *to himſelf* a great *Gain*, who *has ceaſed* to loſe *a great* Part *of his Life*, and that *the beſt*?

A. Prædicas vera.

You ſay true.

B. Proinde *eorum queremonia* videtur *ad-*

Wherefore *their Complaint* ſeems *very* impudent,

*dum*

*modum* impudens, *qui* accuſant *naturam*, quod finierit *vitam* hominis *tam anguſtis* ſpatiis, *cum* ipſi *ſponte* amputent *ſibi* tantum *ex eo* quod *datum eſt*. Vita *eſt* longa *ſatis* cuique, *ſi* diſpenſetur *parce*. Nec *eſt* mediocris *profectus*, ſi *quis* gerat *quæque* ſuo tempore. *A prandio* vix ſumus *ſemihomines*, cum *corpus* onuſtum *cibis* aggravat *mentem*. Nec *eſt* tutum *evocare* ſpiritus *ab officina* ſtomachi, *peragentes* officium *concoctionis* ad ſuperiora *multo* minus *a cæna*. At *homo* eſt *totus* homo *matutinis horis*, dum *corpus* eſt *habile* ad omne miniſterium, *dum* alacer *animus* viget, *dum* omnia *organa* mentis *ſunt* tranquilla *et* ſerena, *dum* particula *divinæ* auræ *ſpirat*, ut ait ille, *ac* ſapit ſuam originem, *et* rapitur *ad honeſta*.

A. Tu concionaris *quidem* eleganter.

*who* accuſe *Nature* for having bounded *the Life* of Man *within ſo narrow a* Compaſs, *when* they *of their own Accord* cut off *from themſelves* ſo much *of that* which *was given them*. Life *is* long *enough* for every one, *if* it be diſpoſed of *ſparingly*. Nor *is it* a mean *Proficiency*, if *a Man* does *every Thing* in its Time. *After Dinner* we are ſcarce *half Men*, when *the Body* loaded *with Meat* oppreſſes *the Mind*. Nor *is it* ſafe *to call off* the Spirits *from the Work-houſe* of the Stomach, *performing* the Offices *of Concoction* to the upper Parts, *much* leſs *after Supper*. But *a Man* is *wholly* Man *in the Morning Hours* whilſt *the Body* is *fit* for all Service, *whilſt* the chearful *Mind* is vigorous, *whilſt* all *the Organs* of the Mind *are* quiet *and* ſerene, *whilſt* the Particle *of divine* Air *breathes*, as a certain one ſays, *and* has a Tincture of its Original, *and* is carried out *to honourable Things*.

You preach *indeed* finely.

B. Fa-

B. Faber ærarius *ob* vile *lucellum* ſurgit *ante lucem*, et *amor* ſapientiæ *non poteſt* expergefacere *nos*, ut *audiamus* ſaltem *ſolem* evocantem *ad inæſtimabile* lucrum. *Medici* fere *non dant* pharmacum *niſi* diluculo, *illi* norunt *aureas* horas, *ut ſubveniat* corpori, *nos non novimus eas* ut locupletemus *et* ſanemus *animum?* Quod *ſi* hæc *habent* leve *pondus* apud te, *audi* quid *illa* cœleſtis *ſapientia* apud Solomonem *loquatur*. Qui *vigilaverint* ad me, *inquit*, mane *invenient* me. *In myſticis* pſalmis, *quanta* commendatio *matutini temporis?* Mane *propheta* extollit *miſericordiam* domini, *mane* ejus vox *auditur*, mane *ejus deprecatio* prævenit *dominum*. Et *apud Lucam* evangeliſtam *populus* expetens *ſanitatem* et *doctrinam* a domino *confluit* ad illum *mane*. Quid *ſuſpiras?*

A Brazier *for* poor *Gain* riſes *before Light*, and *the Love* of Wiſdom *cannot* awake *us*, that *we may hear* at leaſt *the Sun* calling us up *to ineſtimable* Gain. *Doctors* commonly *give not* Phyſic *but* in the Morning; *they* know *the golden* Hours, *to relieve* the Body, *do not we know them* to enrich *and* cure *the Mind?* But *if* theſe Things *have* little *Weight* with you, *hear* what *that* heavenly *Wiſdom* with Solomon *ſays*. They that *watch* for me, *ſays ſhe*, in the Morning *ſhall find* me. *In the myſtical* Pſalms *how great is* the Commendation *of the morning Time?* In the Morning *the Prophet* extols *the Mercy* of the Lord, *in the Morning* his Voice *is heard*, in the Morning *his Prayer* prevents *the Lord*. And *in Luke* the Evangeliſt, *the People* deſiring *Health* and *Inſtruction* from the Lord, *flock in* to him *in the Morning*. Why *do you ſigh?*

A. Vix

A. Vix teneo lachrymas, *cum* ſubit *quantam* jacturam *vitæ* fecerim.

I ſcare refrain from Tears, *when* I think *how great* a Waſte *of Life* I have made.

B. Eſt *ſupervacaneum* diſcruciari *ob ea*, quæ *non poſſunt* revocari, *ſed* tamen *poſſunt* ſarciri *poſterioribus curis.* Incumbe *huc* igitur *potius* quam *facias jacturam* futuri temporis *quoque* inani deploratione *præteritorum.*

It is *needleſs* to be tormented *for thoſe Things*, which *cannot* be recalled, *but* yet *may* be cured *by future Care.* Apply yourſelf *to this* therefore *rather* than *make a Waſte* of the Time to come *too* by a vain lamenting *of what is paſt.*

A. Mones *bene*, ſed *diutina* conſuetudo *jam facit me ſui juris.*

You adviſe *well*, but *long* Cuſtom *has now brought me under its Dominion.*

B. Phy! Clavus *pellitur* clavo, *conſuetudo conſuetudine.*

Puh! A Nail *is driven out* by a Nail, *Cuſtom* is overcome *by Cuſtom.*

A. At *durum eſt* relinquere *ea* quibus *diu aſſueveris.*

But *it is hard* to leave *thoſe Things* to which *you have been long uſed.*

B. Initio *quidem*, ſed *diverſa* conſuetudo *primum* lenit *eam* moleſtiam, *mox* vertit *in ſummam voluptatem*, ut *non oporteat te* pœnitere *brevis moleſtiæ.*

At the Beginning *indeed*, but *a different* Cuſtom *firſt* mitigates *that* Trouble, *by and by* turns it *into the greateſt Pleaſure*, that *you ought not* to be concerned *for a ſhort Trouble.*

A. Ve-

A. Vereor ut ſuccedat.

I am afraid it will not ſucceed.

B. Si *eſſes* ſeptuagenarius, *non retraherem* te *a ſolitis*, nunc *vix egreſſus es* decimum ſeptimum *annum*, opinor. *Quid autem eſt* quod *iſta* ætas *non poſſit* vincere, *ſi* adſit *modo* promptus *animus?*

If *you were* ſeventy Years old, *I would not take* you *off from what you were uſed to*, now *you are ſcarce paſt* the ſeventeenth *Year*, I believe. *And what is it* which *that* Age *cannot* conquer, *if* there be *but* a ready *Mind?*

A. Quidem *aggrediar*, conaborque, *ut* fiam *philologus* ex phylypno.

Truly *I will attempt it*, and endeavour, *that* I may become *a Philologer* of a Lover of Sleep.

B. Si *feceris id*, ſcio ſatis, *poſt* paucos *dies*, et *gratulaberis* ſerio *tibi*, et *ages* mihi *grates*, qui monuerim.

If *you do that*, I know well enough, *after* a few *Days*, both *you will rejoice* in earneſt *to yourſelf*, and *give* me *Thanks*, who adviſed you to it.

# COLLOQUIUM SENILE.

Euſebius, Pampyrus, Polygamus, Glycion.

Eu. QUAS *novas* aves *video* hic? *Niſi* animus *fallit* me, *aut* oculi *proſpiciunt* parum, *video* tres *veteres* congerrones *meos* confidentes, *Pampyrum*, Polygamum, *et* Glycionem.

WHAT *new* Birds *do I ſee* here? *Unleſs* my Mind *deceives* me, *or* my Eyes *diſcern* but little, *I ſee* three *old* Companions *of mine* ſitting together, *Pampyrus*, Polygamus, *and* Glycion.

Pa. Quid tibi vis *cum* vitreis *oculis*, faſcinator? *Congredere* propius *Euſebi*.

What do you mean *with* your glaſs *Eyes*, you Wizard? *Come* nearer *Euſebius*.

Po. Salve *Euſebi*, multum *exoptate*.

God ſave you *Euſebius*, much *longed for*.

Gly. Sit *bene* tibi *optime* vir.

May it be *well* with you *very good* Sir.

Eu. Una *ſalute*, ſalvete *omnes*. Quis *deus* aut *caſus* felicior *deo* conjunxit *nos*? Nam

In one *Salutation*, God ſave you *all*. What *God*, or *Chance* more lucky *than a God*, has joined *us*? For

*nemo*

*nemo* noſtrum *vidit* alium *jam* quadraginta *annis*, opinor. *Mercurius* non potuiſſet *contrahere* nos in *unum* melius *ſuo caduceo*.

*none* of us *has ſeen* another *now* this forty *Years*, I think. *Mercury* could not *have brought* us *together* better *with his Rod*.

A. Quid *agitis* hic?

What *are you doing* here?

Pa. Sedemus.

We are ſitting.

Eu. Video, *ſed* qua de cauſa?

I ſee, *but* for what Cauſe?

Po. Operimur *currum*, qui *devehat* nos *Antwerpiam*.

We are waiting for *a Coach*, that *ſhould carry* us *to Antwerp*.

Eu. Ad mercatum?

To the Mart?

Po. Scilicet; *ſed* ſpectatores *magis* quam *negotiatores*.

Yes; *but* Spectators *more* than *Traders*.

Eu. Et *nobis eſt iter* eodem. *Verum* quid *obſtat*, quo minus eatis?

And *I am travelling* to the ſame Place. *But* what *hinders* that you do not go?

Po. Nondum convenit *cum* aurigis.

We are not yet agreed *with* the Coachmen.

Eu. Difficile *genus* hominum; *ſed* viſne *ut* imponamus illis?

A hard *Kind* of Men: *But* are you willing *that* we ſhould impoſe upon them?

Po. Liberet *ſi* liceret.

It would pleaſe me *if* it could be.

| | |
|---|---|
| Eu. Simulemus *nos* velle *abire* ſimul *pedibus*. | Let us pretend *that we* will *go* together *on Foot*. |
| Po. Credant *citius* cancros *volaturos*, quam *nos* tam *grandes* confecturos *hoc* iter *pedibus*. | They would believe *ſooner* that Crabs *would fly*, than *that we* ſo *elderly* ſhould diſpatch *this* Journey *on Foot*. |
| Gl. Vultis *rectum* ac *verum* conſilium? | Would you have *right* and *true* Advice? |
| Po. Maxime. | Yes. |
| Gl. Illi *potant*, quo diutius *faciunt* id, *hoc* plus *periculi* erit, *ne ubi* dejiciant *nos* in lutum. | They *are drinking*, the longer *they do* that, *ſo much* the more *Danger* will there be, *leſt ſome where* they throw *us* into the Dirt. |
| P. Oportet venias *admodum diluculo*, ſi *velis* aurigam *ſobrium*. | You muſt come *very early*, if *you will have* a Coachman *ſober*. |
| Gl. Quo *perveniamus* maturius *Antwerpiam*, ſtipulemus *currum* nobis *quatuor* ſolis. *Cenſeo* tantillum *pecuniæ* contemnendum. *Hoc* damnum *penſabitur* multis *commoditatibus*. Sedebimus *commodius*, ac *tranſigemus* hoc *iter* ſuaviſſime *mutuis* fabulis. | That *we may come* the ſooner *to Antwerp*, let us hire *a Coach* for us *four* alone. *I think*, that ſo little *Money* is to be deſpiſed. *This* Loſs *will be made up* by many *Conveniences*. We ſhall ſit *more conveniently*, and *ſhall paſs* this *Journey* moſt ſweetly *in mutual* Stories. |

Po. Gly.

Po. Glycion *ſuadet* recte.

Glycion *adviſes* right.

Gl. Tranſegi. *Conſcendamus.* Voh! *nunc* libet *vivere*, poſteaquam *contigit* mihi *videre* ſodales *olim* cariſſimos, *ex* tanto intervallo.

I have bargained. *Let us go in.* Oh! *now* I have a Mind *to live*, after *it has happened* to me *to ſee* Companions *formerly* very dear *after* ſo long an Interval.

Eu. Ac *videor* mihi *repubeſcere*.

And *I ſeem* to myſelf *to grow young again*.

Po. Quot *annos* ſupputatis, *ex quo* conviximus *Lutetiæ?*

How *many Years* do you count it *ſince* we lived together *at Paris?*

Eu. Arbitror *non* pauciores *quadraginta* duobus.

I think *no* fewer *than forty* two.

Po. Tum *videbamur* omnes æquales.

Then *we ſeemed* all of an Age.

Eu. Ita *eramus* ferme, *aut* ſi *erat* quid *diſcriminis*, erat *perpuſillum*.

So *we were* almoſt, *or* if *there was* any thing *of Difference*, it was *very little*.

Pa. At *nunc* quanta *inæqualitas?* Nam *Glycion* habet *nihil* ſenii, *et* Polygamus *queat* videri *hujus avus*.

But *now* how great is *the Inequality*; For *Glycion* has *nothing* of old Age, *and* Polygamus *might ſeem his Grand Father*.

Eu. Profecto *ſic* res *habet*. Quid rei *in cauſa?*

Truly *ſo* the Thing *is*. What Thing *is the Occaſion?*

 Pa. Quid?

| | |
|---|---|
| Pa. Quid? *Aut* hic *ceſſavit* ac *reſtitit* in curſu, *aut* ille *antevertit*. | What? *Either* he *has loitered* and *ſtopped* in the Race, *or* the other *has outran him*. |
| Eu, Oh! *anni* non ceſſant, *quantumvis* homines *ceſſent*. | Oh! *Years* do not loiter, *how much ſoever* Men *may loiter*. |
| Po. Dic *bona* fide, *Glycion*, quot *annos* numeras? | Tell me *in good* Faith *Glycion*, how many *Years* do you reckon? |
| Gl. Plures *quam* ducatos. | More *than* Ducats. |
| Po. Quot *tandem*? | How many *at laſt*? |
| Gl. Sexaginta *ſex*. | Sixty *ſix*. |
| Po. Sed qnibus *artibus* remoratus es *ſenectutem*? Nam *neque* canities, *neque* rugoſa *cutis* adeſt. *Oculi* vigent, *ſeries* dentium *utrinque* nitet, *color* eſt *vividus*, corpus *ſucculentum*. | But by what *Arts* have you kept off *old Age*? For *neither* Hoarineſs, *nor* a wrinkled *Skin* is yet come upon you. *The Eyes* are briſk, *the Row* of Teeth *on each ſide* is neat, *the Colour* is *lively*, and the Body *full of Blood*. |
| Gl. Dicam *meas* artes, *modo* tu narres *nobis* viciſſim *tuas* artes, *quibus* acceleraſti *ſenectutem*. | I will tell *my* Arts, *ſo be* you tell *us* again *your* Arts, *by which* you haſtened on *old Age*. |
| Po. Recipio *me facturum*. Dic *igitur*, | I undertake *that I will do it*. Tell us *then*, whi- |

quo

quo *contuliſti* te *relicta* Lutetia ?

ther *did you betake* yourſelf *after you left* Paris ?

Gl. Recta *in patriam*. Commoratus *illic* fère *annum*, cœpi *diſpicere* de eligendo *genere* vitæ. *Quam* rem *ego* credo *habere* non *leve* momentum *ad felicitatem*. Circumſpiciebam *quid* ſuccederet *cuiquam*, quid *ſecus*.

Directly *into my Country*. Having ſtaid *there* almoſt *a Year*, I began *to conſider* about chooſing *a Way* of Life. *Which* Thing *I* believe *to have* no *ſmall* Moment *towards Happineſs*. I conſidered *what* ſucceeded *with any one*, what did *otherwiſe*.

Po. Miror *fuiſſe tibi* tantum *mentis*, cum *nihil* fuerit *nugacius* te *Lutetiæ*.

I wonder *you had* ſo much *Senſe*, whereas *nothing* was *more trifling* than you *at Paris*.

Gl. Tum *ætas* ferebat; *et* tamen, *o bone*, non geſſi *omnem* rem *hic* meo marte.

Then *my Age* allowed it; *and* yet, *good Sir*, I did not manage *the whole* Affair *here* by my own Conduct.

Po. Mirabar.

I wondered.

Gl Priuſquam *aggrederer* quidquam, *adii* quendam *e civibus*, grandem natu, *prudentiſſimum* longo *uſu* rerum, *et* probatiſſimum *teſtimonio* totius *civitatis*, ac *meo judicio*, feliciſſimum *etiam*.

Before *I attempted* any thing, *I went* to one *of the Citizens*, elderly, *very wiſe* by long *Experience* in Affairs, *and* very well approved of *by the Teſtimony* of the whole *City*, and *in my Judgement* very happy *too*.

Eu. S

| | |
|---|---|
| Eu. Sapiebas. | You were wiſe. |
| Gl. Uſus *hujus* conſilio *duxi* uxorem. | Uſing *his* Advice, *I married* a Wife. |
| Po. Pulchre dotatam? | With a good Fortune? |
| Gl. Mediocri *dote*: ea *res* ceſſit *mihi* plane *ex animi ſententia*. | With a moderate *Fortune*: That *Thing* fell out *to me* truly *according to my Heart's Deſire*. |
| Po. Quot *annos* natus *eras* tum? | How many *Years* old *were you* then? |
| Gl. Ferme *viginti* duos. | Almoſt *twenty* two. |
| Po. O felicem te! | O happy you! |
| Gl. Non debeo *totum* hoc *fortunæ*, ne quid erres. | I do not owe *all* this *to Fortune*, do not miſtake. |
| Po. Qui ſic? | How ſo? |
| Gl. Dicam, *alii* diligunt, *priuſquam* deligant, *ego* delegi *judicio*, priuſquam *diligerem*, et *tamen* duxi *hanc* magis *ad poſteritatem*, quam *ad voluptatem*. Vixi *cum ea* ſuaviſſime *non* plures *octo* annos. | I will tell you, *others* love *before* they chooſe, I choſe *judiciouſly*, before *I loved*, and *yet* I married *her* more *for iſſue* than *for Pleaſure*. I lived *with her* moſt pleaſantly *no* more *than eight* Years. |

Po. Re-

| | |
|---|---|
| Po. Reliquit *orbum?* | Did ſhe leave you *childleſs?* |
| Gi. Imo *duo* filii, *totidemque* filiæ *ſuperſunt.* | Nay *two* Sons, *and as many* Daughters *ſurvive her.* |
| Po. Vivisne *privatus,* an *fungeris* magiſtratu? | Do you live *a private Perſon,* or *do you bear* any Office? |
| Gl. Eſt mihi *publicum* munus. *Majora* poterant *contingere,* verum *delegi* hoc *mihi,* quod *haberet* tantum *dignitatis,* ut *vindicaret* me *a contemptu,* cæterum *minime* obnoxium *moleſtis* negotiis. *Ita* nec eſt *quod* quiſquam *objiciat* me *vivere* mihi. *Et* eſt unde dem operam *amicis* quoque *nonnunquam:* contentus *hoc* ambii *nihil* magis; *verum* geſſi *magiſtratum* ſic *ut* dignitas *accreverit* illi *ex me.* Ego *duco* hoc *pulchrius* quam *ſumere mutuo* dignitatem *ex ſplendore* muneris. | I have *a public* Office. *Greater Places* might *have fallen to me,* but *I choſe* this *for myſelf,* becauſe *it had* ſo much *of Honour,* that *it would ſecure* me *from Contempt,* but *not at all* liable *to troubleſome* Buſineſs. *So* there is no reaſon *that* any one *ſhould object* that I *live* for myſelf. *And* I have it in my Power to be ſerviceable *to my Friends* too *ſometimes:* content *with this,* I ſought *no* more: *But* I bore *my Office* ſo, *that* Dignity *accrued* to it *from me.* I *reckon* this *handſomer* than *to borrow* Dignity *from the Splendour* of an Office. |
| Eu. Nihil *verius* | Nothing *more true.* |

*Gl.* Sic *conſenui* inter *meos* cives *charus omnibus*.

Thus *I grew old* amongſt *my* Citizens *dear* to all.

*Eu.* Iſtuc *eſt* difficillimum, *cum* dictum ſit *non* abs re, *cum* qui *habet* neminem *inimicum*, nec habere *quenquam* amicum; *et* invidiam *eſſe* ſemper *comitem* felicitatis.

That *is* very hard, *ſeeing* it has been ſaid *not* without Reaſon, *that he* who *has* no body *his Enemy*, has not *any one* his Friend; *and* that Envy *is* always *the Companion* of Happineſs.

*Gl.* Invidia *ſolet* comitari *inſignem* felicitatem. *Mediocritas* eſt *tuta*. Et *hoc* fuit *mihi* perpetuum *ſtudium*, ne compararem quid mei commodi *ex incommodis* aliorum. *Ingreſſi* memet *nullis* negotiis, *ſed* præcipue *continui* me *ab his*, quæ *non poterant* ſuſcipi *ſine* offenſa *multorum*. Itaque *ſi* amicus *erit* juvandus, *benefacio* illi *ſic*, ut *parem* nullum *inimicum* mihi *hac de cauſa*. Et *ſi* quid *ſimultatis* otium fuerit *alicunde*, aut lenio *purgatione*, aut *extinguo* officiis, *aut* patior *intermori* diſſimulatione. *Abſtineo*

Envy *uſes* to attend upon *extraordinary* Happineſs. *A Mean* is *ſafe*. And *this* was *my* conſtant *Care*, not to procure to myſelf any Advantage *by the Diſadvantage* of others. *I thruſt* myſelf *into no* Buſineſs, *but* eſpecially *kept* myſelf *from that* which *could not* be undertaken *without* the Offence *of many*. Wherefore *if* a Friend *is* to be aſſiſted, *I befriend* him *ſo*, that *I procure* no Enemy to myſelf *upon that Account*. And *if* any *Difference* ariſes *on any hand*, I either ſoften it *by clearing myſelf*, or *quaſh it* by Kindneſs, *or* ſuffer it *to die away* by taking no Notice. *I abſtain* always *from Contention*; which *if* it happen, *I had rather*

ſem-

ſemper *a contentione*; quæ *ſi* inciderit, *malo* facere jacturam *rei* quam *amicitiæ*. In cæteris ego quendam Mitionem, *arrideo* omnibus; *ſaluto* et *reſaluto* benigniter. *Repugno* nullius *animo*. Damno *inſtitutum* aut *factum* nullius: *præfero* me *nemini*: quod *velim* taceri, *credo* nemini: *non ſcrutor* aliorum *arcana*, et *ſi* forte *novi* quid *nunquam effutio*. Aut taceo *de his* qui *non ſunt* præſentes, *aut* loquor *amice* ac *civiliter*. Magna *pars* ſimultatum *inter* homines *naſcitur* ex intemperantia *linguæ*. Nec excito *nec* alo *alienas* ſimultates. *Sed* ubicunque *opportunitas* datur, *aut extinguo*, aut *mitigo*. His rationibus *hactenus* vitavi *invidiam*, et *alui* benevolentiam *meorum* civium.

ſuffer the Loſs *of Money* than *Friendſhip*. In other Things *I act* a Mitio, *I ſmile upon* all Men; *I ſalute* and *re-ſalute* kindly. *I oppoſe* no Man's *Inclinations*. I condemn *the Uſage* or *Actions* of no Man. *I prefer* myſelf *before no body*. What *I would have* concealed, *I truſt* to no body: *I examine not into* other Men's *Secrets*, and *if* by chance *I knew* any Thing, *I never blab it*. I either hold my Tongue *of thoſe* who *are not* preſent, *or* ſpeak *friendly* and *civilly*. A great *Part* of the Quarrels *amongſt* Men *ariſes* from the Intemperance *of the Tongue*. I neither excite *nor* promote *other Men's* Quarrels. *But* whereſoever *an Opportunity* is given, *I either put an end to them*, or *leſſen them*. By theſe Means *hitherto* I have avoided *Envy*, and *preſerved* the Good-will *of my* Citizens.

PA. Non ſenſiſti *cælibatum* gravem?

Did not you find *a ſingle Life* troubleſome?

GL. Nihil *unquam* accidit *mihi* quidem *acer-*

Nothing *ever* happened *to me* indeed *more bitter* in *acer-*

*acerbius* in vita *morte* uxoris; *at* optaſſem *vehementer*, illam *conſeneſcere* una *mecum*, et *frui* communibus *liberis*; ſed *quando* viſum eſt *aliter* ſuperis, *judicavi* ſic *expedire magis* utrique; *neque* putàvi *cauſam* cur *diſcruciarem* me *inani* luctu, *præſertim* cum *is* nihil prodeſſet *defunctæ*.

my Life, *than the Death* of my Wife: *And* I could have wiſhed *mightily*, that ſhe *might have grown old* together *with me*, and *enjoyed* our common *Children*; but *ſince* it ſeemed *otherwiſe* to God, *I judged it* ſo *to be better* for both: *Neither* did I think *there was any Cauſe* why *I ſhould torment* myſelf *with vain* Mourning, *eſpecially* ſince *that* would do no good *to the deceaſed*.

Po. Nunquamne inceſſit libido *repetendi matrimonii*, præſertim *cum* iſtud *ceſſiſſet* feliciter?

Had you never a Deſire *to marry again*, eſpecially *ſince* it *fell out* luckily.

Gl. Inceſſit libido; *ſed* duxeram *uxorem* cauſa *liberorum*; non duxi *rurſus* cauſa *liberorum*.

I had Deſire; *but* I had married *a Wife* for the Sake *of Children*; I did not marry *again* for the Sake *of Children*.

Po. At *eſt* miſerum *cubare* ſolum *totas* noctes.

But *it is* miſerable *to lie* alone *whole* Nights.

Gl. Nihil *eſt* difficile *volenti*. Tum *cogita* quantas *commoditates* cælibatus *habeat*. Quidam *decernunt* ex omni re, *ſi*

Nothing *is* difficult *to one that is willing*. Then *conſider* how great *Advantages* a ſingle Life *has*. Some *take* out of every Thing, *if* any *Inconveniency*

quid

quid *incommodi* ineſt: *qualis* ille *Crates* videtur *fuiſſe*, cujus titulo *fertur* epigramma *colligens* mala *vitæ*. Illud *proverbium placet* his, *optimum* non naſci. *Metrodorus* arridet *mihi* magis, *decerpens* undiquaque, *ſi* quid *boni* ineſt. *Nam* ſic *vita* fit *dulcior*. Et *ego* induxi *animum* ſic, *ut* oderim *vel* expetam *nihil* vehementer. *Ita* fit, *ut* ſi *quid* boni *contingat*, non efferar *aut* inſoleſcam, *ſi* quid *decedat*, non admodum crucier.

is in it? *Such as* that *Crates* ſeems *to have been*, under whoſe Name *goes* an Epigram, *collecting* the Evils *of Life*. That *Proverb pleaſes* them, *'tis beſt* not to be born. *Metrodorus* pleaſes *me* more, *gathering* from all Sides, *if* any *Good* be in a thing. *For* ſo *Life* becomes *more pleaſant*. And *I* have brought *my Mind* to that, *that* I hate *or* deſire *nothing* very much. *So* it comes to paſs, *that* if *any* Good *happens to me*, I am not elated *or* inſolent; *if* any thing *is loſt*, I am not much troubled.

Po. Næ *tu* es *philoſophus* ſapientior *Thalete* ipſo, *ſi* quidem *potes* illud.

Truly *you* are *a Philoſopher* wiſer *than Thales* himſelf, *if* indeed *you can do* that.

Gl. Si *quid* ægritudinis *obortum eſt* animo, *ut* vita *mortalium* fert *multa* hujuſmodi, *ejicio* ex animo *protinus*, ſive *ſit* ira *ex offenſa*, ſive *quid* aliud *factum* indigne.

If *any thing* of Trouble *ariſes* in my Mind, *as* the Life *of Mortals* produces *a great many things* of this kind, *I caſt it* out of my Mind *immediately*, whether *it be* Anger *from any Offence* or *any thing* elſe *done* unworthily.

Po. At *ſunt* quædam *injuriæ* quæ mo-

But *there are* ſome *Injuries* which *would raiſe*

 *veant*

*veant* ſtomachum *vel* placidiſſimo: *et tales ſunt* frequenter *offenſæ* famulorum.

Gl. Patior *nihil* reſidere *in animo*, ſi *queam* mederi, *medeor*: ſin *minus*, cogito *ſic*, quid *proderit* me *ringi*, re *habitura* nihilo *melius*? Quid, multis? *Patior* ut ratio impetret *hoc* a me, *mox*, quod *tempus* paulo *poſt* impetraret *a me*. Certe *eſt* nullus *dolor* animi *tantus* quem *patiar* ire cubitum *mecum*.

Eu. Nihil mirum ſi tu *non ſeneſcis*, qui *ſis* tali *animo*.

Gl. Atque *adeo* ne reticeam *quid* apud amicos, *cavi* cùm primis *ne committerem* quid *flagitii*, quod *poſſet* eſſe *probro* vel *mihi* vel *meis* liberis; *nam* nihil *eſt* irrequietius *animo* conſcio *ſibi* male. *Quod* ſi *quid* culpæ *ſit* admiſſum, *non eo* cubitum, *priuſquam* reconcilia[ro]

Reſentment *even* in the meekeſt Man: *And* ſuch *are* frequently *the Offences* of Servants.

I ſuffer *nothing* to ſettle *in my Mind*: If *I can* cure it, *I do cure it*. But if *not*, I think *thus*, what *will it ſignify* for me *to be vexed*, the Thing *being like, to be* nothing *the better*? What needs many Words? *I ſuffer* Reaſon to obtain *that* of me *preſently*, which *Time* a little *after* would obtain *of me*. However *there is* no *Trouble* of Mind *ſo great* which *I ſuffer* to go to Bed *with me*.

No Wonder *if* you *do not grow old*, who *are* of ſuch *a Mind*.

And *accordingly* that I may not conceal *any thing* with my Friends, *I took* care eſpecially *not to commit* any *Crime*, which *might* be *a Scandal* either *to me* or *my* Children; *for* nothing *is* more reſtleſs *than a Mind* conſcious *to itſelf* of any thing that is bad. *But* if *any* Fault *be* committed, *I do not go* to Bed, *before* I reconcile *myſelf* to God.

cilliaro

ciliato *me* Deo. *Convenire* bene *cum* Deo *eſt* fons *veræ* tranquilitatis: *nam homines* non poſſunt *nocere* his *magnopere*, qui *vivunt* ſic.

*To agree* well *with* God *is* the Fountain *of true* Tranquility: *For Men* cannot *hurt* them *much*, who *live* ſo.

*Eu.* Num *quando* metus *mortis* cruciat *te?*

Whether *at any Time* does the Fear *of Death* torment *you?*

*Gl.* Nihilo *magis* quam *dies* nativitatis *macerat*: Scio *moriendum*. Iſta *ſolicitudo* fortaſſe *adimat* mihi *aliquot* dies *vitæ*, certe *poſſet* adjicere *nihil*. Itaque *committo* hanc *totam* curam *Deo*. Ipſe *curo* nihil *aliud* quam *ut* vivam *bene* ſuaviterque.

No *more* than *the Day* of my Birth *troubles me*. I know *I muſt die*. That *Trouble* perhaps *would take away* from me *ſome* Days *of my Life*, however *it could* add *nothing*. Wherefore *I commit* this *whole* Care *to God*. I *mind* nothing *elſe* but *that* I may live *well* and pleaſantly.

*Po.* At *ego* ſeneſcerem *tædio*, ſi *degerem* tot *annos* in *eadem* urbe, *etiamſi* contingat *vivere* Romæ.

But *I* ſhould grow old *with Wearineſs*, if *I ſhould live* ſo many *Years* in *the ſame* City, *although* it ſhould happen to me *to live* at Rome.

*Gl.* Mutatio *loci* quidem *habet* nonnihil *voluptatis*; vero *ut* peregrinationes longinquæ *addunt* prudentiam *fortaſſe*,

The Change *of Place* indeed *has* ſomething *of Pleaſure*; but *as* Travelling into foreign Countries *gives* prudence *perhaps*, *ſo* has it *very much* Danger.

*ita* habent *plurimum* periculorum. *Videor* mihi *obire* totum *orbem* tutius *in* geographicâ tabula, *neque videre* paulo *plus* in hiſtoriis, *quam* ſi *volitarem* viginti *totos* annos, *ad exemplum* Ulyſſis, *per* omnes *terras* mariaque. *Habeo* prædiolum, *quod* abeſt *non* plus *quam* duobus *millibus* paſſuum *ab urbe*. Ibi *fio* ruſticus *ex* urbano *nonnunquam*. Atque *recreatus* ibi, *redeo* novus *hoſpes* in urbem: *nec* ſaluto *ac* ſalutor *aliter* quam *ſi* renavigaſſem *ex* inſulis *nuper* inventis.

*I ſeem* to myſelf *to paſs over* the whole *World* more ſafely *in* a Map, *and not to ſee* a little *more* in Hiſtories, *than* if *I roved about* twenty *whole* Years, *after the Example* of Ulyſſes, *through* all *Lands* and Seas. *I have* a little Eſtate *which* is diſtant *no* more *than* two *thouſand* Paces *from the City*. There *I become* a Countryman *of* a Citizen *ſometimes*. And *being refreſhed* there, *I return* a new *Gueſt* into the City; *nor* do I ſalute *and* am ſaluted *otherwiſe* than *if* I had ſailed back *from* the Iſlands *lately* found out.

Eu. Non adjuvas *valetudinem* pharmacis?

Do not you ſupport *your Health* by Phyſick?

Gl. Mihi nihil rei *cum* medicis. *Nec incidi* venam *unquam*, nec *devoravi* catapotia, *nec* hauſi *potiones*. Si *quid* laſſitudinis *aboritur*, propello *malum* moderatione *victus*, aut *ruſticatione*.

I have nothing to do *with* the Doctors. *I have neither opened* a Vein *at any Time*, nor *ſwallowed* Pills, *nor* drunk *Potions*. If *any* Languor *ariſes*, I remove *the Evil* by a Moderation *of Diet*, or *living in the Country*.

Eu. Nihilne tibi *cum* ſtudiis?

Have you nothing to do *with* Studies?

Gl.

Gl. Eſt; *nam* in his *eſt* præcipua *oblectatio* vitæ. *Verum* oblecto, *non* macero *me* his. *Siquidem* ſtudeo *vel* ad voluptatem, *vel* ad utilitatem *vitæ*, non autem *ad oſtentationem*. A cibo *aut paſcor* literatis *fabulis*, aut *adhibeo* lectorem. *Nec* unquam incumbo *libris* ultra *horam*. Tum *ſurgo*, et *arrepta* teſtudine, *vel cantillo* obambulans *pauliſper* in cubiculo, *vel* repeto *mecum* quod *legerim*, et *ſi* congerro *eſt* in promptu, *refero*; mox *redeo* ad librum.

I have; *for* in theſe *is* the chief *Diverſion* of my Life. *But* I divert, *not* torment *myſelf* with them. *For* I ſtudy *either* for Pleaſure, *or* for the Convenience *of Life*, and not *for Oſtentation*. After Meat *I am either cheared* with learned *Stories*, or *I employ* a Reader. *Nor* do I ever mind *my Books* above *an Hour*. Then *I riſe*, and *taking up* my Fiddle, *I either play* whilſt I walk *a little* in my Chamber, *or* I run over *with myſelf* what *I have read*, and *if* a Companion *be* at hand, *I relate it* to *him*; by and by, *I return* to my Book.

Eu. Dic *bona* fide, *ſentis* nulla *incommoda* ſenectutis, *quæ* feruntur *eſſe* plurima?

Tell me *in good* Truth, *do you perceive* no *Inconveniencies* of old Age, *which* are reported *to be* very many?

Gl. Somnus *eſt* aliquanto *deterior*, nec *eſt* memoria *perinde* tenax, *niſi* infixero *aliquid*. Liberavi *meam* fidem, *expoſui* vobis *meas* magicas *artes*, quibus *alo meam* juventutem. Nunc *referat Polygamus* pari

My Sleep *is* ſomething *worſe*, nor *is* my Memory *ſo* tenacious, *unleſs* I fix *any thing in it*. I have diſcharged *my* Credit, *I have related* to you *my* magical *Arts*, whereby *I keep up* my *Youth*. Now *let Polygamus relate* with the like *Faithfulneſs*, how

*fide*, unde *collegerit* tantum *ſenii*.

*be contracted* ſo much *old Age*.

Po. Equidem *celabo* nihil *tam fidos* ſodales.

Truly *I will conceal* nothing *from ſo faithful* Companions.

Eu. Narrabis *etiam* tacituris.

You will tell it *too* to thoſe that will hold their Tongues.

Po. Cum *agerem* Lutetiæ, *ipſi noſtis quam non abhorruerim ab Epicuro*.

When *I lived* at Paris, *you yourſelves* know *how far I was from diſliking Epicurus*.

Eu. Sane *meminimus*, ſed *arbitrabamur te relicturum* iſtos *mores una cum* adoleſcentia *Lutetiæ*.

Indeed *we do remember*, but *we thought* that you *would leave* thoſe *Manners* together *with* your Youth *at Paris*.

Po. Ex *multis* quas *adamaram* illic, *abduxi* unam *mecum* domum *eamque* gravidam.

Of *many* which *I had loved* there, *I carried* one *with me* Home, *and her* with Child.

Eu. In *paternas* ædes?

Into *your Father's* Houſe?

Po. Recta; *ſed* mentitus *eam* eſſe *conjugem* cujuſdam *amici* mei, *qui* venturus eſſet *mox*.

Directly; *but* pretending *that ſhe* was *the Wife* of a certain *Friend* of mine, *who* would come *by and by*.

Eu. Credidit *pater* id?

Did *your Father* believe it?

Po. Imo

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| Po. Imo *olfecit* rem *intra* quatriduum. *Mox* fuere *ſæva* jurgia. *Nec* tamen *temperabam* interim *ab conviviis*, ab alea, *cæteriſque* malis *artibus*. Quid multis? *Cum* pater *non faceret* finem *objurgandi* negans *ſe* velle *alere* tales *gallinas* domi, *ac* ſubinde *minitans* abdicationem, *verti ſolum*, et *demigravi* alio *cum* mea *gallina*. Ea *genuit* mihi *aliquot* pullos. | Nay *he ſmelt out* the Matter *within* four Days. *Preſently* there was *cruel* Scolding. *Nor* yet *did I abſtain* in the mean time *from Feaſts*, from Dice, *and other* bad *Arts*. What needs many Words? *When* my Father *would not make* an End *of ſcolding*, denying *that he* would *keep* ſuch *Hens* at Home, *and* now and then *threatening* to diſcard me, *I ran away*, and *removed* to another Place *with* my *Hen*. She *brought* me *ſome* Chickens. |
| Gl. Unde *res ſuppetebat?* | Where *had you Money?* |
| Po. Mater *dabat* nonnihil *furtim*, ac *præterea* plus *ſatis* æris alieni *conflatum eſt*. | My Mother *gave me* ſomething *by ſtealth*, and *beſides* more *than enough* of Debt *was contracted*. |
| Eu. Reperiebantur *tam* fatui *ut* crederent *tibi?* | Were there any found *ſo* fooliſh *as* to truſt *you?* |
| Po. Sunt *qui* credant *nullis* libentius. | There are thoſe *who* truſt *none* more willingly. |
| Eu. Quid *tandem?* | What *at laſt?* |
| Po. Tandem *cum* pater *ſerio* pararet *abdicationem*, amici *interceſſerunt*, et *compoſuerunt* hoc *bellum* his legibus, *ut* ducerem uxorem *noſtratem*, et *repudiarem* Gallam. | At laſt, *when* my Father *in earneſt* was preparing *to diſinherit me*, Friends *interceded*, and *made up* this *Difference* upon theſe Terms, *that* I ſhould marry a Woman *of our own Country*, and *divorce* my French Woman. |

Eu. Erat

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| Eu. Erat *uxor?* | Was ſhe *your Wife?* |
| Po. Verba *futuri* temporis *interceſſi*-*ant*, ſed *congreſſus* præſentis *temporis* acceſſerat. | Words *of the future* Time *had paſſed betwixt us*, but *a* *Rencounter* of the preſent *Time* had been added to them. |
| Eu. Qui *licuit igi*-*tur* divertere *ab illa?* | How *could you then* part *from her?* |
| Po Poſt *reſcitum* *eſt* eſſe meæ Gallæ *maritum* Gallum, *unde* ſubduxerat *ſe* pridem. | Afterwards *it was known* that my French-woman had *a Huſband* a French-man, *from whom* ſhe had withdrawn *herſelf* long before. |
| Eu. Habes *ergo* uxorem *nunc?* | Have you *therefore* a Wife *now?* |
| Po. Non niſi *hanc* octavam. | But *this* eighth. |
| Eu. Octavam! *Non* *dictus es* Polygamus *ſine* augurio. *For*-*taſſe* omnes *deceſſerunt* ſteriles. | An eighth! *You were not* *called* Polygamus *without* Augury. *Perhaps* they all *died* barren. |
| Po. Imo *nulla non* reliquit *aliquot* catulos *domi meæ*. | Nay *every one* left *ſome* young ones *in my Houſe*. |
| Eu. Ego *malim* tot *gallinas*, quæ *ponerent* ova *mihi* domi. *Non* *tædet* polygamiæ? | I *had rather have* as many *Hens*, that *might lay* Eggs *for me* at Home. *Are* *you not weary* of marrying ſo often? |
| Po. Adeo tædet, *ut* *ſi hæc* octava *moreretur* hodie, *ducerem* *nonam perendie*. Imo *hoc* male habet *me*, *quod non liceat* habere *binas* aut *ternas*, cum | I am ſo weary, *that* if *this* eighth *ſhould die* To-day, *I would marry* a ninth *the next Day after* *To-morrow*. Nay *this* vexes *me*, that *it is not lawful* to have *two* or *three*, when |

unus

*unus* gallus *poſſideat* tot *gallinas*.

Eu. Equidem *haud miror*, ſi *parum pinguiſti*, quodque *collegeris* tantum *ſenii*: nam *nihil* accelerat *ſenectutem* æque quam *immodicæ* atque *intempeſtivæ* compotationes, *impotentes* amores *mulierum*, et *immoderata* ſalacitas. *Sed* quis *alit* familiam?

Po. Mediocris *res* acceſſit *ex obitu* parentum, *et* laboror *graviter* manibus.

Eu. Deſciviſti *igitur* a literis.

Po. Plane *ab equis*, quod aiunt, *ad aſinos*; ex heptatechno *factus* faber *monotechnus*.

Eu. Miſer!

Po. Nunquam vixi *cælebs* ultra *decem* dies, *ſemperque* nova nupta *expulit* veterem *luctum*. Habetis *ſummam* vitæ meæ *bona* fide. *Atque* utinam *Pampyrus* narret *nobis* quoq; *fabulam* ſuæ vitæ, *qui* portat *ætatem* belle *ſatis*. Nam, *ni* fallor, *eſt* grandior *me* duobus *aut* tribus *annis*.

*one* Cock *has* ſo many *Hens*.

Truly *I do not wonder*, if *you are not fat*, and that *you have contracted* ſo much *of old Age*: For *nothing* haſtens on *old Age* ſo much as *exceſſive* and *unſeaſonable* Drinking, *extravagant* Love *of Women*, and *immoderat* Wantonneſs. *But* who *maintains* your Family?

A ſmall *Eſtate* came to me *by the Death* of my Parents, *and* I work *hard* with my Hands.

You have deſerted *therefore* from Letters.

Indeed *from Horſes*, as they ſay, *to Aſſes*; of a Man of ſeven Arts *I am become a* Workman *of one Art*.

Poor Man!

I never lived *a ſingle Man*, above *ten* Days, *and always* a new-married Wife *expelled* my old *Sorrow*. You have *the Sum* of my Life *in good* Earneſt. *And* I wiſh *Pampyrus* would tell *us too the Story* of his Life, *who* bears *Age* well *enough*. For, *unleſs* I am miſtaken, *he is* elder *than me* by two *or* three *Years*.

Pa. Di-

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| *Pa.* Dicam *equidem* ſi *vobis vacat* audire *tale* ſomnium. | I will tell you *indeed* if *you are at leiſure* to hear *ſuch* a Dream. |
| *Eu.* Imo *erit* voluptas *audire.* | Nay *it will be* a Pleaſure *to hear it.* |
| *Pa.* Ubi *rediiſſem* domum, *ſtatim* ſenex *pater* cœpit *urgere* me, *ut amplecterer* aliquod *genus* vitæ, *unde* nonnihil *quæſtus* accederet *rei familiari*: at *poſt* longam *conſultationem* negotiatio *placuit.* | When *I had returned* Home, *immediately* my aged *Father* began *to urge* me *to embrace* ſome *Way* of Life, *whereby* ſomething *of Increaſe* might accrue *to our Eſtate*: And *after* long *Conſultation,* Merchandiſe *pleaſed me.* |
| *Po.* Miror *hoc* genus *vitæ* arriſiſſe *potiſſimum.* | I wonder *that this* Kind *of Life* pleaſed you *eſpecially.* |
| *Pa.* Eram *natura* ſitiens *cognoſcendi* novas *res,* varias *regiones,* urbes, *linguas,* ac *mores* hominum. *Negotiatio* videbatur *maxime* appoſita *ad id*: ex quibus *naſcitur* prudentia. | I was *by Nature* greedy *of knowing* new *Things,* divers *Countries,* Cities, *Languages,* and *Manners* of Men. *Merchandiſe* ſeemed *the moſt* appoſite *to that Purpoſe*: From which Things *ariſeth* Prudence. |
| *Po.* Sed *miſera,* videlicet, *quæ* ſit *emenda* plerumque *magnis* malis. | But *miſerable,* to wit, *what* is *to be bought* for the moſt part *with great* Evils. |
| *Pa.* Sic *eſt.* Itaque *pater* numeravit *ſatis amplam* ſortem, *ut* auſpicarer *negotiationem.* Simulque *uxor* cum *magna* dote *ambiebatur,* ſed *ea forma,* quæ *poterat* com | So *it is.* Wherefore *my Father* gave me *a good large* Stock, *that* I might begin *my Merchandiſe.* And at the ſame Time *a Wife* with *a great* Fortune *was courted,* but *of that Beauty,* which *might* re- |

mendare

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| mendare *et* indotatam. | commend one *even* without a Fortune. |
| Eu. Succeſſit? | Did it ſucceed? |
| Pa. Imo *priuſquam* redirem *domum*, et *ſors* et *uſura* periit. | Nay *before* I returned *Home*, both *Principal* and *Uſe* was gone. |
| Eu. Naufragio *fortaſſe*. | By Shipwreck *perhaps*. |
| Pa. Plane *naufragio*, nam *impegimus* in ſcopulum *periculoſiorem* quavis *Malea*. | Plainly *by Shipwreck*, for *we ſtruck* upon a Rock *more dangerous* than any *Malea*. |
| Eu. In quo, *mari* occurrit *iſte* ſcopulus? *Aut* quod *nomen* habet? | In what *Sea* occurs *that* Rock? *Or* what *Name* has it? |
| Pa. Non poſſum *dicere* mare; *ſed* ſcopulus *eſt* infamis *exitiis* multorum. *Latine* dicitur *Alea*; quomodo *vos* Græci *nominetis* neſcio | I cannot *tell* the Sea; *but* the Rock *is* infamous *for the Ruin* of many. *In Latin* it is called *Alea*; how *you* Greeks *name it* I know not. |
| Eu. O te ſtultum! | O you Fool! |
| Pa. Imo *pater* ſtultior, *qui* crederet *tantam* ſummam *adoleſcenti*. | Nay *my Father* was more fooliſh, *who* truſted *ſo great* a Sum *to a young Man*. |
| Gl. Quid *factum eſt* deinde? | What *was done* then? |
| Pa. Nihil *eſt factum*, ſed *cœpi* cogitare *de ſuſpendio* | Nothing *was done*, but *I began* to think *of Hanging*. |
| Gl. Erat *pater* adeo *implacabilis*? | Was *your Father* ſo *implacable*? |
| Pa. Interim *excidi ab uxore*, miſer. *Nam* parentes *puellæ* ſimul | In the mean time *I was baulked of my Wife*, poor Man. *For* the Parents *o* |

atque

atque *cognoverunt* hæc *auſpicia*, renunciarunt *affinitatem*; et amabam *perditiſſime*.

Gl. Miſerit me *tui*. Sed *interim* quid *conſilii* tentatum eſt?

Pa. Id *quod* ſolet *in deſperatis* rebus. *Pater* abdicabat, *res* perierat, *uxor* perierat. *Quid plura?* Deliberabam *ſerio* mecum, *an* ſuſpenderem *me*, an *conjicerem* memet *aliquo* in monaſterium.

Eu. Crudele *conſilium*. Scio *utrum* elegeris, *mitius* genus *mortis*.

Pa. Imo *quod* viſum eſt *mihi* tum *crudelius*, adeo *totus* diſplicebam *mihi*.

Gl. Atqui *complures* dejiciunt *ſe* eo, *ut* vivant *ſuavius*.

Pa. Corraſo *viatico* ſubduxi *me* furtim *procul* a patria.

Gl. Quo *tandem*?

Pa. In Hiberniam. *Illic* factus ſum *canonicus* ex horum genere,

*the Girl*, as ſoon as *they knew* theſe *Omens*, renounced *Affinity with me*; *and* I loved *moſt deſperately*.

I pity *you*. But *in the mean time* what *Courſe* was tried?

That *which* is uſual *in deſperate* Caſes. *My Father* diſcarded me, *my Subſtance* was gone, *my Wife* was gone. *What needs more Words?* I deliberated *ſeriouſly* with myſelf, *whether* I ſhould hang *myſelf*, or *put* myſelf *ſomewhere* into a Monaſtery.

A cruel *Reſolution*. I know *which* you choſe, *the milder* Kind *of Death*.

Nay *what* ſeemed *to me* then *the more cruel*, ſo *entirely* did I diſpleaſe *myſelf*.

But *a great many* put *themſelves* in there, *that* they may live *more pleaſantly*.

Having ſcraped together *Money for my Journey*, I withdrew *myſelf* privately *to a great Diſtance* from my Country.

Whither *at laſt*?

Into Ireland. *There* I was made a *Canon* of their Kind, *who* are *Linen*

*que*

*qui* ſunt *linei* extime, *lanei* intime.

Gl. Hybernaſti *igitur* apud *Hibernos*?

Pa. Non. *Sed* verſatus *apud* hos *duos* menſes, *navigavi* in Scotiam.

Gl. Quid *offendit* te *apud* illos?

Pa. Nihil *niſi* quod *illud* inſtitutum *videbatur* mihi *mitius* quam *pro meritis* ejus *qui* erat *dignus* non *uno* ſuſpendio.

Eu. Quid *feciſti* in Scotia?

Pa. Illic *ex lineo* factus ſum *pelliceus* apud Carthuſios.

Eu. Homines *plane* mortuos *mundo*.

Pa. Ita *viſum eſt* mihi *cum audirem illos* canentes.

Gl. Quid, *mortui canunt* etiam? *Quot* menſes *egiſti* apud *illos* Scotos?

Pa. Propemodum *ſex*.

Gl. O Conſtantiam!

Eu. Quid *offendit* illuc?

Pa. Quia *vita* viſa eſt *mibi* ſegnis *et* deli-

without, *and Woollen* within.

Did you winter *then* amongſt *the Iriſh*?

No. *But* having been *with* them *two* Months, *I ſailed* into Scotland.

What *offended* you *among* them?

Nothing *but* that *that* Conſtitution *ſeemed* to me *more gentle* than *to ſuit the Deſerts* of him *who* was *worthy* not *of a ſingle* Hanging.

What *did you do* in Scotland?

There *of a Linen Man* I become *a Leathern one* amongſt the Carthuſians.

Men *plainly* dead *to the World*.

So *it appeared* to me *when* I heard *them* ſinging.

What, *do the Dead ſing* too? *How many* Months *did you ſpend* with *thoſe* Scots?

Almoſt *ſix*.

O Conſtancy!

What *offended you* there?

Becauſe *the Life* ſeemed *to me* lazy *and* nice; *then*

cata; *deinde* reperi *multos* illic *cerebri* non *admodum* ſani, *ob ſolitudinem*, ut *arbitror*. Mihi erat *parum* cerebri, *verebar* ne *totum periret*.

Po. Quo *devolaſti* deinde?

Pa. In Galliam. *Reperi* illic *quoſdam totos pullatos*, ex inſtituto *divi* Benedicti, *qui* teſtantur *colore* veſtis *ſe* lugere *in* hoc mundo; *et* inter *hos* qui *pro* ſumma *veſte* ferrent *cilicium* ſimile *reti*.

Gl. O gravem *macerationem* corporis!

Pa. Hic *egi* undecim *menſes*.

Eu. Quid *obſtitit*, quo minus maneres *illic* perpetuo.

P. Quia *illic reperi plus* ceremoniarum *quam* veræ *pietatis*. Præterea *audieram* eſſe *quoſdam* multo *ſanctiores* his *quos* Bernardus *revocaſſet* ad *ſeveriorem* diſciplinam, *pulla* veſte *mutata* in candidam: *apud* hos *vixi* decem *menſes*.

I found *many* there *of a Brain* not *very* ſound *because of the Solitude, as I imagine*. I had *but little* Brain, *I was afraid* leſt *it ſhould all be loſt*.

Whither *did you fly then*?

Into France. *I found* there *ſome* all *in black*, of the Order *of St.* Benedict, *who* teſtify *by the Colour* of their Coat, *that they* mourn *in* this World; *and* amongſt *them* ſome *who for* their upper *Garment* wore *Hair-cloth* like *a Net*.

O grievous *Mortification* of the Body!

Here *I ſpent* eleven *Months*.

What *hindered you* from ſtaying *there* always?

Becauſe *there* I found *more* of Ceremonies *than* true *Piety*. Beſides *I had heard* that there *were ſome* much *more holy* than theſe *whom* Bernard *had brought* to *more ſevere* Diſcipline, *the black* Garment *being changed* into *a white*; *With* theſe *I lived* ten *Months*.

Eu. Quid *offendebat* hic?

Pa. Nihil *admodum*; nam *reperi* hos *ſodales* commodos *ſatis*. Sed *Græcum* proverbium *movebat* me. *Itaque* decretum erat *aut* non eſſe *monachum*, aut *eſſe* monachum *inſigniter*. *Acceperam eſſe* quoſdam *Brigidenſes*, homines *plane* cœleſtes. *Contuli* me *ad hos*.

Eu. *Quot menſes* egiſti *illic?*

Pa. Biduum, *nec* id *ſane* totum.

Gl. Diſplicuit hoc genus vitæ *uſque adeo?*

Pa. Non recipiunt *niſi qui obſtringat* ſe *mox* profeſſioni. *At* ego *nondum adeo inſaniebam* ut *præberem* me *facile* capiſtro, *quod* nunquam *liceret excutere*. Et *quoties* audiebam *virgines* canentes, *uxor* erepta *cruciabat* animum.

Gl. Quid *deinde?*

Pa. Animus *ardebat* amore *ſanctimoniæ*. Tandem *obambulans* incidi *in quoſdam* præferentes *crucem*.

What *offended you* here?

Nothing *very much*; for *I found* theſe *Companions* good *enough*. But *the Greek* Proverb *moved* me. *Wherefore* I was reſolved *either* not to be *a Monk*, or *to be* a Monk *remarkably*. I had heard *there were* ſome *Brigidians*, Men *truly* celeſtial. *I betook* myſelf *to them*.

How many *Months* did you ſpend *there?*

Two Days, *nor* that *indeed* entire.

Did this Kind of Life diſpleaſe you *ſo much?*

They admit no one *that does not bind* himſelf *immediately* to the Profeſſion. *But* I *was not yet ſo mad* as *to put* myſelf *eaſily* into a Nooſe, *which* I ſhould never be able *to ſhake off*. And *as often as* I heard *the Virgins* ſinging, *the Wife* I had loſt *tormented* my Mind.

What *then?*

My Mind *was inflamed* with the Love *of Holineſs*. At laſt *as I was walking* I lighted *upon ſome* carrying *a Croſs*. This *Badge* plea-

Hoc *ſignum* arriſit *mihi* protinus, *ſed* varietas *remorabatur* electionem. *Alii* geſtabant *albam*, alii *rubram*, alii *viridem*, alii *verſicolorem*, alii *ſimplicem*, alii *duplicem*. Ego, *ne relinquerem* quid *intentatum*, geſſi *ferme* omnes *formas*. Verum *comperi* ipſa re, *eſſe* longe *aliud* circumferre *crucem* in pallio *ſeu* tunica, *quam* in corde. *Tandem* feſſus *inquirendo*, ſic *cogitabam* mecum, *ut* aſſequar *omnem* ſanctimoniam *ſemel*, petam *ſanctam* terram, *ac* redibo *domum* onuſtus *ſanctimonia*.

ſed *me* immediately, *but* the Variety *hindered* my Choice. *Some* bore *a white one, ſome a red*, ſome *a green*, ſome *a ſingle*, ſome *a double one*. I, *that I might not leave* any thing *untried*, wore *almoſt* all *the Sorts*. But *I found* by the Thing itſelf, *that it is* quite *another Thing* to carry *a Croſs* upon a Gown, *or* a Tunick, *than* in the Heart. *At laſt* being weary *with enquiring*, thus *I thought* with myſelf, *that* I may get *all* Holineſs *at once*, I will go to *the Holy* Land, *and* will return *Home* loaded *with Holineſs*.

*Po.* Num profectus es *eo?*

Did you go *thither?*

*Pa.* Maxime.

Yes.

*Po.* Unde *ſuppetebat* viaticum?

Whence *had you Money* for your Journey?

*Pa.* Demiror *iſtud* venire tibi in mentem *nunc* denique *ut rogares*, ac *non percunctatum fuiſſe* multo *ante*. Sed *noſti* proverbium, *quævis* terra *alit* artificem.

I wonder *that this* is come into your Mind *now* at *laſt to aſk*, and *that you did not aſk that* long *before*. But *you know* the Proverb, *any* Country *maintains* an Artiſt.

*Gl.* Quam *artem* circumferebas?

What *Art* did you carry about?

Pa. Chi-

| | |
|---|---|
| P. Chiromanticam. | The Chiromantick. |
| Gl. Ubi *didiceras* eam? | Where *had you learnt* it? |
| Pa. Quid refert? | What ſignifies that? |
| Gl. Quo præceptore? | Under what Maſter? |
| Pa. Eo *qui* docet *nihil non*, ventre. *Prædicebam* præterita, *præſentia*, et *futura*. | Him *who* teaches *every Thing*, the Belly. *I foretold* Things paſt, *preſent*, and *to come*. |
| Gl. Et *ſciebas*? | And *did you know them*? |
| Pa. Nihil *minus*; ſed *divinabam* audacter, *idque* tuto, *videlicet*, pretio *accepto* prius. | Nothing *leſs*, but *I gueſſed* boldly, *and that* ſafely, *that is*, my Reward *being received* firſt. |
| P. Poterat *tam* ridicula *ars* alere *te*? | Could *ſo* ridiculous *an Art* maintain *you*? |
| Pa. Poterat, *et* quidem *cum* duobus *famulis*; tantum *fatuorum* et *fatuarum* eſt *ubique*. Attamen *cum* adirem *Hieroſolymam*, addideram *me* in comitatum *cujuſdam* magnatis, *prædivitis*, qui *natus annos ſeptuaginta*, negabat *ſe* moriturum *æquo animo*, *ni* adiiſſet *Hieroſolymam* prius. | It could, *and* indeed *with* two *Servants*; ſo many *fooliſh Men* and *fooliſh Women* are there *every where*. Yet *when* I went *to Jeruſalem*, I joined *myſelf* to the Company *of a certain* great Man, *very rich*, who *being ſeventy Years old*, denied *that he* ſhould die *with a contented* Mind, *unleſs* he went *to Jeruſalem* firſt. |
| Eu. Et *reliquerat* uxorem *domi*? | And *had he left* a Wife *at Home*? |
| Pa. Atque *ſex* liberos *etiam*. | And *ſix* Children *too*. |
| Eu. O ſenem *impie* pium! *Atque* rediiſti *illinc* ſanctus? | O an old Man *impiouſly* pious! *And* did you return *from thence* holy? |

Pa. Vis *fatear* verum? *Aliquanto* deterior *quam* iveram.
Would you have *me confeſs* the Truth? *Something* worſe *than* I went.

Eu. Sic, *ut* audio, *amor* religionis *eſt* excuſſus.
Thus, *as* I hear, *the Love* of Religion *was* expelled.

Pa. Imo *magis incanduit*. Itaque *reverſus* in Italiam, *addixi* me *militiæ*.
Nay *it was more inflamed*. Wherefore *returning* into Italy, *I applied* myſelf to *War*.

Eu. Itane *venabaris* religionem *in bello?* Quo *quid* poteſt *eſſe* ſceleratius?
Ay, *did you hunt for* Religion *in War?* Than which, *what* can *be* more wicked?

Pa. Erat *ſancta* militia.
It was *a holy* Warfare.

Eu. Fortaſſis *in Turcas?*
Perhaps *againſt the Turks?*

Pa. Imo *quoddam* ſanctius, *ut* prædicabant *tum*.
Nay *ſomething* more holy, *as* they ſaid *then*.

Eu. Quidnam?
What?

Pa. Julius *ſecundus* belligerabat *adverſus* Gallos. *Porro* experientia *multarum* rerum *etiam* commendabat *militiam* mihi.
Julius *the Second* waged War *againſt* the French. *Moreover* the Experience *of many* Things *likewiſe* recommended *War* to me.

Eu. Multarum, *ſed* malarum.
Of many, *but* bad Things.

P. Ita *comperi* poſt. *Et* tamen *vixi* durius *hic* quam *in* monaſteriis.
So *I found* afterwards. *And* yet *I lived* more hardly *here* than *in* the Monaſteries.

Eu. Quid *tum* poſtea?
What *then* afterwards?

Pa. *Jam* animus *cœpit* vacillare, *utrum* rediremad *a*d negotiati-
*Now* my Mind *began* to waver, *whether* I ſhould return *to* Merchandize *which*

onem *intermiſſam*, an *perſequerer* religionem *fugientem*. Interim *venit* in mentem *poſſe* conjungi.

I *had given over* or *purſue* Religion *flying from me*. In the mean Time *it came* into my Mind, *that they might* be joined together.

Eu. Quid? *ut* eſſes *ſimul* et *negotiator* et *monachus*?

What? *that* you might be *at once* both *a Merchant* and *a Monk*.

Pa. Quidni? *Nihil* religioſius *ordinibus* mendicantium; *et* tamen *nihil* ſimilius *negotiatori*; volitant *per* omnes *terras* et *maria*; vident *multa*, audiunt *multa*, penetrant *in* omnes *domus*, plebeiorum, *nobilium* atque *regum*.

Why not? *Nothing* is more religious *than the Orders* of the Medicants; *and* yet *nothing* is more like *Merchandiſe*; they rove *through* all *Lands* and *Seas*? they ſee *many Things*, they hear *many Things*, they thruſt *into* all *Houſes*, of Commoners, *Noblemen*, and *Kings*.

Eu. At *non cauponantur*.

But *they do not traffick*.

Pa. Sæpe *felicius* nobis.

Ofentimes *more ſucceſsfully* than us.

Eu. Quod *genus* ex his *delegiſti*?

What *Sort* of theſe *did you chooſe*?

Pa. Expertus ſum *omnes* formas.

I tried *all* Sorts.

Eu. Nulla placuit?

Did none pleaſe you.

Pa. Imo *omnes perplacuerunt*, ſi licuiſſet *negotiari* ſtatim. *Verum* perpendebam *ſudandum mihi* diu *in choro* priuſquam *negotiatio* crederetur *mihi*. Jamque *cæpi* cogitare *de venanda* abbatia. *Sed* primum

Nay *they all pleaſed me very well*, if I might *have traded* immediately. *But* I conſidered *that I muſt ſweat* a long Time *in the Company*, before *the Buſineſs of Traffick* would be truſted *to me*. And now *I begun* to think *of hunting after* an Abbot's Place. *But* in the

bi-

*hic* Diana *non favet* omnibus, *et* venatio *eſt* ſæpe *longa*. Itaque *octo* annis *conſumptis* in hunc modum, *cum* mors *patris* eſſet *nunciata*, reverſus *domum*, ex conſilio *matris*, duxi *uxorem*, et *redii* ad veterem *negotiationem*.

first place *here* Diana *does not favour* all Men, *and* the Hunting *is* often *long*. Therefore *eight* Years *being ſpent* after this Manner, *when* the Death *of my Father* was *told me*, returning *Home*, by the Advice *of my Mother* I married *a Wife*, and *returned* to my old *Traffick*.

Gl. *Dic mihi*, cum *ſumeres* ſubinde *novam* veſtem, *ac* velut *tranſformareris* in aliud *animal*, qui *potuiſti* ſervares *decorum?*

Tell *me*, when *you took* now and then *a new* Coat, *and* as it were *were changed* into another *Creature*, how *could you* keep up *a Decorum?*

Pa. Qui *minus* quam *hi* qui *in* eadem *fabula* agunt *varias* perſonas?

Why *leſs* than *they* who *in* the ſame *Play act various* Parts?

Eu. Dic *nobis* bona *fide*, qui *expertus es* nullum non *genus* vitæ, *quid* probas *maxime* omnium?

Tell *us* in good *Earneſt*, you who *have tried* every *Kind* of Life, *which* do you approve *moſt* of all?

Pa. Omnia *non congruunt* omnibus: *nullum* arridet *mihi* magis *quam* hoc *quod* ſecutus ſum.

All things *do not agree* with all Men: *None* pleaſes *me* more *than* this *which* I have followed.

Eu. Tamen *negotiatio* habet *multa* incommoda.

Yet *Merchandiſe* has *many* Inconveniences.

Pa. Sic *eſt*. Sed *quando* nullum *genus* vitæ *caret* omnibus *incommodis*, ergo *hanc*

So *it is*. But *ſeeing* no *Kind* of Life *is without* all *Inconveniencies*, I mind *this* Province *which* I have got.

par-

partem *quam* nactus ſum. *Verum* nunc *ſupereſt* Euſebius, *qui* non gravabitur *explicare* aliquam *ſcænam* ſuæ *vitæ*.

*But* now *remains* Euſebius *who* will not think much *to relate* ſome *Scene* of his *Life*.

Eu. Imo *totam* fabulam, *ſi* videtur, *nam* non habet *multos* actus.

Nay *the whole* Play, *if* it ſeems good, *for* it has not *many* Acts.

Gl. Erit *magnopere* gratum.

It will be *very* grateful.

Eu. Ubi *rediiſſem* in patriam, *deliberavi* apud me *annum* quodnam *genus* vitæ *vellem amplecti*; ſimulque *exploravi* meipſum, *ad quod* genus *eſſem* propenſus *aut* idoneus. *Interim* præbenda *eſt oblata*, quam vocant, *ſatis opimi* proventus. *Accepi*.

When *I was returned* into my own Country, *I deliberated* with myſelf *a Year* what *Kind* of Life *I ſhould embrace*. And at the ſame Time *I examined* myſelf, *for what* Kind *I was* inclinable *or* fit. *In the mean Time* a Prebend *was offered me*, as they call it, *of a good rich* Income. *I accepted it*.

Gl. Hoc *genus* vitæ *vulgo* male audit.

This *Sort* of Life *commonly* goes under an ill Name.

Eu. Videtur *mihi* exoptandum *ſatis*, ut *humanæ* res *ſunt*. An putatis *eſſe* mediocrem *felicitatem*, tot *commoda* dari *ſubito* velut *e cælo*, dignitatem, *honeſtas* ædes, *beneque* inſtructas, *ſatis amplos* annuos *reditus*, honorificum *ſodalitium*, deinde *templum*, ubi

It ſeems *to me* deſirable *enough*, as *human* Affairs *are*. Do you think it *to be* a ſmall *Happineſs*, that ſo many *good Things* ſhould be given a Man *on a ſudden*, as it were *from Heaven*, Honour, *a handſome* Houſe, *and well* furniſhed, *a good lage* yearly *Income*, honourable *Company*, and then *a Church*, where, *if* you have

ubi, *ſi libeat, vaces* religioni?

Pa. Illic *luxus* offendebat *me*, et *infamia* concubinarum, *tum* quod *plerique* ejus generis *oderunt* literas.

Eu. Ego *non ſpecto* quid *alii* agunt, *ſed* quid *eſt* agendum *mihi*; et *adjungo* me *melioribus*, ſi *non poſſum* reddere *alios* meliores.

Po. Vixiſti *perpetuo* in iſto *genere*?

Eu. Perpetuo, *niſi* quod *egi* quatuor *annos* primum *Patavii*.

Po. Quamobrem?

Eu. Partitus ſum *hos* annos *ita, ut darem* ſeſquiannum *ſtudio* medicinæ, *reliquum tempus* theologiæ.

Po. Cur *id*?

Eu. Quo *melius moderarer* et *animum* et corpus, *et* nonnunquam *conſulerem* amicis. *Nam* et concionor *nonnunquam* pro mea ſapientia. *Sic* hactenus *vixi* tranquille *ſatis*, contentus *unico* ſacerdotio, *nec ambiens* quidquam *præterea*, recuſaturus *etiam* ſi *offeratur*.

a Mind, *you may intend upon* Divine Worſhip?

There *Luxury* offended *me*, and *the Infamy* of Concubines, *and alſo* that *moſt Men* of that Way *hate* Learning.

I *do not regard* what *others* do, *but* what *is* to be done *by me*; and *I join* myſelf *to the better Sort*, if *I cannot* make *others* better.

Have you lived *always* in that *Way*?

Always, *but* that *I ſpent* four *Years at* firſt *at Padua*.

What for?

I divided *thoſe* Years *ſo*, that *I gave* a Year and a Half *to the Study* of Phyſic, *the reſt of my Time* to Divinity.

Why *that*?

That *I might the better manage* both *Mind* and Body, *and* ſometimes *aſſiſt* my Friends. *For* I preach too *ſometimes* according to my Wiſdom. *Thus* ſo far *I have lived* quietly *enough*, content *with one* Living, *and not ſeeking* for any Thing *beſides*, and would refuſe it *too*, if *it ſhould be offered*.

Pa. Uti

| | |
|---|---|
| *Pa.* Utinam *liceret* diſcere, *quod* cæteri noſtri ſodales *agant*, quibuſcum *viximus* familiariter. | I wiſh *we could* learn *what* the reſt of our Companions *are doing*, with whom *we lived* familiarly. |
| *Eu.* Poſſum *commemorare* quædam *de nonnullis*; ſed *video* nos *non abeſſe* procul *a civitate*; quare, *ſi* videtur, *conveniemus* in idem *diverſorium*. Ibi *per otium* conferemus *de cæteris* affatim. | I can *relate* ſome Things *of ſome of them*; but *I ſee* we *are not* far *from the City*; wherefore, *if* it ſeems good, *we will repair* to the ſame *Inn*. There *at our Leiſure* we will confer *about other Things* at large. |
| *Hugitio Auriga.* Unde *nactus es* tam miſeram *ſarcinam*, luſce? | Where *got thou* ſo miſerable *a Luggage*, Blinkard? |
| *Henricus Auriga.* Imo, *quo* defers *iſtud* lupanar, *ganeo?* | Nay, *whither* art thou carrying *that* bawdy Company, *thou Rake?* |
| *Hug.* Debueras *effundere* iſtos *frigidos* ſenes *alicubi* in urticetum, *ut caleſcerent*. | Thou ſhouldſt *have thrown* thoſe *frigid* old Fellows *ſomewhere* into a Bed of Nettles, *to warm them*. |
| *Hen.* Imo *tu cura* iſtum *gregem*, ut præcipites *alicubi* in profundam *lamam*, ut refrigerentur, *nam* calent plus *ſatis*. | Nay *do thou take Care* of that *Company*, to throw them *ſomewhere* into a deep *Ditch*, to cool, *for* they are more warm than *enough*. |
| *Hug.* Non ſoleo *præcipitare* meam *ſarcinam*. | I do not uſe *to overthrow* my *Load*. |
| *Hen.* Non! *Atqui* vidi *te* nuper *dejeciſſe* v *Carthuſianos* in cœnum, | No! *But* I ſaw *thee* lately *throw* ſix *Carthuſians* into the Dirt, *ſo* that *they* |

cœnum, *ſic* ut *emergerent* nigri, *pro candidis*. Tu *interim* ridebas, *quaſi* re bene geſta.

*came out* black, *inſtead of white*. Thou *in the mean Time* laugheſt, *as if* the Thing had been well done.

Hug. Nec injuria; *dormiebant omnes*, et *addebant* multum *ponderis* currui meo.

Not without Reaſon: *They were all aſleep*, and *added* much *Weight* to my Coach.

Hen. At *mei* ſenes *ſublevarunt* meum *currum* egregie, *per* totum *iter* garrientes *perpetuo*. Nunquam vidi *meliores*.

But *my* old Men *have eaſed* my *Chariot* extraordinarily, *through* the whole *Journey* prating *perpetually*. I never ſaw *better*.

Hug. Tamen *non ſoles* delectari *talibus*.

Yet *thou doſt not uſed* to be pleaſed *with ſuch*.

Hen. Sed *hi* ſeniculi *ſunt* boni.

But *theſe* old Fellows *are* good.

Hug. Qui *ſcis?*

How *knoweſt thou?*

Hen. Quia *bibi* per eos *ter* per viam *inſigniter* bonam *cereviſiam*.

Becauſe *I drank* with them *thrice* by the Road *extraordinary* good *Ale*.

Hog. Ha, ha, hæ. *Sic* ſunt *boni* tibi.

Ha, ha, hæ. *So* they are *good* with thee.

*FINIS.*

Charles Cabot